

PUNCH

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PREACE



TIME turns over a new leaf—page 1849.

It will take some pause to convince us that the leaf *be* turned; to assure us of the exit of Eighteen-Forty-Eight. And for this good reason:—Eighteen-Forty-Eight has, all through his life, been such an uproarious knave, that we cannot for awhile get his doings out of our ears. Like the bell that vibrates with the last stroke of twelve—with the last pulsation of the dead year—so does the round world still hum with the hubbub of the deceased.

France rings with a brassy sound—the sound of a counterfeit NAP.

A crown has been suddenly dropt in Austria, and (though picked up again) we still hear the echo of the fall.

Prussia pricks up her ears, startled by the rumpling of parchment—the unfolding of a Constitution.

Rome, with Head separated still, like ST. DENIS, moves on.

Naples shifts uneasily under a lucifer sceptre.

Spain, to be sure, is tolerably quiet; for, like a bankrupt pieman, she has no money to pitch and toss with.

The Russian Bear sucks his paws, seeming inclined to doze.

And JOHN BULL, rejoicing from his show of cattle, smacks his lips at fat six inches on the ribs.

If, however, Eighteen-Forty-Eight have been a swaggerer, Eighteen-Forty-Nine, feeling himself a born gentleman, will, no doubt, behave himself as such. In France, he will be the pink of courtesy and gentleness: he will

cease to yell *Mourir pour la patrie* ; but do the best to *Vivre pour la patrie*. France has died often enough : it is now high time to try to live.

Austria will plant olives throughout, and disband her armies. Mortars will be turned into beehives ; and lances into vine-poles. We already see JELLALICH and WINDISCHGRATZ promoted from the field of glory to the field of turnips.

Prussia will march on softly and comfortably in the path of Constitutional Freedom—a path carpetted with the best of Berlin wool, worked with excellent designs.

The POPE, having read the following notice in *Punch* :—"If PRUS will return, all will be forgotten ; his absence is not yet generally known :"—the POPE, we say, having read this, goes back ; and makes haste to secure his triple crown with the best Roman cement.

Naples does nothing but eat macaroni ; and Sicilians and Neapolitans do not eat one another. FERDINAND'S lucifer sceptre changes into a sugar-stick.

Spain is prouder than ever ; and never with such good reason—She pays her debts.

We hear nothing of Russia ; and from some folks, no news is the best of news.

JOHN BULL has been very economical, and very busy. He has wholly discharged a good many idlers ; and others he has put upon small pensions, to let them die comfortably out. But to think of JOHN'S business all 1849 ! He hasn't had a moment's rest, orders from customers at home and abroad coming so thick upon him. And the fine old fellow—for JOHN, after all, is never without hope—anticipating this, has already taken off his hat and, having had a Merry Christmas, (pray shout with him) shouts for—

"A Happy New Year."



VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH



PUNCH PRESENTING HIS FOURTEENTH VOLUME TO THE GENIUS OF HIS COUNTRY.

PUNCH'S BIRTHDAY ODE TO HIMSELF.

I.

AMID the crash of toppling crowns,
The crack of dynasties,
And thunder of bombarded towns,
Far booming o'er the seas,
While Europe with an earthquake-shock
Is reeling to and fro,
JOHN BULL sits calmly on his rock,
Begirt with Ocean's flow,
Watching the storm with quiet survey,
He being safe ashore;
And whilst abroad all things are topsy-turvy,
He sees his QUEEN upon her throne,
His Lords and Commons holding still their own,
And some of them, perhaps, a little more.

II.

Oh, pride! our Institutions—
The old, the wise, the free—
In a world of revolutions
Still flourishing to see!
To view our own majestic native Oak,
Whilst other trees of Liberty decay,
Still whole and sound from stem to spray,
Not in the least inclined to droop;
Indeed, without a joke,
This sight should make each Briton cock-a-hoop!

III.

But of our Constitution
There's one peculiar boast,
Its finest Institution—
That is to say, almost—
With warmest exultation,
And self-congratulation,
With admiration utterly unbounded,
Should every mother's son
Regard THAT Institution, founded
In Eighteen Forty-one!

Yes, *Punch*, for ever vernal,
By strife and storms unshaken,
Thy celebrated Journal
The proudest feelings must awaken
In every patriotic breast
That throbs beneath a British vest.

IV.

Lo, *Punch*, whose Fifteenth Volume now appears,
Begins the eighth of his immortal years;
Exhaustless his outpourings as the sea,
And also quite as shiny,
With laughs innumerable, as the "briny."
Thus *Æschylus*, you know,
Describes the Ocean's glow,
When its countless ripples glitter
In a universal titter,
A tremendous Ha, ha, he!
Ho, ho, ho!

V.

This is the happy day of *Punch's* birth,
And that is why he crows,
And his own trumpet blows
In plenitude of mirth.
He makes his fresh appearance,
Intent, with perseverance,
To follow out the good HORATIAN rule
With which he first began:
That is, in season still to play the fool,
Which to do well,
And wear with decent grace the cap and bell,
Takes a wise man.
Thus, being now septennial,
Punch trusts to be perennial;
To him Oblivion's trunk and dusty shelf
Suggest no fears.
He only hopes his readers—like himself—
May live a thousand years.



Newspaper-boy (reads). "A GENTLEMAN IN THE N-E-I-G-H—NEIGHBOURHOOD OF — HAS AT THE PRESENT TIME SEVERAL E-NORMOUS GOOSE-BERRIES IN HIS GARDEN, WHICH MEASURE TEN INCHES IN C-I-R-C-U-L-U-M F-E-R-F-E-R E-N-C-E CIRCUMFERENCE, AND ARE OF THE A-S-A-S ASTON-ASTONISHING WEIGHT OF THREE HOUNCES HEACH."

His Friend. "OH, WHAT WHOPPERS! WOULD'N'T I LIKE A PINT."

THE SPECIALS' BANQUET.

In imitation of the heroes who meet every year to celebrate the glorious days of Waterloo, a splendid banquet has been given in commemoration of the 10th of April, by a select troop of suburban Specials. The chair was taken by BONNER'S-FIELD MARSHAL SMITH, who was supported right and left by his own staff, and the staffs of those who had served with him in the recent wars with the Chartists.

The dinner service used on the occasion was the celebrated united service of the willow pattern and the Asiatic birds; while the side-board was one blaze of that true Britannia metal which was so fit an emblem of the courage of the company.

The bill of fare was on a scale of sumptuousness not often equalled, but almost always surpassed; for while Glory may be said to have presided up-stairs, Frugality, taking a wide range—the kitchen-range—had exercised its empire over the culinary arrangements. A magnificent fillet of veal—out of which every hero present might have carved for himself a fillet like those of the ancients, to crown himself with renown—a fillet of veal had been roasted for the occasion, and each of the Specials had gone down in turn to assist in basting it—a ceremony supposed to be symbolical of the basting they would have administered to the mob had their active services been really required. To return, however, to the bill of fare, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy. It consisted of—

50 Eightpenny large plates of miscellaneous Meats.	2 of Cauliflowers.
50 Sixpenny small ditto.	10 of Stilton.
2 of Greens.	20 of Cheshire.
3 of Spinach.	70 of Low Dutch.
100 Breads.	6 potatoes (exactly one pottle deep) of Strawberries.
20 plates of new Potatoes, plain boiled.	6 pots of Jam, including two of old Gooseberry, one of fresh Strawberry, and three doubtful.
80 plates of old, mashed.	
16 Cos Lettuces, au naturel.	
15 hap'orths of Onions.	

The liquids were of the most refreshing kind, and were supplied from the vats of MESSRS MEUX, with the motto of "*Tant Mieux*," arranged in pint pots over the side-board. The mustard was a present from the BISHOP OF DURHAM, and the salt was supplied from the well-known cellars of MESSRS SHARPS, of Cockspur Street. The vinegar consisted of a recently popular white wine, which had been soured by the late storms in the political atmosphere.

The cloth having been removed, and the table, as well as the Chairman's throat having been cleared, he proposed the health of HER MAJESTY. In doing so, he ventured to express a hope that the crown upon her head may reflect the loyalty of her subjects, and that she may always preserve that attachment for her people which is the diadem's brightest gem—at least in the eyes of all respectable ge'men.

After the other usual and complimentary loyal toasts, the Chairman rose to propose the health of the Army of Specials.

The cheering at this moment was tremendous. The roof of the

building responded to the roofs of the mouths of the company, and even the gas-lights rattled their glasses in unison with the wine-glasses of the assembly. When the applause had in some degree subsided, the Chairman proceeded nearly as follows:—

"In rising to propose the health of the Specials, I feel that the toast will not create enthusiasm in this room alone, but that wherever the staff of Civilisation is known to have cracked the head of Rebellion, your cheers will find an echo. Yes, my friends,

'We've done the State some service, and we know it,'

as *Othello* very sensibly remarked, and I must say that I quite concur in the candid sentiments of that honourable gentleman. (*Hear!*) For my own part, I may exclaim with the *Moor*, (*A voice*, 'The more the merrier.') I shall not be deterred by that atrocious attempt to disturb our harmony and conviviality by a hateful pun. I shall not, I say, be deterred by that from exclaiming with the *Moor*,—

'—that in the City once,
When a malignant and disturban snob
Beat a policeman, and traduced the force,
I—took by the snout the ragged trower'd dog,
And smote him—thus—'

The honourable Chairman, in suiting the action to the word, smote a jug of half-and-half—dividing the vessel into two halves—amid the enthusiastic cheers of the company.

After the toast had been drunk, the vocalists present sung the following, to the

AIR of "*The Soldier Tired*."

THE Special, tired of war's alarms,
Comes home from Bonner's Field;
The glass of grog puts forth its charms,
The hero then must yield.
But when the brazen street-bell sounds,
His truncheon's seized once more;
He fearlessly will go his rounds,
And crack of heads a score.

This novel effusion having been powerfully chorused by the whole company, MR. BRIEFLESS, as a Special Pleader as well as a Special Constable, rose to return thanks in the name of the united body of Specials. The learned and valiant gentleman observed, that of all motions to which his practice had extended, he had never witnessed such a regular motion of course as that which ensued by the running away of the mob whenever the Specials showed themselves (*Hear! and a smile*). He had himself had the pleasure of exercising the old legal right of stoppage *in transitu*, by collaring a young scamp who was running across the road after throwing a stone at him (MR. BRIEFLESS). (*Très bien! and Five sensation!*) He was glad to see around him many of those comrades who had fought—and he would not say bled, but he hoped he might say that they were ready to bleed if the country required it—against the common enemy—he meant the Kennington Common enemy, on the 10th of April. (*Cheers, and one laugh*.) He (MR. BRIEFLESS) would always be proud to appear for the defendants in the cause of Order, and he would never shrink from throwing himself upon a British public—he meant a British mob—if that British public should be bent on throwing upon him either a stone or any other missile. (*Sixteen Cheers, three laughs, two titters, and one Oh!*) He would not lodge a further detainer against the company, some of whom, he observed, were preparing to demur to his declarations—though those declarations were of the most loyal and constitutional kind; but he would now conclude by expressing a hope that every one present would be ready to draw his purse, or even more than that, his cheque—perhaps he who held money of no account (at least at his banker's) might be willing to draw his bill—in defence of public Order, the British Constitution, the British Sceptre, the British Lion, and the British Crown.

The learned and gallant gentleman sat down amidst the most enthusiastic jingle of wine-glasses and tumblers ever known. Several other toasts were given, and the festivities were prolonged until the period when that very early riser, the lark, emerges from his bed to witness the other larks that are being carried on by those strange human birds who

"—won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear."

Several of the company partook of coffee that had been prepared for them under the Piazzas of Covent Garden, and at other convenient stations throughout the metropolis. MR. BRIEFLESS, who declined to indulge in this *dejeuner à fresco*, proceeded to Hyde Park for his usual refresher in the Serpentine, to which he generally resorts for the purpose of "keeping up the allegory of a refresher" as well as circumstances will allow.

NOT A BAD IDEA.—It has been suggested to us confidentially, by a high authority whom we need not more particularly indicate, that if the Orleans family should ever be restored to the French throne, the emblem of the Bourbon dynasty should be partially restored by the modification or translation of the *fleur de lis* into the white feather.

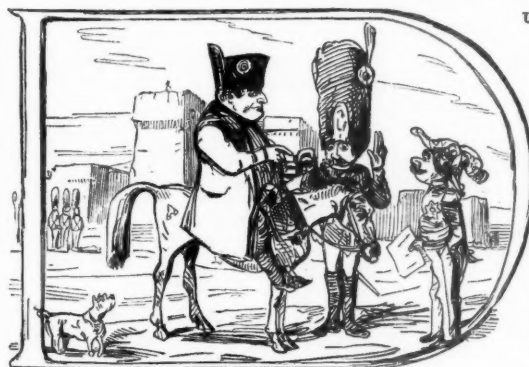
HOW TO TREAT THE FEMALE CHARTISTS.



LONDON is threatened with an irruption of female Chartists, and every man of experience is naturally alarmed, for he knows that the *vox femine* is the *vox diaboli* when it is once set going. We confess we are much more alarmed about the threatened rising of the ladies than we should be by the revolt of half the scamps in the metropolis. The women must be put down, as any unfortunate victim to female dominion can testify. How, then, are we to deal with the female Chartists? The police will never be got to act against them; for that gallant force knows how much the kitchens are in the hands of the gentler sex, and there is no member of the force who would willingly

make himself an outcast from the hearth of the British basement. We have, however, something to propose that will easily meet the emergency. A heroine who would never run from a man, would fly in dismay before an industrious flea or a burly black-beetle. We have only to collect together a good supply of cockroaches, with a fair sprinkling of rats, and a muster of mice, in order to disperse the largest and most ferocious crowd of females that ever was collected. We respectfully submit our proposition to SIR GEORGE GREY, as a certain specific for allaying female turbulence.

THE BRUMMAGEM FRENCH EMPEROR.



PRINCE LOUIS was offered, at a low figure, his uncle's "identical hat;" but upon "trying it on," the cap fitted so badly, that it was thought, by wearing it, he would only expose the difference between his own head-piece and that of his renowned relative.

Some difficulty has been experienced in finding an Imperial Eagle, warranted not to be sick at sea, which it was supposed would compromise the dignity of the expedition. The old original Coliseum Eagle, who accompanied PRINCE LOUIS on the last occasion, had his bill seized by the French beaks, and died in the hands of the magistrates. An experienced Eagle from the Surrey Zoological received a liberal offer; but it turned out to be by far too old a bird to be caught taking a part in any affair got up by LOUIS NAPOLEON. It has therefore been decided to throw the Eagle overboard, or rather not to take one on board at all; and the agent of PRINCE LOUIS has purchased a quarter of a main of Gallic Cocks, as a substitute for the bird of larger pretensions.

It will be remembered that, on the expedition to Boulogne, six dozen of champagne, a handful of men, and a hamper full of sandwiches, formed, with the Eagle, the whole of the Prince's retinue; but it was thought that the champagne produced a deleterious effect, and it is therefore to be superseded on this occasion by some imperial ginger-pop, which, while cheaper, and almost as invigorating as the champagne, has the advantage of at least a nominal relationship to the *soi-disant* Emperor. A large quantity of that delicious old "sweet-stuff," familiarly known as "Buonaparte's Ribs," will be placed on board, to be distributed, as a *douceur*, among the people.

If the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA does not quickly return to Vienna, the Imperial Palace will be sold off by Public Auction, to defray the expenses of its keep and the wages of the household.

URING the last month, LOUIS NAPOLEON has been engaged in completing his arrangements for the assumption of the character of Emperor of France—a part he contemplates filling with more success than has attended his past performances. He has already purchased, at Waterloo House, six yards of imperial purple, at 3s. 9d. a yard, and he is in treaty with the proprietors of Covent Garden for some of the still existing "machinery, properties, dresses, and decorations," that were used for the grand spectacle acted some years ago under the title of *Napoleon*.

BROUGHAM IN LUCK.

SOME people appear to have been recently seized with a mania for leaving their property to LORD BROUGHAM, who has within the last few years become a legatee to the tune of many thousands of pounds. Now we have no objection to our old friend and involuntary contributor to our pictorial department becoming the recipient of bequests from strangers; but when he reflects that to us he owes his popularity—that we in fact have made him what he is—we are sure that he will consider us in justice entitled to a fair share of the property that has been bequeathed to him. If the money is left to console him for our banter, we are surely entitled to a share of the proceeds; and if, on the contrary, he is enriched by testators, from a feeling of admiration, it is we who have done everything, during the last five years, to render him popular, by keeping the eyes of Europe upon him as frequently as possible. We trust his Lordship will take the hint, and cause a handsome per centage on his legacies to be paid to the respective accounts of the writers and artists of *Punch* with the Bank of England. We shall send to have our Books made up in the course of next week, and we hope to find that our suggestion will have been duly attended to.

Old Iron for Sale.

WHAT ever will become of the Iron Crown of Lombardy? It has fitted many heads in its time; but now it is without a single head to fit. We believe the Railway King has sent in a tender for it. The Iron is certainly more in his line than any other king's. We can imagine how uneasy the poor Emperor of Austria's head must have felt under such a heavy load. The report is, however, that the crown no longer exists—that it was broken up long ago, to enable RADETSKI to make a rod of iron of it. The heaviness of his rule, therefore, is easily accounted for, and the people cannot be blamed for no longer bearing it. How would the English like an Iron Ruler over their heads?

PUNCH'S POEMS OF PARLIAMENT.

The Political Babes in the Wood.

Now ponder well, you statesmen deare,
The wordes which I shall write;
A doleful storie you shall heare,
With moral obvious quite.
The Whigs, a race of good account,
Held Downing Street of late,
And did in honor most surmount
Who've fill'd that ticklish state.

One of this blood, grown grey in place,
The Commonweale to save,
Of boroughs close the rotten race
Still closer vowed to shave;
So the Reform Bille he did passe,
With Radicals combined,
And then himselfe passed hence, alas!
But lefte two babes behinde.

RUSSELL the one, his father's joye,
Of speeche right quicke and bolde;
MORPETH the next, a maiden coy,
Framed in Listonian molde.
For legacie these prettie babes
Had from their father deare
Great credite, and bills falling due,
For many a coming yeare.

Then HUMPHREY, his brother radicales,
Bespake the grandsire, GREY—
"Be kinde unto my children smalle,
When I am passed awaye;
Helpe them to keep, like brother true,
The credit that I leave;
Nor let my billes be overdue,
Lest so my babes shoulde grieve."

This speeche did then that brother make,
To that olde gentleman—
"I'll tend your babies for your sake,
The best that e'er I can;
So may I keepe my seate so deare,
And never change my coate,
As I will aide your children here,
With speeche and eke with vote."

Their parent being past and gone,
These babes in task he takes
To teache, but when his teaching's done,
Thereof small profit makes.
He had not had these babes in hand
Twelve sessions and a daye,
When he doth find them ever stand
Right grievouse in his waye.

So with two ruffians he did speake,
That were of ruthlesse moode,
That they shoulde take these children weake,
And slaye them in a woode.
One of these ruffians CORDEN hight,
The other PEELE, his friende,
To what the firste his troth did plight,
The last his aide would lende.

Awaye these pretty babes they bore
Full innocente of minde,
Deeming that all was righte before,
And nothing wrong behinde.
They prate and prattle pleasantlie,
And wonder while they playe,
Why that these men should ride so fast,
So rough and long a waye.

But nought this pretty speeche they had,
Made those stern hearts relent;
The men that undertook the deed
Were not men to repent.
Till PEELE, the one less hard of heart,
Shrunk somewhat from his charge,
Tho' knowing, if they're slain, his part
Of the reward were large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So falle they to debate,
As fiercely as old friends will doe,
About those babies' fate:
Till he that was of mildest moode
At last did have his waye;
These babes, that nothing understoode,
They deemed it was but playe.

He took the babies by the hande,
That still like babes behave,
And bade them straightwaie follow him,
Would they their bacon save.
But aye the faster he led on,
They followed aye more slowe:
"Nay," quoth he, "an you'll go alone,
Stay till you wiser growe."



These helpless babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe,
But never more came back the man
That thus had done them browne.
In vain out of their hapless plights
To find their waie they tried,
And when they sawe the darksome nighte,
They sat them downe and cried.

Thus flounder'd on these innocents
From pillar unto poste,
Till piteouslie they rendered up
Their smalle official ghoste.
No sorrowing worde this pretty paire
Of any man receives,
Till Mr. Punch most piously
Embalmed them in his leaves!



A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.



FITZROY TIMMINS, whose taste for wine is remarkable for so young a man, is a member of the Committee of the Megatherium Club, and the great MIROBOLANT, good-natured as all great men are, was only too happy to oblige him. A young friend and protégé of his, of considerable merit, M. CAVALCADO, happened to be disengaged, through the lamented death of LORD HAUNCHER, with whom young CAVALCADO had made his *débüt* as an artist. He had nothing to refuse to his master, MIROBOLANT, and would impress himself to be useful to a *gourmet* so distinguished as MONSIEUR TIMMINS. FITZ went away as pleased as Punch with this encomium of the great MIROBOLANT, and was one of those who voted against the decreasing of MIROBOLANT'S salary, when that measure was proposed by MR. PARINGS, COLONEL CLOSE, and

the Screw party in the Committee of the Club.

Faithful to the promise of his great master, the youthful CAVALCADO came in Lilliput Street the next day. A rich crimson velvet waistcoat, with buttons of blue glass and gold, a variegated blue satin stock, over which a graceful mosaic chain hung in glittering folds, a white hat worn on one side of his long curling ringlets, redolent with the most delightful hair oil—one of those white hats which looks as if it had been just skinned—and a pair of gloves not exactly of the colour of *beurre frais*, but of *beurre* that has been up the chimney, with a natty cane with a gilt knob, completed the upper part, at any rate, of the costume of the young fellow whom the page introduced to MRS. TIMMINS.

Her mamma and she had been just having a dispute about the gooseberry cream when CAVALCADO arrived. His presence silenced MRS. GASHLEIGH; and ROSA, in carrying on a conversation with him in the French language, which she had acquired perfectly in an elegant finishing establishment in Kensington Square, had a great advantage over her mother, who could only pursue the dialogue with very much difficulty, eyeing one or other interlocutor with an alarmed and suspicious look, and gasping out "We" whenever she thought a proper opportunity arose for the use of that affirmative.

"I have two leetl menus weez me," said CAVALCADO to MRS. GASHLEIGH.

"Minews—yes O indeed," answered the lady.

"Two little cartes."

"O, two carts! O we," she said—"coming, I suppose;" and she looked out of window to see if they were there.

CAVALCADO smiled; he produced from a pocket-book a pink paper and a blue paper, on which he had written two bills of fare, the last two of which he had composed for the lamented HAUNCHER, and he handed these over to MRS. FITZROY.

The poor little woman was dreadfully puzzled with these documents, (she has them in her possession still), and began to read from the pink one as follows:—

"DINER POUR 16 PERSONNES.

Potage (clair) à la Rigodon.
Do. à la Prince de Tombuctou.

Deux Poissons.

Saumon de Severne,
à la Boadicée.

Rougets Gratinés
à la Cléopâtre.

Deux Relevés.

Le Chapeau-a-trois-cornes farci à la Robespierre.
Le Tire-botte à l'Odalisque.

Six Entrées.

Sauté de Hanneçons à l'Epinglère.
Cotelettes à la Megatherium.
Bourraque de Venu à la Palambieu.
Laitances de Carpe en goguette à la Reine Pomaré.
Turban de Voaille à l'Archevêque de Cantorbéry.

And soon with the *entremets*, and *hors d'œuvre*, and the *rois*, and *relevés*.

"Madame will see that the dinners are quite simple," said M. CAVALCADO.

"O quite!" said ROSA, dreadfully puzzled.

"Which would Madame like?"

"Which would we like, Mamma?" ROSA asked; adding, as if after a little thought, "I think, Sir, we should prefer the blue one." At

which MRS. GASHLEIGH nodded as knowingly as she could; though, pink or blue, I defy anybody to know what these cooks mean by their jargon.

"If you please, Madam, we will go down below and examine the scene of operations," MONSIEUR CAVALCADO said; and so he was marshalled down the stairs to the kitchen, which he didn't like to name, and appeared before the Cook in all his splendour.

He cast a rapid glance round the premises, and a smile of something like contempt lighted up his features. "Will you bring pen and ink, if you please, and I will write down a few of the articles which will be necessary for us? We shall require, if you please, eight more stew-pans, a couple of braising pans, eight sauté pans, six bain-marie pans, a freezing-pot with accessories, and a few more articles of which I will inscribe the names;" and MR. CAVALCADO did so, dashing down, with the rapidity of genius, a tremendous list of ironmongery goods, which he handed over to MRS. TIMMINS. She and her mamma were quite frightened by the awful catalogue.

"I will call three days hence and superintend the progress of matters; and we will make the stock for the soup the day before the dinner."

"Don't you think, Sir," here interposed MRS. GASHLEIGH, "that one soup—a fine rich mock-turtle, such as I have seen in the best houses in the West of England, and such as the late LORD FORTY-SKEWER—"

"You will get what is wanted for the soups, if you please," MR. CAVALCADO continued, not heeding this interruption, and as bold as a captain on his own quarter-deck: "for the stock of clear soup, you will get a leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham."

"We Munseer," said the cook, dropping a terrified curtsy. "A leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham."

"You can't serve a leg of veal at a party," said MRS. GASHLEIGH; "and a leg of beef is not a company dish."

"Madam, they are to make the stock of the clear soup," MR. CAVALCADO said.

"What?" cried MRS. GASHLEIGH; and the cook repeated his former expression.

"Never, whilst I am in this house," cried out MRS. GASHLEIGH indignantly; "never in a Christian English household; never shall such sinful waste be permitted by me. If you wish me to dine, ROSA, you must get a dinner less expensive. The RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FORTY-SKEWER could dine, Sir, without these wicked luxuries, and I presume my daughter's guests can."

"Madame is perfectly at liberty to decide," said M. CAVALCADO. "I came to oblige Madame and my good friend MIROBOLANT, not myself."

"Thank you, Sir, I think it will be too expensive," ROSA stammered in a great flutter; "but I am very much obliged to you."

"Il n'y a point d'obligation, Madame," said MONSIEUR ALCIDE CAMILLE CAVALCADO in his most superb manner; and, making a splendid bow to the lady of the house, was respectfully conducted to the upper regions by little BUTTONS, leaving ROSA frightened, the cook amazed and silent, and MRS. GASHLEIGH boiling with indignation against the dresser.

Up to that moment, MRS. BLOWSER, the cook, who had come out of Devonshire with MRS. GASHLEIGH (of course that lady garrisoned her daughter's house with servants, and expected them to give her information of everything which took place there); up to that moment, I say, the cook had been quite contented with that subterranean station which she occupied in life, and had a pride in keeping her kitchen neat, bright, and clean. It was, in her opinion, the comfortablest room in the house (we all thought so when we came down of a night to smoke there); and the handsomest kitchen in Lilliput Street.

But after the visit of CAVALCADO, the cook became quite discontented and uneasy in her mind. She talked in a melancholy manner over the area railings to the cooks at twenty-three and twenty-five. She stepped over the way, and conferred with the cook there. She made inquiries at the baker's and at other places about the kitchens in the great houses in Brobdingnag Gardens, and how many spits, bang-marry pans, and stoo pans they had. She thought she could not do with an occasional help, but must have a kitchen-maid. And she was often discovered by a gentlemen of the police force, who was, I believe, her cousin, and occasionally visited her when MRS. GASHLEIGH was not in the house or spying it;—she was discovered, seated with MRS. RUNDLETT in her lap, its leaves bespattered with her tears. "My Pease be gone, Pelisse," she said, "zins I zaw that ther Franchman;" and it was all the faithful fellow could do to console her.

"—the dinner," said TIMMINS, in a rage at last: "having it cooked in the house is out of the question: the bother of it; and the row your mother makes are enough to drive one mad. It won't happen again, I can promise you, ROSA—order it at FUBSBY'S at once. You can have everything from FUBSBY'S—from footmen to saltspoons. Let's go and order it at FUBSBY'S." "Darling, if you don't mind the expense, and it will be any relief to you, let us do as you wish," ROSA said; and she put on her bonnet, and they went off to the grand cook and confectioner of the Brobdingnag quarter.

FLUNKEIANA.



Lady. "YOU WISH TO LEAVE—REALLY IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT. PRAY—HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PLACE?"

Flunkey. "OH, DEAR NO, MA'AM—NOT DISSATISFIED EXACTLY; BUT—A—THE FACT IS, MA'AM, YOU DON'T KEEP NO VEHICLE, AND I FIND I MISS MY CARRIAGE EXERCISE."

THE MODEL DEBTOR.



o long as he gets a thing on credit, he never thinks it dear. No dinner is too good for him; the dearest wines, the earliest peas, the most juvenile strawberries; the strongest liqueurs, the most exotic luxuries—everything that is expensive and delicious, so that he is not called upon to give ready money for it. The world pays, and he enjoys himself. His cab is found him free of expense, and by some charm he has a 200 guinea horse sent home to him without paying a single penny for it. The rent of his house is several quarters due; the furniture is of the very best, but not a stick or a stitch of it has been settled for, and the very sheets he sleeps in might be taken from under him by his washerwoman, for terrible arrears of debt. These thoughts, however, do not trouble his happiness. He trusts, for everything, to his appearance. He knows well enough that a man with a shabby exterior never gets credit for anything in this world. He has a good coat, and on the back of it orders as many clothes as he likes. He has only to ask for hats, boots, walking-sticks, pistols, dressing-cases, and they are all left at his "residence," exactly as if he had paid for every one of them. No questions are asked—not a soul is in a hurry; for "any one can see he is a perfect gentleman." He flourishes a cheque-book, though his drafts would not be liquidated at any other bank but Aldgate Pump. The day of reckoning, however, sooner or later, comes. Then it is that the wonderful impudence, the real genius, of the MODEL DEBTOR bursts out in all its greatness. It is not convenient for him to pay, just at present. It would be ruinous to sell out when the funds are so low. He wonders at Mr. SMITH's impatience (SMITH is his butcher)—the bill can barely have been owing two years—but he will call and settle next week. Some he threatens to expose; the imperti-

nence of others he will certainly report to all his friends: and he silences the noisiest with a piece of stamped paper, on which his name is inscribed, as the representative of hundreds of pounds. But the bubble gets larger and larger, till it bursts. Then the MODEL DEBTOR tumbles from his high estate—if ever he had any—and from an "eligible mansion" he falls to a "desirable lodging," at a few shillings per week. He likes the Surrey side of the Thames best.

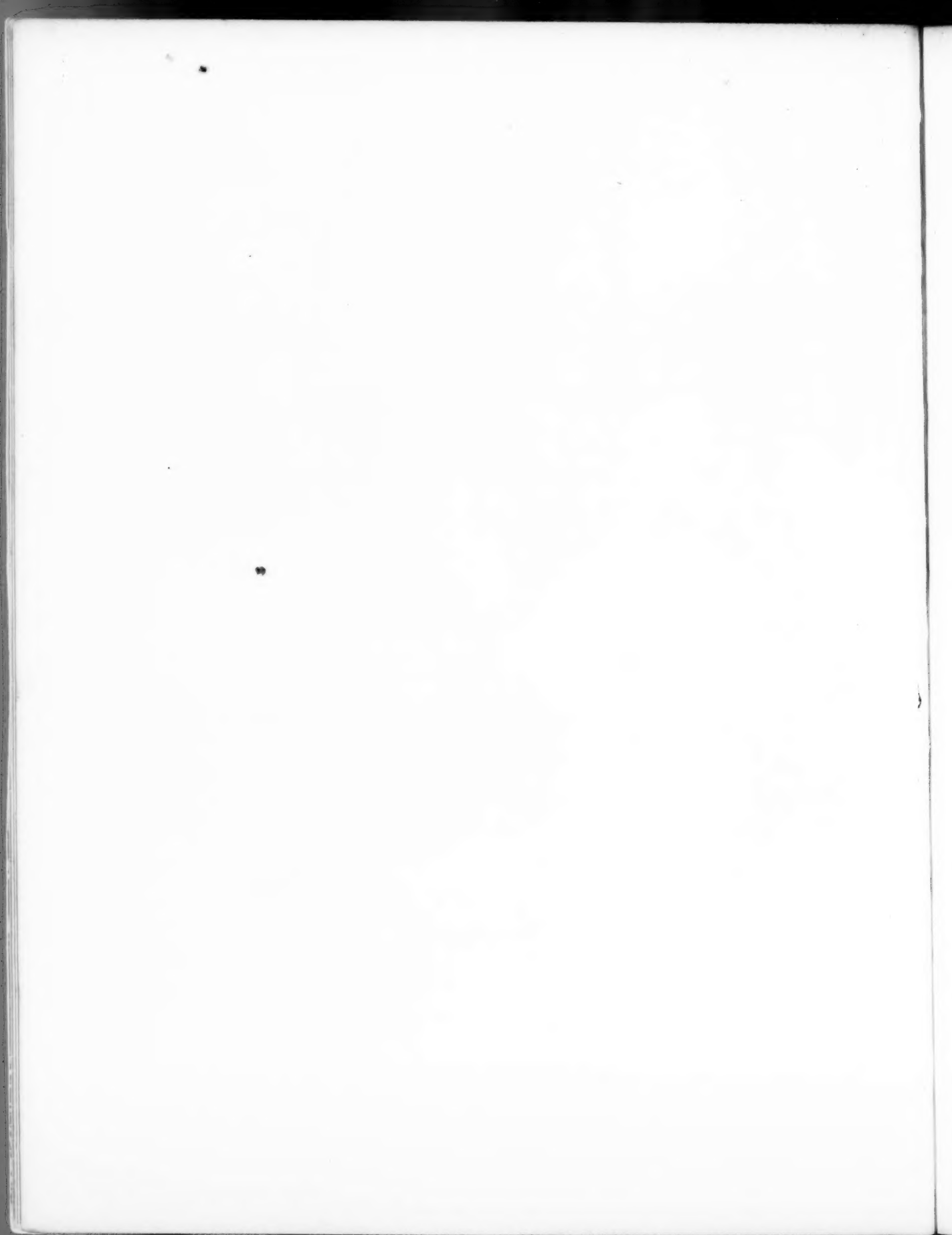
His life is now a constant game of hide-and-seek. He is never "at home," especially to top-boots and Jerusalem noses, that bring letters and wait for answers in the passage. He grows nervous. Every knock at the door throws him back, and he rings the bell violently two or three times, whispers to the servant through the door, turns the key, and crouches down with his ear at the key-hole. He looks out of window before he ventures in the street. He only walks when he cannot afford to pay for a cab. Omnibuses are dangerous: it is not so easy to avoid a creditor inside. He selects the dreariest thoroughfares, and never penetrates into a *cul-de-sac*, or approaches within a mile of Chancery Lane. His impudence, however, does not desert him. He never recollects any bill whatever, and if stopt and questioned about his name, he threatens in the grandest manner to call the police. When pressed for money, he is sure the account was paid long ago, and that he has got the receipt somewhere at home. He is most fruitful in excuses, and lavish in promises. He generally expects a "good round sum in a day or two." He can never get his accounts in, and was disappointed only last week of a large balance he had relied upon for paying your little "trifle." As he falls lower in the world, he gets meeker. He would pay if he could. All he asks for is time. Business is very bad—never was worse. He only wants to look round him. He hopes you won't be hard upon him; but if prosecuted, if goaded to death in this way, sooner than lead the life he does, he will go into the *Gazette*, and then his creditors must not blame him if they don't get a farthing. He means well, if they will only leave him alone. He will be happy to give you a bill. He has a wife and three children. In fact he is a



CHILD'S PLAY.

Hume. "AH! MY DOLL'S BIGGER THAN YOURS!"

Russell. "A GREAT UGLY THING! IT ISN'T HALF SO PRETTY AS MINE!"



most affectionate parent, and the sacrifices he has made for his family no one can tell but himself—which he does upon every possible opportunity. He grows tired of answering letters, and as for giving the name of his solicitor, he hates the law too much to do it. He meets a bill and a bailiff with equal horror; but does not care much for either, if he can only be sure of a "good long run." He is very sensitive about the left shoulder, going off, like a hair-trigger, at the slightest touch. His great day is Sunday. He is then everywhere—in the Park especially—and any one to see him would imagine "he could look the whole world in the face, and defy any one to say he owed him a shilling." He is brave, too, during Vacation. He is very intimate with the law, and has a profound respect for the Statute of Limitations; but thinks England not worth living in since the County Courts Act. He carries his antipathy, indeed, so far as to run over some fine morning to Boulogne and never coming back again, leaving all his property, though, behind him in a carpet-bag replete with bricks. There his first care is to cultivate a moustache, and to procure new clothes, new dinners, fresh victims. He is always expecting a remittance by the next post. His bankers, however, are very remiss, and he is lodged at last by his landlord in the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*—in plain English, the prison. He only asked for time, and at last he gets more of it than he likes, for he is locked up for two or three years in jail, unless he is very lucky and is liberated by a Revolution. He disappears no one knows where. His friends wonder what has become of him, till there is a vague report that he has been seen as an *attaché* to one of the gaming-houses about Leicester Square, or, if he is tolerably well off, that he has been recognised on the road to Epsom, driving a cab, with a large number (say 2584) painted upon it.

The MODEL DEBTOR is honest at last, for he has arrived at that stage of life at which no man will put any trust in him. He pays his way—turnpikes included—and does not overcharge more than what is perfectly Hansom. He pays ready money for everything, even down to the waterman on the cabstand, and gives himself out as "a gentleman who has seen better days." His great boast, however, is that all through the ups and downs of his racketty career, he never left unpaid a single debt of honour. Doubtless, this is a great source of consolation to the numerous tradesmen to whom he never paid a penny!

WANT PLACES!

AS EMPEROR, OR PRESIDENT, in a place where a large Standing Army is kept, by a young man, of Imperial principles, who can be well recommended—by himself. Is willing to revive the glories of the Empire, and to make Europe generally uncomfortable. References to respectable Conspirators in Boulogne and Strasburg. Was six years in his last situation, the fortress of Ham. Letters, post paid, to be addressed to **LOUIS NAPOLEON**, Poste restante, London.

AS LEGITIMATE SOVEREIGN OF FRANCE, by a young Gentleman, who has been brought up for the place, and can give any amount of constitutional guarantees. Has travelled a good deal, and can turn his hand to anything in the royal line. Has a great objection to being treated as the rest of the family. Applications may be addressed (under cover) to the **DUC DE BOURDEAUX**, Martier, St. Germain, Paris.

WANTED, by the German Confederation, a decent pretext for backing out of the Danish quarrel.

WANTED, by the French Republic, Tenders for the undermentioned articles (to be sent in to the Salle de l'Assemblée Nationale, opposite to the Place de la Concorde, Paris).

Strong Ministerial measures (Frenchmen's size), at per measure.
Clap-traps for Workmen (new), at per humbug.
Bass Voices for President and Vice-Presidents of the National Assembly (Lablache quality), at per voice.

Plans for raising the wind, at per cent. of wind raised.
Confutations for Communism, at per confutation.
Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, at per practical scheme.

. The lowest Tender accepted.

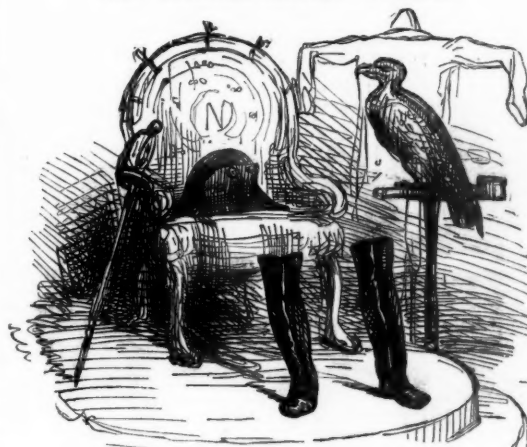
THE PUBLIC PHYSICIAN'S VADE-MECUM.

THE Health of the Public has of late been frequently examined into, but there has been a great want of system in the mode in which the inquiries have been conducted. We beg to suggest to the political attendant the following somewhat more scientific method of investigating the state of the patient:—

Put out your capital. Let me see your revenue. So, so! How are your Funds? Tolerably firm—eh? In what state are your Consols? Advancing?—No? What! a little reaction? Ah! How do you find your Foreign Securities? Rather shaky? Well, that we must expect. Foreign Exchanges, too—somewhat depressed? So I thought. Dividends regular? Pretty well? Oh! Any sense of weight and sinking in Railway Shares? Well, well! Corn Market pretty steady? Good, good! Coffee? Brisk, you say? Very good! Saltpetre? Looking up? That's right! Indigo lively? Middling? Cotton? Not quite so well again?—Hum! Cochineal rather flat? Ha! Exports? Much the same? Imports? Go on augmenting? Ho! Paper Currency? Slightly contracting? Bullion a little more copious? But still scanty? Embarrassment in the circulation not wholly removed? No! A degree

of tightness remaining? But not quite so bad as when I last saw you? And your Machinery acts well? But you have not quite regained the use of your Hands? Cramped still, I see. But you will get the better of that by and by. Come, come! We must open the ports, and stimulate the raw material—a—and give you a little discount—and you must keep up your confidence—and—a—my quarter's salary? Thank you—and we shall be all right in a little time.

THE BUONAPARTIST PRESS.



MATERIALS FOR A FUTURE EMPEROR.

The BUONAPARTE mania that has lately burst out in France, has developed itself in the form of a flood of newspapers, emanating from the press under all sorts of names, purporting to furnish some reminiscence of the old original Emperor. There are already the *Redingote Grise* (the Grey Great-coat), and a variety of others; but we miss the *Tubatière Grande* (the Large Snuff-box), *Les Bottes de Jean* (the Jack-Boots), *Le Chapeau de Cocher* (the Coachman's Hat), and other attributes of NAPOLEON, with which History and GOMERSAL have conspired to render us familiar. We have heard it rumoured, by the bye, that the respected Emperor (of ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre Royal, Westminster Bridge,) has written to the President of the National Assembly, repudiating all idea of a pretendership springing up in Lambeth Marsh, or of the Republic getting a fresh blow from the New Cut—a possibility that has been suggested by certain inveterate enemies of liberty. His Dramatic Excellency the Emperor, NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE (GOMERSAL), has, in fact, become the landlord of a highly respectable tavern, and his attachment to the *res publica* is, therefore, utterly undeniable. We are happy to be informed also that his faithful Mameluke, so far from harbouring any ideas for the aggrandisement of his late master, may be seen every evening in a straw hat, a flaxen wig, smock-frock, and high-lows, at the Adelphi, where, in the piece of *Harvest Home*, he is amongst the most contented of our peasantry.

Unpardonable Omission.

AMONGST the toasts given at the Waterloo Banquet we miss that of F. M. GENERAL MOON. Can it be possible that the distinguished F. M. was not present? We are pained to remark that this looks a little like jealousy on the part of the Iron Duke. However, we are informed that the gallant General did dine at the Waterloo Banquet, for he had the large Plate, on which that great annual event is served up, put opposite to him at dinner, and drank all the toasts in perfect rotation, not omitting one to himself, to which he returned thanks in a short but eloquent speech. F. M. GENERAL MOON retired a little after eleven, after which the Banquet proceeded home to Threadneedle Street in a large portfolio.

"Lend us a Bark."

It is told of a Smithfield drover that, perplexed by the eccentricity of a flock of sheep that would not go in the direction he desired, he thus accosted a professional brother, "Bob, lend us a bark of your dog." When LORD JOHN RUSSELL wants a help (see, for instance, his speech on HUME'S Reform Motion) he always reads extracts of a speech of PEEL. Invariably, at a non-plus does JOHN obtain of BOB the "loan of a bark."

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.



Old Gentleman. "Now, AUGUSTUS; YOU HAVE HAD ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION. YOU HAVE BEEN WELL BROUGHT UP; AND AS I BELIEVE YOU TO BE A WELL-DISPOSED BOY, I SHOULD WISH YOU TO CHOOSE YOUR OWN PROFESSION. COME, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?"

Augustus. "I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE—BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME."

Old Gent. "WHAT IS IT—A LAWYER?"

Aug. "NO: IT AIN'T A LAWYER."

Old Gent. "A SURGEON?"

Aug. "NO."

Old Gent. "A PARSON?"

Aug. "NO."

Old Gent. "A SOLDIER?"

Aug. "NO."

Old Gent. "WHAT THEN?"

Aug. "WHY—A CLOWN AT ASTLEY'S."

COMMERCE RUN MAD.

THE tradesmen of London appear to be occasionally bitten by one of APOLLO's mad dogs; for the commercial puffs exhibit frequently a furor that can be compared to nothing short of downright insanity. A firm in Oxford Street has just caught the terrible cacoethes, and has burst out with a placard exhibiting a very bad case indeed of counter-irritation, or shopkeeper's lunacy. Not only has JOHNSON been pillaged of all his hard words, but the most formidable of our lexicographers have been left far behind, by the accumulation of a startling array of compound words of the most confounding character.

The tradesmen alluded to, announce their "co-acervation" of a lot of umbrellas and pocket-handkerchiefs, which are heralded as a "beautiful compilation;" and they describe the recent depression in the value of foreign goods as an "auriferous opportunity." These are but a sample of the extraordinary conglomeration of astounding dissyllables, trisyllables, and polysyllables culled from the deepest recesses of classical research, and crammed into the small compass of a single prospectus. If the sons of the yard-measure proceed at this rate, their advertisements will soon have to be read with a Latin Dictionary in one hand, and a Greek Hederici Lexicon in the other.

We should not omit to state that the exaggeration is not limited to the language, which would be harmless enough, but it extends to the goods, which are described with all the united force of fudge and fancy. 150 Dresses are announced as "manufactured for the Drawing-room, by the QUEEN's command," as if Her Majesty had intended to treat a few of the nobility and gentry to a new gown each, and had then, by changing her royal mind, thrown the lot on the hands of the manufacturer. This is as near as may be a libel on our beloved QUEEN, in addition to its egregious absurdity. Considering that they were manufactured by HER MAJESTY's order, it is rather strange that they should form part of the stock, "resulting from the last Custom-house sale of goods" advertised as "Seizures by HER MAJESTY's Customs." It may well be called an "Extraordinary excerpt of foreign merchandise," when part of the excerpta happened to be ordered by the QUEEN to be made in Spitalfields for her own Drawing-room. The idea of there being in the collection many "peregrine productions," combines novelty and classicity in a high degree; and we wonder we were not told of "exotic gloves," "alien parasols," and "outlandish bonnets." We must say, that we prefer the good old British puff about the "5 Million Dunstables," and the old familiar "Glut of Gingham," to all the new-fangled bits of humbug in the circular we have been noticing.

THE TREMENDOUS OPPOSITION AGAINST MONTE CRISTO.—Taking a paving-stone to crush a fly; or raising a whirlwind to blow out a farthing candle.

ANTICIPATED SPEECH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL,
ON MR. HUME'S ADJOURNED MOTION.

(From our private Prophet).

"MR. SPEAKER. Sir—There is no doubt the time has come to advance. I never take the smallest step without deeply pondering where my feet are likely to take me to, and I have come to the conclusion that it would be suicidal lameness, in the present rush everywhere around us, to attempt to stand still. We have gone too far to think of ever going back. You cannot turn the clock of St. Paul's the single fraction of a second towards the Past. Its hands ever point Onwards. Its whole machinery works only to one end—the Future. (Loud cheers.) It is true its movements may be regulated to a nicety. You may prevent its going too fast, as you can guard against its going too slow; but the man would be a madman, Sir—he would be behind his time altogether, if he attempted to suspend its movements, or to pretend to keep them still. (Loud cheers.) It is with the human mind, Sir, as with that mighty clock. It is ever moving, ever advancing. I do not wish to push it on, but still I would be the last man in the world to presume to keep it fixed continually at the same point. (Hear.) The human mind knows no Finality. The circle of its movements is infinite; without beginning—without end. Statesmen at best are but good regulators. They keep one great clock, by which others time their little clocks. But if the great clock goes too slow, surely the little ones have a right to complain, and to insist upon its going a little faster (laughter). It is with this profound conviction, Sir, that I rise to support the motion of the Hon. Member

for Montrose, and I only regret that his usual timidity has prevented him from giving a wider scope, a more liberal extension, to his judicious reforms. They must be carried; and the time is not far distant when Posterity will be not only astonished at the smallness of the boon asked, but actually surprised at the shortsightedness of men pausing for a moment to grant it. I, for one, will not be guilty of such weakness; and I sit down with the full certainty of seeing this motion triumphantly carried—if not by the present Member, at all events by some superior power, which never fails to come forward as soon as it is wanted." (The Hon. Member knocked the red box with his wonted energy, and resumed his seat amidst the loudest cheering.)

DEVOTION TO SHAKSPEARE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THERE is no doubt that the players generally have been much scandalised by the shameful appearance of Frenchmen on the classic (and unprofitable) boards of Drury Lane. The enthusiasm of the Green-room in the cause of SHAKSPEARE is really affecting.

"Would it be too much trouble for you to print the names of the actors who have subscribed—say even shillings—to the SHAKSPEARE Fund? Of course, where there has been so much indignation, there has been at least an equal amount of generosity?

"Your obedient Servant,
"AN OLD CALL-BOY."

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATIONS.



claims on our simplicity. For instance, a sort of muffin-bell made of muslin, with a double clapper—the two legs—gives us the ballet-dancer in her original state; but clap a pair of wings on the muslin muffin-bell,



and we are taught to believe that we see a Sylphide. Adorn the handle of the muslin muffin-bell with a crescent, and make a little fillagree work in the shape of a bow, and we get a DIANA; while a hat and a



gun turns the muslin muffin-bell into a toy pen-wiper, in the semblance of a female brigand. Taking the head as a separate article, and in fact decapitating the ballet-dancer, we see it stuffed with coral one night, and adorned with a tiara the next,—an arrangement which gives us the same head as CORALIA and JUNO on alternate evenings.



A single sheet of paper cannot be more easily twisted into six-and-twenty different forms than a ballet-dancer into six-and-twenty different or indifferent characters.



A "VERY BAD" AMBASSADOR.

AMONG the batch of letters left in Paris by LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and cruelly published by the Republic, there is one in which GUIZOT says—
"BRESSON writes me word that BULWER is really seriously ill at Madrid. I don't like BULWER's illnesses; he turns them to account."

We have heard a story of a crafty child, who, to work upon the fears of his mother, said—"If you won't give me a penny, I know a little boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch em." Thus our Ambassador had a knack of turning illnesses to advantage. Indeed, we have a few letters (purchased of the Ambassador's confidential friend, regardless of expense) in which SIR HENRY BULWER lays down the politics of sickness to the Foreign Minister. If *Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori*,—so to be sick has its degree of sweetness and propriety, if sick for our country. Did not LORD LONDONDEERRY, upon a certain memorable occasion, show his sense of value of this truth, and was he not—upon the testimony of LORD LIVERPOOL—even "too bad" for England?

However, we give a few of the letters sent by SIR HENRY BULWER to LORD PALMERSTON. They will show how the simplicity of GUIZOT and LOUIS-PHILIPPE was played upon by our crafty Ambassador.

"Madrid, — — —"

"MY LORD,—Seeing the advances that the French party are daily making in the Palace, and wishing to hear of the further movements of BRESSON without being liable to any personal interview with the Ambassador, I have thought it my duty, for ten days, at least, to be alarmingly ill with the small-pox. I thought this the safer malady, being previously assured that BRESSON had been neither vaccinated nor inoculated. In ten days—or sooner, if affairs require it—I shall be perfectly well.
"Meanwhile, I am, &c., &c."

"MY LORD,—I regret, for the honour of human nature, that I have been grossly deceived. BRESSON, it now appears, has had the small-pox; though, with the cunning of Frenchmen, nobody would think it to look at him.

"Understanding that it was his intention to call upon me, I found it advisable to be immediately convalescent, and appointed a day of meeting. However, on the previous evening I made every necessary arrangement to be seized with whooping-cough; so that when BRESSON came—for it appears that he has had the whooping-cough too, and laughs at it—I was always prevented, by a violent access of the "hoop," from giving any answer to any definite question.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c."

MY LORD,—A violent cold caught at the last Bull-fight, brought on a sudden deafness, when apprised of the wish of the Minister to communicate with me. He therefore sent me a letter (a copy of which I forward); whereupon, I thought no course was open to me but to have a violent inflammation of the eyes. Awaiting your instructions,
"I am, my Lord, &c., &c., &c."

"MY LORD,—The plot thickens. The French match is determined upon. The Minister pressed to see me. Immediately I was a victim to typhus. This has staid proceedings."

"MY LORD,—The Queen-Mother having insisted upon the Minister demanding an interview, I was attacked with the plague. Considering, too, the alarming character of the political crisis, I did not hesitate even to kill my valet and coachman with the disease.

"Nevertheless, the Queen-Mother insisted I should write. Whereupon, I put certain generalities upon paper—and the letter was sent. CHRISTINA, as I understood, was present when the missive arrived. The Minister was for having the letter passed through vinegar, whereon CHRISTINA—having cast one of her terrible smiles upon it—said it would then do quite as well without.
"I am, &c., &c."

"MY LORD,—It was my intention this morning to have the Asiatic Cholera, but as I understand the double marriage has certainly taken place, it is only throwing away an excellent malady to no purpose.

"I am, my Lord, &c., &c., &c.,
"H. BULWER."

"VISCOUNT PALMERSTON."

We could add to the number of these letters; but surely we have printed enough to prove the sagacity of M. GUIZOT. No doubt of it, our Ambassador at Spain has been very bad indeed—for France.

PARLIAMENTARY BRICKS.

MR. DRUMMOND would give a vote only to property, not to the individual. He would give a vote to a house and not to the lodger. Hence, all Britons have only to be "bricks," to obtain the suffrage.

PUNCH AMONG THE CELESTIALS.



LONDON cannot go to China; but that is no reason why China should not come to London. "The Hermit of Nations," as MR. ARTHUR WALL-BRIDGE calls the Celestial Empire, has broken through his exclusiveness for once, and sends us a ship, a real ship, mounted with real guns, and a sail made like an immense door-mat. We have visited the Junk, of course. You go down by the Blackwall Railway, and find yourself suddenly in the middle of China. Chinese sailors, with plaited tails, like bell-ropes, hanging down their yellow backs, meet you on the gangway. A Chinese Mandarin, with a face the colour of gingerbread, but no gilt on it, receives you in green silk petticoats, and smiles a good-natured welcome. Chinese musicians sing their native melodies to you. You have the Chinese Joss, too, or idol, with hands darting out of him on all sides. This Joss is supported by voluntary contributions. He will take anything you offer him. Put what you like before him, and the next morning it is gone. This habit of grabbing everything accounts at once for the number of his hands. We could not help comparing him to the *Ateliers Nationaux*—a large body most absurdly worshipped recently in France, where the only use of the numerous hands employed upon it is to take all they can, and to remain perfectly idol. The priests must make a good thing of this Joss. Their perquisites must be enormous. We have a good mind to start a Joss in our own office, and to advertise immediately for a Hundred Active Hands. All offerings, of course, to fall to us. Oh, the haunches of venison, the pineapples, the Arabian horses, the black footmen, the Opera-boxes, the diamond rings, the lovely legs of Welsh mutton, that would be deposited at our feet every day! The thought is too much, so we will return to the Chinese Junk.



Everything is curious about it. The Emperor's two unmarried daughters—we mean their portraits—are very curious. Their complexions are of the most beautiful coloured rice paper. Their hair is the finest spun glass; and the sumptuous bunch of blue ribbons at the top of their large cocoa-nut-shaped heads must be very convenient for keeping them on their feet, in case they fall off their little toes, which are quite as *retroussés* as their celestial noses. Their large staring green eyes, with the long eyelashes sticking out of them, though very charming, struck us as too much like a couple of enormous gooseberries, of the vulgar species called "hairy," and we could not help

smiling at the comparison, even whilst our heart was thumping against our waistcoat like a pocket steam-engine at the effect of the concentrated loveliness before us. They must be decidedly two of the very best leaves torn out of the *Pekin Book of Beauty*. We could not imagine how the Emperor's two daughters, with such a rich dowry of charms, could possibly remain unmarried, till our loving eye was caught by their long nails, protruding like immense fish-hooks, and we no longer wondered that no man had been bold enough to ask for their hands in marriage. They looked very gentle, but we would not trust the best-tempered woman in the world with such instruments of defence always ready at her fingers'-ends.

It takes fifteen men in calm weather to lift their rudder. It runs up three stories high, and must take thirty men at least to keep it quiet in a storm. When they want fine weather, they feed the compass with cakes; but they told us it took a rare number of puffs in a dead calm to get up a good wind. We informed them that the best way to get up a breeze was to tread three times on the Mandarin's tail. They promised us they would try it at the very first opportunity. We must say we suspect the Mandarin. It is not likely one of our magistrates would let himself out on hire to the captain of a ship. We do not think JARDINE would accompany the best collier that was going to shoot coals in Japan, or that HALL would take a berth in the *Bride*, if she were going to exhibit amongst the barbarians of Kamschatka. We challenged him to produce his peacock's feather; but the good-natured Chinaman only laughed, and showing his Chinese teeth, (perfect "ivories," by the bye), simply said, "How did-you-do-do?" What could we say to an answer like that?

We examined the ship on all sides, but could make nothing of it nautically. We might sink it, quite riddle it, with jokes; for in all truth there never was a ship so curiously rigged. But *Cui bono?* as CONFUCIUS said of his whiskers. It is the most perfect Chinese puzzle we ever saw. The stage-coach in a bottle; the four-and-twenty ivory balls, all inside one another; the tremendous froth in a pint bottle of Scotch ale, are the easiest solutions compared to it. It must be seen to be properly understood, or rather to be properly *misunderstood*; for the more we looked at it, the less we could get to the bottom of it. This mystery may have had something to do in keeping it so well afloat across 27,000 miles of the most amiable ocean. May it have a safe passage back again to its native element at Canton! Only we would recommend it this time to go straight home, and not to go reeling about to America, when it's half-seas over.

Now we must leave the Chinese Junk; but we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not run away because we are frightened by the hideous faces that are painted on the lids of hampers, which they call shields; but because there is a Whitebait dinner waiting for us at LOVEGROVE'S. Before going, however, we gave a sitting to the Chinese artist on board; and how he has hit our handsome physiognomy, may be judged from the fact that he has made us quite black in the face. He has evidently wished to Japan us. The fellow, however, is not without some talent, and ranks as the TURNER of his country. He had a narrow escape coming over, for in a violent storm that arose off the Cape, the Captain called out "Let go the painter!" when a Chinese middy, taking the order literally, nearly threw the poor artist overboard. We beg to say, he does not take likenesses of every one—only great people.

We have a proposition to make before sitting down to dinner, and that is, that a subscription be got up to purchase the Chinese Junk, in order that it may be presented to the British nation, and anchored, *à perpétuité*, in St. James's Park. It would make an additional ornament for that ornamental water; it would amuse the ducks and nursery-maids, delight the little children, and such a slender vessel of China would be perfectly at ease in such a small basin of water. We hope all those—and their names are SMITH—who have money to lay out on tomfooleries, will adopt our proposition, and never mind about the EMPEROR OF CHINA being angry at the diminution of his fleet. If he wants his man-of-war back again, why, let him come by all means and take it. Now to dinner, and, "Waiter, let no one disturb us for the next two hours. We are engaged upon most important business."



A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.

On the arm of her FITZROY, ROSA went off to FUSBY'S, that magnificent shop at the corner of Parliament Place and Alycompayne Square,—a shop into which the rogue had often cast a glance of approbation as he passed; for there are not only the most wonderful and delicious cakes and confections in the window, but at the counter there are almost sure to be three or four of the prettiest women in the whole of this world, with little darling caps of the last French make, with beautiful wavy hair, and the neatest possible waists and aprons.

Yes, there they sit; and others, perhaps, besides FITZ have cast a sheep's eye through those enormous plate-glass window panes. I suppose it is the fact of perpetually living amongst such a quantity of good things that makes those young ladies so beautiful. They come into the place, let us say, like ordinary people, and gradually grow handsomer and handsomer, until they blow out into the perfect angels you see. It can't be otherwise: if you and I, my dear fellow, were to have a course of that place, we should become beautiful too. They live in an atmosphere of the most delicious pine-apples, blanchmanges, creams (some whip), and some so good that of course they don't want whipping), jellies, tarts, cakes, cherry-brandy—one hundred thousand sweet and lovely things. Look at the preserved fruits, look at the golden ginger the outspreading ananas, the darling little rogues of China oranges, ranged in the gleaming crystal cylinders. *Mon Dieu!* Look at the strawberries in the leaves. Each of them is as large nearly as a lady's reticule, and looks as if it had been brought up in a nursery to itself. One of those strawberries is a meal for those young ladies behind the counter; they nibble off a little from the side, and if they are very hungry, which can scarcely ever happen, they are allowed to go to the crystal canisters and take out a rout-cake or macaroon. In the evening they sit and tell each other little riddles out of the bon-bons; and when they wish to amuse themselves, they read the most delightful remarks, in the French language, about Love, and CUPID, and Beauty, before they place them inside the crackers. They always are writing down good things into Mr. FUSBY'S ledgers. It must be a perfect feast to read them. Talk of the Garden of Eden! I believe it was nothing to Mr. FUSBY'S house; and I have no doubt that after those young ladies have been there a certain time, they get to such a pitch of loveliness at last, that they become complete angels, with wings sprouting out of their lovely shoulders, when (after giving just a preparatory balance or two) they fly up to the counter and perch there for a minute, hop down again, and affectionately kiss the other young ladies, and say "Good bye, dears, we shall meet again *la haut*," and then with a whirr of their deliciously scented wings, away they fly for good, whisking over the trees of Brobdingnag Square, and up into the sky, as the policeman touches his hat.

It is up there that they invent the legends for the crackers, and the wonderful riddles and remarks on the bon-bons. No mortal, I am sure, could write them.

I never saw a man in such a state as FITZROY TIMMINS in the presence of those ravishing hours. Mrs. FITZ having explained that they required a dinner for twenty persons, the young ladies asked what Ma. and Mrs. FITZ would like, and named a thousand things, each better than the other, to all of which FITZ instantly said yes. The wretch was in such a state of infatuation that I believe if that lady had proposed to him a fricaseed elephant, or a boa-constrictor in jelly, he would have said, "Oh yes, certainly; put it down."

That Peri wrote down in her album a list of things which it would make your mouth water to listen to. But she took it all quite calmly. Heaven bless you! They don't care about things that are no delicacies to them! But whatever she chose to write down, FITZROY let her.

After the dinner and dessert were ordered (at FUSBY'S they furnish everything; dinner and dessert, plate and china, servants in your own livery, and if you please, guests of title too), the married couple retreated from that shop of wonders; ROSA (delighted that the trouble of the dinner was all off their hands, but she was afraid it would be rather expensive.

"Nothing can be too expensive which pleases you, dear," FITZ said. "By the way, one of those young women was rather good-looking," ROSA remarked; "the one in the cap with the blue ribbons." (And she cast about the shape of the cap in her mind, and determined to have exactly such another.)

"Think so? I didn't observe," said the miserable hypocrite by her side; and when he had seen ROSA home, he went back, like an infamous fiend, to order something else which he had forgotten, he said, at FUSBY'S. Get out of that Paradise, you cowardly, creeping, vile serpent, you!

Until the day of the dinner, the infatuated fop was always going to FUSBY'S. He was remarked there. He used to go before he went to Chambers in the morning, and sometimes on his return from the Temple; but the morning was the time which he preferred; and one day, when he went on one of his eternal pretexts, and was chattering and flirting at the counter, a lady who had been reading yesterday's paper and eating a half-penny bun for an hour in the back shop (if that paradise

may be called a shop)—a lady stepped forward, laid down the *Morning Herald*, and confronted him.

That lady was Mrs. GASHLEIGH. From that day the miserable FITZROY was in her power; and she resumed a sway over his house, to shake off which had been the object of his life, and the result of many battles. And for a mere freak—(for on going into FUSBY'S a week afterwards he found the Peris drinking tea out of blue cups, and eating stale bread and butter, when his absurd passion instantly vanished)—I say, for a mere freak, the most intolerable burden of his life was put on his shoulders again—his mother-in-law.

On the day before the LITTLE DINNER took place—and I promise you we shall come to it in the very next chapter—a tall and elegant middle-aged gentleman, who might have passed for an Earl, but that there was a slight incompleteness about his hands and feet, the former being uncommonly red, and the latter large and irregular, was introduced to Mrs. TIMMINS by the page, who announced him as Mr. TRUNCHEON.

"I'm TRUNCHEON, Ma'am," he said, with a low bow.

"Indeed!" said ROSA.

"About the dinner, M'm, from FUSBY'S, M'm. As you have no butler, M'm, I presume you will wish me to act as such. I shall bring two persons as aids to-morrow; both answers to the name of John. I'd best, if you please, inspect the premises, and will think you to allow your young man to show me the pantry and kitchen."

TRUNCHEON spoke in a low voice, and with the deepest, and most respectful melancholy. There is not much expression in his eyes, but from what there is, you would fancy that he was oppressed by a secret sorrow. ROSA trembled as she surveyed this gentleman's size, his splendid appearance, and gravity. "I am sure," she said, "I never shall dare to ask him to hand a glass of water." Even Mrs. GASHLEIGH, when she came on the morning of the actual dinner-party, to superintend matters, was cowed, and retreated from the kitchen before the calm majesty of TRUNCHEON.

And yet that great man was, like all the truly great—affable.



He put aside his coat and waistcoat (both of evening cut, and looking prematurely splendid as he walked the streets in noon-day), and did not disdain to rub the glasses and polish the decanters, and to show young BUTTONS the proper mode of preparing these articles for a dinner. And while he operated, the maids, and BUTTONS, and Cook, when she could—and what had she but the vegetables to boil?—crowded round him, and listened with wonder as he talked of the great families as he had lived with. That man, as they saw him there before them, had been cab-boy to LORD TANTALIAN, Valet to the EARL of BAREACRES, and Groom of the Chambers to the DUCHESS DOWAGER OF FITZBATTLEAXE. O, it was delightful to hear Mr. TRUNCHEON!

REVOLTING INDEED!

It is generally said that language is inadequate to characterise the conduct of the Parisian Insurrectionists. We believe that we precisely describe the rebels' proceedings by pronouncing them perfectly revolting.

THE MONKEY THAT WENT UP IN A BALLOON.



ANDIDLY, *Mr. Punch*, I am a monkey, and not ashamed to own it. (I could wish, *Mr. Punch*, that all of my species residing in London were alike ingenuous.) Well, Sir, I am a foreigner; and therefore, it seems, my feelings are to be violated; my liberty, for a season, outraged. This, however, is the result of the feverishness of the times. *JOHN BULL* thinks it only a proper display of his own security, to put contempt upon the poor alien. *JOHN BULL* is himself so delighted with his institutions, his sea-girt isle, and all that—that to complete his happiness he must be contemptuous to the stranger.

Mr. Punch, I have been some years an inhabitant of London. You may possibly not recollect me; but I am the same green monkey—

with a thoughtful earnest face, and restless eyelid—that has twenty times taken off his Polish cap to you from the top of an organ. My former master was an Italian, late of Saffron Hill, now of the House of Correction, for feeding his poor little boys from Naples with melted tobacco-pipes instead of *macarone*.

"The music I have suffered upon the top of that organ I shall not speak of; at least, only a word or two. What have I endured from the Ethiopian melodies? for, Sir, I am a native of Ethiopia. Therefore, the music—the airs of my country—have carried me back to my golden clime; have, in thought, wafted me back to a green wife, and a green and happy family, where the only cane I ever knew was a cane with sugar in it. Many a time, Sir, have I sat upon the top of that organ—trying to think it a palm-tree—with my thoughts buried in my wife and family,—when an inhuman tugging at my chain would almost wrench my heart out; and with my bosom running out in tears at my eyes, I have been compelled to twitch my Polish cap from my burning brow to beg a halfpenny!

"*Mr. Punch*, for two years I was compelled—in the dress of an officer of Lancers—to ride a poodle in the streets of London; and, to make the mortification all the greater, the brute had no tail for me to bite to ease my heart in moments of desperation. I have been made to dance the slack-wire—I have—

"But let me hurry to the extreme of degradation.

"At length, *Mr. Punch*—at length, and to cumulate my misery—they have sent me up in a balloon!

"Yes, Sir, the person, the liberty of the helpless foreigner upon your shores has been grossly violated in my unhappy person. To sit squat upon an organ was bad enough; to beg for halfpence was worse; to ride a tail-less poodle was, I thought, the extreme of degradation; until I was made to skip upon the slack-wire. Degraded to this, I snatched my cap from my brow, and screamed defiance at fate. 'Destiny,' I yelled, 'you have done your worst, and I defy you.' Miserable me!

"The next day I was sent up in a balloon from Cremorne Gardens! I refer you to the columns of the *Times* newspaper for the particulars. But I will myself strive to pluck up the nerve to repeat them. I was—permit me to say—packed in a parachute for an experiment. An experiment! Upon me! Descended from the Blue Monkey, with a diamond in his head that no king can boast of in his crown. But, read, *Mr. Punch*. The demoniacal reporter observes:—

"The ascent was a fine one;—[was it?—the balloon took a course from the west over London; there was little wind, and the sky being clear, it continued long in sight, so that a good opportunity was afforded to the spectators to form an opinion of the parachutes.]

"It is not now my intention to write a book upon the ascent. I do not at present purpose to tell May Fair how it really looks to people really above it; how small, and of what little fillagree work much of its greatness is. This work, when it has sufficiently fed upon my brain—like a worm upon a hazel kernel—shall, like the worm, come out.

"The cold-blooded penny-a-liner continues—'When the balloon was at an immense elevation, the parachutes were let off simultaneously.' There were three parachutes, with an inoffensive foreigner in the shape of a monkey in each. The reporter, with a diabolical coolness, proceeds:—

"The parachute of *MR. HAMPTON* was obviously the best; it preserved a perfect perpendicular throughout the whole of the immense space through which it descended, and came down steadily and without any dangerous rapidity.

"True enough; but no thanks to *MR. HAMPTON*. No, Sir, the credit is due to me—to me, the monkey passenger of that conveyance, whose nerves 'preserved the perfect perpendicular' of the parachute, that otherwise would no doubt have wiggled-waggled itself into annihilation.

"I shall not spoil my book by here disclosing my emotion upon my descent.

How the sun twirled and twirled about like the pewter plate upon the point of a juggler's sword; how the whole sky went round and round like a bright-blue humming-top. All this—it is only fair to my publisher—I shall keep for my book.

"And now, *Mr. Punch*, let me ask where is this to stop? I have already communicated with the Ambassador—*ABD-EL-MUFF-OF-A-FELLAH*—for Ethiopia, who will no doubt demand his passports of *LORD PALMERSTON*. The other two monkeys being natives of Gibraltar, and therefore under British supremacy, have, I fear, no remedy; unless a remedy worse than the grievance: I of course allude to *MR. URQUHART*.

"But let me close with the reporter:—

"The monkeys were brought back in safety to the grounds, and received the caresses of a very large assembly, attracted by their enterprise."

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, to a monkey of proper feeling—to a monkey possessing any claim to the common decencies of Monkeydom—this is the greatest insult of all. My life, whether I will or no, is to be put in danger, and then I am to be 'caressed' if I escape with a whole skin. What a reasonable monkey—as I really am—considers a piece of arrant tomfoolery, is to be turned and twisted to his glorification.

"I shudder to think of it; but from what I have already heard, there is a conspiracy getting up among certain young ladies of certain families to coerce me to all their evening parties, as—*par excellence*—

"THE MONKEY THAT WENT UP IN A BALLOON."

The Indignant Policeman.

THEY say we are resigning!

Heed not the idle tale

Of crafty knaves, combining

Our honour to assail.

No—till life's thread be broken

We'll ne'er desert the lists

Which—duty's noble token—

We wear around our wrists.

In spite of service doubled,

And though of rest debar'd,

Whilst public peace is troubled

We'll stick to Scotland Yard!

Yes, unfatigued, undaunted,

Our oil-skin capes we'll don;

And still, when we are wanted,

Our cry shall be "Move on!"

No—by each area-railing

To recollection sweet,

Never, with courage failing,

Will we desert our beat!

The loved one—and the luncheon—

This heart shall ne'er forget,

This hand shall wield the truncheon,

And wear the Berlin yet.

Who was the faithless talker

That raised the rumour mean?

Was't the perfidious WALKER,

Or CHEEKS, the false Marine?

We scout the accusation;

'Tis all a hoax—a do—

We scorn the fabrication—

Our corps is still true blue.

Cruel Hoax.

PUNCH is requested by *LORD BROUGHAM* to state "that there is unhappily no truth in the report of a sum of money having been bequeathed to his Lordship by the late *MR. WATT*, of Aston-Hall." However, for the information of affluent parties who may feel disposed to do what *MR. WATT* has, most emphatically, *not* done, namely, to leave £20,000 to an ex-Chancellor who has deserved well of his country, *PUNCH* is further desired to state that copies of a legal form of bequest may be had upon application at No. 4, Grafton Street, Bond Street. An early application is required.

A FEW KNOCKS ON KNOCKERS.



It seems that Art is knocking at every man's door. We are having Fine Arts knockers; but as the designs of those we have seen are not worth a rap, we present manufacturers with sketches of a few which are warranted to answer in any climate, even the Equinox. Our great object is, that you shall know a man instantly by his knocker. For instance, if your hand was on a Gothic door-handle, you would jump at once to the conclusion that some member of the family of PUGNONS lived inside, and you would knock accordingly in the Gothic style. Great feeling, and a deal of meaning, may be thrown into these simple appendages to the Wooden Doors of Old England.

Every Sheriff's-officer's house, where hospitality is given to distressed persons upon the dearest terms, might be epigrammed with a knocker of an officer in the touching act

of shouldering his victim. It would have all the effect of a bird of prey over a barn. Comic authors—and we are all comic, or attempt to be so, now-a-days—will of course take *Punch* as their prototype, for we find they always steal one or two of our features



when they wish to make a blow. We are perfectly willing to give our countenance at all times to the Fine Arts; but still we are not ambitious to have our portrait taken as a door-knocker; so we

beg no comic author will make a handle of our great organ, and will choose other means of knocking than by wringing our nose. Other funny subjects can be selected. There are several heads in the House of Commons most admirably adapted for knockers. We

have our finger at present on two or three that would make a great noise in the country, if turned to that purpose. There is likewise an Ex-Chancellor—we do not like mentioning his name—who would shine splendidly in the character of a door-knocker. The range, in fact, is infinite. A doctor's door might have a skull; a lawyer's a sheep under the shears; and the barrister's an empty shell.

The series, like the French Revolutions, is endless; only we must acknowledge that we are indebted to the pretty pages of the *Art Union* for the lively little notion. We hope, before long, to see our doors hung with Venetian, Egyptian, Byzantine, Ethiopian, and Raphaelic knockers; and we think something might be done with the Old Fathers. We leave the knockers in the hands of our elegant contemporary, and we are confident he will not go to sleep upon them.

An Unanswerable Correspondent.

A GENTLEMAN, who tells us very liberally he has just arrived from the country, writes to be informed whether the House of Commons has removed to Holborn, and continues its sittings there? For he says that he has observed written up in a shop full of wooden machines, a large placard, "BEST JOINTED CLOGS HERE," and he imagines, from the little progress business has been making at St. Stephen's, that the "BEST CLOGS" can be no other than those Members who have been passing the Session, and nothing else, at St. Stephen's. The gentleman from the country is referred to the shop in question for an answer. We recommend him to go in and ask for LORD JOHN, and to see what sort of a Clog they will show him. We have no time to answer such questions.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES AGAIN.

OUR old friend, the Eastern Counties Railway, has been transferring its irregularities from the passengers to the cattle, and a cow going from Norfolk to Shoreditch has become very like the "Gentle ZITELLA," in being detained "so long on the road." We have heard a shocking case of an aged pig, who was "advised" as having started from London on Saturday, and who did not reach his destination, Norwich, until Wednesday afternoon. We know the difficulty of being able to "please the pigs" is proverbial, but surely the poor creature in question had a right to grunt out his objections against this cruel detention. Happily a stoker, touched by the affecting incident of a pig without victuals in a railway cattle-box, offered the melancholy animal a mouthful of that delicious mangel to which the expletive wurzel has been somewhat unnecessarily subjoined. This sustained nature's failing energies, but the poor brute arrived more dead than alive—less pig than pork—at the Norwich terminus, having been in great danger of being compelled to fast by the slow train.

THE POSTMAN'S BENEFIT.

WE perceive that the poor underpaid letter-carriers of the Metropolis are making up, or endeavouring to make up, for the paltriness of their salaries, by a Benefit at the Olympic Theatre, which, if it were quite full, and contained 1500 persons at an average of a shilling per head profit, after deducting expenses, would give exactly threepence each to the 6000 postmen of London and its suburbs. We think the heads of departments would fancy themselves rather hardly used if they were expected to put up with something very like half-pay, and look for the remainder of their remuneration to Benefits at the different theatres. LORD JOHN RUSSELL would come rather poorly off if he had to rely on a night at the Surrey, with his own *Tragedy of Don Carlos*, aided by T. P. COOKE at half-price. Nor do we think LORD MORFETH, as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, would be satisfied with a cutting down of his official income, and the privilege of calling upon his friends to support him at the Surrey Zoological. Why, then, should the poor letter-carriers be reduced to these doubtful means of eking out an insufficient salary?

We have not seen the Programme, but we understand the celebrated Letter Duet, with the farce of *Deaf as a Post*, and other appropriate entertainments, have been resolved upon. Between the pieces there will be a grand display of dexterity in opening a letter, and sealing it up again, by a retired veteran of the department, and the amusements will terminate with the Grand Knocker Movement from SEBASTIAN BACK's celebrated figure in A,B,C, composed in 1826 for the Twopennies, by general desire.

SIBTHORP SHOWETH A PROPER SPIRIT.

A FEW nights ago, COLONEL SIBTHORP—to show in the most magnanimous manner his contempt for the advice of MR. COBDEN—said, "Whatever way the honourable gentleman directed him to go, he should go in the directly opposite direction." Thus, if in a lively moment the Hon. Member for the West Riding should desire the Hon. Member for Lincoln to "go to Bath and get his head shaved," it may reasonably be expected that the Colonel would go to Birmingham and sacrifice his whiskers. There is a certain pig, illustrious in Irish history: the pig that could only be induced to go to Fermoy when he thought he was being driven to Cork. In the late resolve of the Colonel, it is clear that he has stooped to copy a member of the swinish multitude.

Extraordinary Novelty.

As we like to encourage enterprise in every branch of trade, we beg to call the attention of all sight-seers to the new features that have lately been added to the exhibition at St. Paul's Cathedral. In addition to the Gold Cross, there is now appended the Surveyors' Gallery, which has been erected at a tremendous cost. The only thing of the kind that we recollect, bearing any resemblance to it, was the gallery at Vauxhall, from which IL DIAVOLO ANTONIO precipitated himself when he made his Terrific Descent in an envelope of fireworks. The one at St. Paul's, however, is much stronger, and, we are glad to state, will not be pulled down during the entire holidays. There is no extra charge for seeing it.

☞ Please observe, the admission is only 4d. Babies gratis. Be in time! be in time!

TURF FLOWERS.

LORD GEORGE'S abuse has the recognised qualities of good Turf fire—a great deal of heat and very little light.

FLUNKEIANA.



Flunkey. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THERE IS ONE THING I SHOULD LIKE TO MENTION AT ONCE. I AM AFRAID—A—THAT I AM EXPECTED TO CLEAN THE BOOTS."

Gentleman. "BLESS ME! OH DEAR, NO! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE; I ALWAYS CLEAN THEM MYSELF—AND IF YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR SHOES OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR, I WILL GIVE THEM A POLISH AT THE SAME TIME."

A PARLIAMENTARY COLD WATER CURE.

MR. HUME very properly complains of the lengthy talk of Members of the Commons. There is no doubt of the alarming fact; the Tongue of Parliament has grown too long and too large. Like the tongue of a certain species of parrot, it is in preposterous disproportion to the brevity of its body. MR. HUME proposes that certain Members, under certain conditions, should only be permitted to speak for half-an-hour. We would make this another Point of the Charter. Few Members are so full of knowledge that they may not pump themselves entirely dry in thirty minutes. The ancients measured time by an instrument that dropt water; a machine called a clepsydra. Now, we would, improving upon this notion, measure Parliamentary time by the power of the lymph; and after this manner:—

We would have every Member about to address the House, place himself in a sort of roofed pulpit. He should not be permitted to utter a syllable from any other place. Well, from this pulpit there must be a wire leading to the chair of the Speaker. The Member having had his full thirty minutes' discourse, should be summoned by the Speaker to remove himself to his seat. Two minutes—for we would do nothing rashly, uncourtously—two minutes' grace should be allowed. If, after then, the Member persisted to address the House, the Speaker should touch the wire, which, communicating with the roof of the pulpit, should act like the string of a shower-bath, and immediately flood the orator. No call to "Order" could, in our opinion, be half so efficacious. Again, should a verbose, stammering Member, with sundry bottles of champagne fizzing and effervescing from under his white waistcoat, still insist upon transgressing the half-hour, he would be soundly ducked, as was done in the good old times, for the misdemeanor of scolding.

THE HEINOUS HUMBUGS.

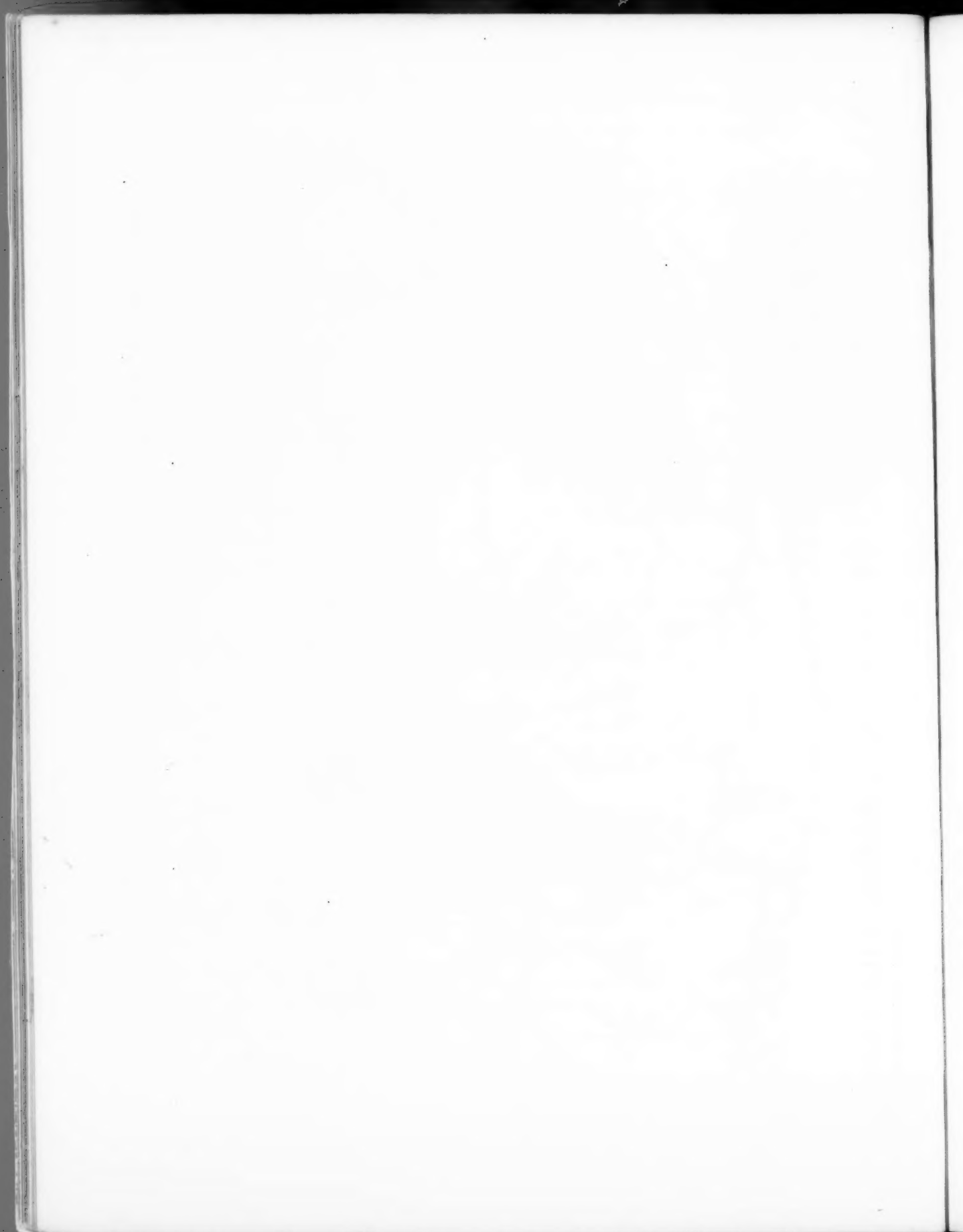
THE HEINES of Hamburg, or, as some folks who cannot catch the German pronunciation call them, the Heinous Humbugs, are continually bringing their lottery schemes under the attention of the British public; but a circular lately sent round, beats every preceding thing of the kind within our wide experience. The circular requests a money-order for £4 10s., or a Bank note of England for £5, on the kind return of a certain ticket that may or may not have reached the individual who is requested to return it. Perhaps if he ever received it, he threw it behind the fire as waste paper, directly he got it; and it is of course in consideration of its very doubtful value, that an option is allowed in the sum demanded to be paid for it. An order for £4 10s., or a £5 note, presents an alternative of such a perplexing nature, that there is every inducement to pursue the voluntary principle, so far as to send back neither one sum nor the other. We have no doubt that the correspondents of the Heinous Humbugs will avail themselves of the privilege conceded by the loose and indefinite nature of the demand, to treat it in the same indefinite style, by making no reply to it.

Dramatic.—Very Munificent.

It is said in the Green-rooms—and therefore we do not vouch for the veracity of the report—that the receipts of Drury Lane Theatre, on the approaching state visit of HER MAJESTY—will be handsomely devoted to the necessities of the late *Monte Cristo* Company. This is very magnanimous. Popular ignorance breaks a head, and a humane philosophy applies golden ointment as a plaster.



"MY LORD ASSASSIN" CLARENDON MURDERING THE IRISH.
Pride "The Irish Felon," No. 1.



A LASS OF WAX.



OUR old friend, MADAME TUSSAUD, is indefatigable in sticking like wax to the improvement of her Exhibition, which is enriched almost every week by the addition of some new celebrity. The last importation is a Chinese gentleman in the original clothes he wore at Pekin, and who must have accordingly parted with his wardrobe to some Chinese old-clothesman in order to enable MADAME TUSSAUD to represent him with the accuracy that is always professed in the saloons of Baker Street. The individual in question is supposed to have been the generous HOWQUA.

We believe that HOWQUA's last moments were divided between CAPTAIN PIDDING and MADAME TUSSAUD, by his giving to the first the recipe for combining the hundred teas, and making the latter the legatee of his Chinese wrap-rascal, and Pekin tweedish trowsers, in which he is now to be seen side by side with HER MAJESTY, JENNY LIND, PIUS THE NINTH, TAWELL, BURKE, HARE, and the other waxen *illustrissimi* and *illustrissimæ* of our era.

THE MODEL FAST MAN.

YOU know him at once by his being the noisiest, the most conspicuous person wherever he is. His dress, too, never fails to attract public notice. He is unhappy if not seen—he is miserable if not heard.

In the street he flourishes a little stick, which, for want of something better to do, he rattles against the railings. He stares ladies in the face, and takes his hat off to carriages, and delights in kissing his hand to some old dowager who is looking out of a drawing-room window. A sedan-chair is his great amusement. He stops the porters, and asks them what they will take him to Buckingham Palace and back again for? He directs hackney-coaches to drive to the British Museum, and be put immediately under a glass-case amongst the Fossils. He takes a card that is offered to him by a street conjuror, and gives him in return one of his own, with an intimation that he "shall be happy to see him at any time between two and four." He walks behind fat old ladies, and is very loud in the praises "of the jolly mad bull there is in the next street." He rings area-bells and inquires "if they could oblige him with the loan of a cucumber-slicer for five minutes." He removes any pewter-pot he finds, and knocks at the door to ask "if it belongs to them: it was hanging outside the railings, and might be stolen by some unprincipled person." News-vendors are his especial favourites. He calls them from the other side of the way to ask "if they have got the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1356, if not, he should like to see the third edition of the *Times* to-morrow." He makes cruel faces to little babies as they hang over their nurses' shoulders, and is flattered if he makes them cry. If he meets with twins, he is happy indeed. He shouts into sausage-shops as he passes by—"D'ye want any cats, dogs, or kittens, to-day?" He hails an omnibus, and whilst it is stopping, turns down the next street; and he looks at a cabman till he drives up to him, when he wonders what the "cabbie" wants: he was only admiring his handsome whiskers. If he finds a

looking-glass, he adjusts his toilet in it, and takes off his hat, and bows to himself, exclaiming, "On my word, you are looking remarkably well; I never saw you look better." He looks at the milliners through the shop-windows, and darts at them his most piercing smiles. He stares at the watchmakers at their work, with intense curiosity, and talks to them with his fingers till they get up and leave their stools with great indignation. If he meets the Lord Mayor's carriage with three footmen on the footboard, he is sure to call out "Whip behind!" and he laughs his loudest if the coachman should unconsciously lay his whip across their calves. He is very rich in noises. His "VA-RI-E-TY" is unequalled at two o'clock in the morning; and his collection of "Ri-too-loorals," and "Rum-ti-oddities," and select choruses, is not to be surpassed by the oldest *habitué* of the Coal-hole. He whistles, too, through his fingers, and can bark, crow, and bray quite naturally, especially inside Exeter Hall, or any place where he shouldn't do it. One of his proudest achievements is to enter an omnibus crowded with females, and to display on his knees a large jar marked "Leeches." He delights, too, in sprinkling cayenne-pepper and snuff on the floor of a dancing-party after supper, or in going behind the cornet-a-piston and making him laugh during a long solo, when the struggling laughter, oozing out in short gasps through the valves, nearly sends him into fits. He glories in sending in six "brandies warm" to the chairman and different gentlemen on the platform of a Temperance Meeting. He makes a practice of ringing the bells of all doctors as he walks home.

In the theatre, he slams the box-door, and shouts "Box-keeper!" with the most stentorian lungs. He is vociferous in his applause, and sparkles up at the prospect of a row. He likes to sneeze during the pathetic parts, and shouts "Bravvo, WRIGHT!" when the old father is blessing his long-lost child. He revels in a burlesque with plenty of Amazons in it. He cries out "Encore!" at everything.

In respectable society he is awkward, and generally very quiet. He does not dance, not knowing what to say to his partner. He hangs about the door and staircase, and consoles himself with the cakes and wine; he leaves early, for "he is dying for a pipe and a drop of beer."

In his appearance he selects the gayest fast colours, and the more the merrier. His shirt is curiously illuminated with pink ballet-girls. He has the winner of the Derby in his pocket-handkerchief. His boots are very delicate, only keeping sole and body together with the aid of mother-of-pearl buttons. He revels in a white hat. His trowsers are of the chess-board pattern. His shirt-pin is an Enormous Gooseberry, that would make the fortune of a penny-a-liner. His coat has a New-market expression, of the very deepest green. He is above gloves, but encourages a glass, suspended by some magic process in his left eye.

His accomplishments are various. He carries in his waistcoat-pocket the stump of a clay pipe, the bowl of which is quite black. He can walk along the parapet of Waterloo Bridge. He can slide, skate, and box a little, and play the French horn. He can win a game of billiards, and give you twenty. He is "up to a dodge or two" at cards. He can imitate all the actors, and a brick falling down the chimney. He can fry a pancake in his hat, and light a cigar at a lamp-post. He can manage a pair of sculls, and tool a tandem through Smithfield Market. He can talk slang with a novelist, and "chaff a 'University Man' off his legs." He can, also, "do a bill," and many other things, as well as persons, that ought not to be done. He is proficient in all the gentish graces of life, and knows "a wrinkle" of everything. High life, low life, gambling life, sporting life, fashionable life, every kind of life he is intimately acquainted with, particularly fast life. This consists in his beginning the day six hours after everybody else, and finishing it six hours later. It implies the knowledge, on his part, of the Polka, with certain embellishments, and a constant attendance at Casinos, and other places where that knowledge can be displayed. It involves, also, a course of theatres, sporting-houses, masquerades, singing-taverns, cigar-shops, cider-cellars, and early coffee-houses. To all of these the MODEL FAST MAN is an accomplished guide. He condemns everything as *slow* that does not keep pace with the rapidity with which he runs, or rather gallops, through life; and he annihilates everybody as *slow*, who presumes to live like a rational creature. All books are *slow*—SHAKESPEARE is *slow*—all domestic, all quiet enjoyments are *slow*. The country is *very slow*, and so are sisters. He even calls the railways *slow*. His great impulse is "Fast bind, fast find," and he sighs that Society is not bound by the same fast law. He is without shame, as he is without gentlemanly feeling. He is familiar with servants, jokes with waiters, and does not care how he insults an inferior. Impudence, to him, is fun—giving pain his most exquisite enjoyment. His highest notion of humour is saying to everything, "I believe you, my bo-o-o-o-y." In the morning—that is, the afternoon—he is feverish; in the evening—that is to say, four o'clock in the morning—he is what he calls "fresh." His first call is for soda-water, his last for brandy. Such is the great beginning, and such the grand end, of the existence of the MODEL FAST MAN!

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

HER MAJESTY has honoured the Haymarket Theatre with her presence this week. The play very appropriately was *The Wonder*.

GRAND SPECIAL CONSTABLE TESTIMONIAL.



THE result of the glorious 10th of April was celebrated with extraordinary splendour lately at a most fashionable chop-house in the vicinity of Covent Garden. The *Globe* gave a very jejune account of the banquet: we shall humbly endeavour to remedy this shortcoming by leaving for the future historian of the Annals of English Dinners, some farther details of the Grand Special Constable Symposium of the parish of St. Paul's.

It is well known that Covent Garden parish is the very hot-bed of Westminster politics. There is no doubt that the existence of the vegetable market in the locality has had a subtle influence upon the political exuberance of the place. Early patriots, like early asparagus, have generally made their first appearance in Covent Garden. MR. COCHRANE, it will be remembered, showed himself—on his first canvas—with the first half-pint of greenest gooseberries. There has always been a pleasing reciprocity between the gardeners and the Westminster public men: thus, if the candidate never failed in his gammon, the gardener was never behind with his spinach.

Moreover, the professions and doings of M.P.'s for Westminster have very often been typified by the Covent Garden pottles of strawberries; beginning with very decent fruit indeed, but becoming shabbier and shabbier to the end. There is SIR DE LACY EVANS, for instance: consider his political pottle. He, it will be remembered, showed some very good fruit at the commencement; but when required by his constituents to march on with the HUME and COBDEN Reform—why, his political strawberries became smaller and smaller; faint, and weak, and insipid in the mouth, and altogether different from the big, sound, full-flavoured berries that lay upon the top.

Strawberries, however, since the days of ELIZABETH, have been made to illustrate, and receive illustration from, public doings. Does not BACON, in his *Apothegms*, relate a strawberry quirk of Virgin Bess? "For she," says the Chancellor, "was wont to say, upon the commission of sales, 'that the commissioners used her like strawberry-wives, who had two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones; so they made her two or three good prizes of the first particulars, but fell straightways.'" (There is no doubt, we think, that the sort of "British Queens" now so big and luscious in the mouth, were so named in memory of this pithy saying; they are to be considered the great ones at the mouth of the world's pottle.)

It would certainly take more time and paper than *Punch* can devote to the subject, to illustrate the intimate and pleasing connexion between Covent Garden Market and Covent Garden Politics. It is well known that Westminster Hustings were erected in front of the Market in the finest spirit of accommodation for those unsophisticated patriots who might desire to explain their notions to the unpopular candidate by means of potatoes, cabbage-stalks, or turnips. Arguments of the sort being always at hand, the discussion was sure to be carried on in the most piquant, and often in the most convincing style. Everything about the Market smacks of politics. The adorning motto of the Bedford family—*Che sara, sara*, "What will be, will be,"—is of singular significance, and has often been beautifully illustrated by the Whigs, when determined to make bad worse, and worse seldom better.

Everything is political in Covent-Garden. All its memories—all its associations. The beautiful DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE still haunts the place on polling-day; and old BURDETT, in shadowy top-boots, and smalls of yellowest moonshine, may now and then be seen by the Oldest Inhabitant of the Market, looking with wistful face at potted laurel-trees, thinking of triumphant charring when he rode in a bower of bay, and his horses carried whole shrubberies about them.

Thus, it is to be wondered at that politics should hold the people of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden—hold them like nippers? Is it a matter of astonishment that the parochial heart—for these last hundred years—nursing and beating with party emotions, should cause strange outward developments of the inward feeling? At this moment, we are informed there is a distinguished carver and gilder who came into the world marked in the small of his back with a Fox, which when one of the

MELBOURNE family stood for Westminster, somehow turned into a Lamb; but which has come back to the Fox again, the mark getting redder and redder with the approach of the hunting season.

Wherefore, it may be asked, have we at this length prefaced the account of the Special Banquet? The answer is, we take it, conclusive. St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, being at once the most political and the most enlightened parish in the United Kingdom, its doings ought to be quoted and set before all men, as their political and social creed and pattern. Thus, when the Special Constabulary of Covent Garden present their Chief with a magnificent piece of plate, the mode and the object of the presentation ought to be scrupulously followed by all men to whom the memory of the glorious 10th is precious.

The banquet took place at the well-known Chump-and-Gridiron Chop House. At two o'clock the company began to arrive.

It is usual to say of a dinner that it was composed of every delicacy of the season. This we think absurd in the way of luxury. The true test of magnificence is to present everything out of the season: it is more difficult, and was triumphantly manifest on the occasion in question.

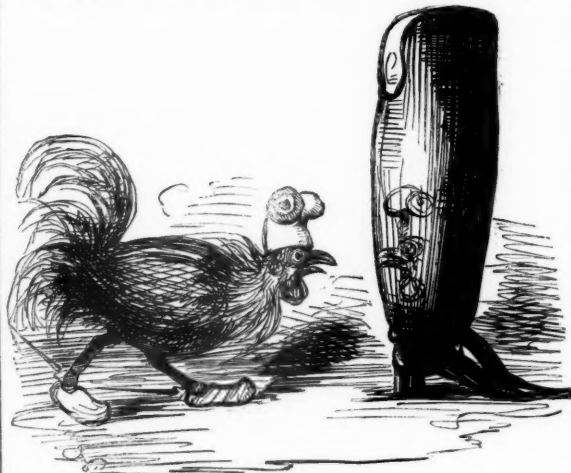
The minor toasts being drunk, a most distinguished Special rose. He then took out of his pocket what we at first imagined to be a prize cucumber, done up in silver paper. Breathless silence was maintained, whilst the Special unwrapped fold after fold. In the course of twenty minutes he then made visible to the naked eye—

A SPECIAL CONSTABLE'S STAFF, IN SOLID SILVER (*teste* Hall-mark).

A thunder of applause burst upon this piece of plate. The Special then proceeded to the business of presentation. He said, that he thought the staff being made of virgin metal, would prove to the mob that the Constable had vested property; and that with so much metal in his hand, he had the price of many steaks in the country. (*Cheers.*) A blow upon the head of Rebellion with that staff would perhaps be the greatest change of silver ever given by a private individual. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman rose, and said:—"Gentlemen, I receive this gift with the liveliest feelings of gratitude; of gratitude that it shall be my first endeavour to give a perpetual form and expression to; and in this manner: the silver being no use whatever to me as a staff, I shall, that I may always think of the givers, have the staff immediately thrown into the melting-pot; and, as I say, to keep you in my constant recollection, have the metal reproduced as—a complete set of spoons."

A REFLECTION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.



THE GALIC COCK FIGHTING ITS OWN SHADOW.

Transported Insurgents—The King of Convicts.

THE Paris Insurgents, with their wives and children, it is said, are to be transported to the Marquesas. The *Daily News* doubts the report, and asks, "Where is the fleet to be found to carry 20,000 people, viz. seven thousand insurgents, with their wives and children, round Cape Horn?" The fleet—upon a fair contract—may be found in the Thames; and, considering the character and purpose of the transports, where could be picked so good an admiral for the expedition as from the bowers of Claremont? Indeed, we do not see why old ULYSSES—LOUIS-PHILIPPE himself—should not sail with the batch, and, succeeding POMARE, be crowned with a cocoa-nut diadem, and invested with royal robes of parrots' plumes, here and there mixed with a feather from congenial cormorant and magpie.

THE WINDSOR PARK EXCLUSION BILL.

To the Right Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament Assembled. The Petition of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE and ALEXANDER POPE, Humbly Sheweth:



THAT your Petitioners (as peradventure it may be known to your Honourable House) are certain Poets, of whom one hath written a Poem, entitled *Windsor Forest*, and the other a Play called *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: in virtue of which Performances, they, your Petitioners, enjoy no small Credit and Reputation with the British Public:

That the said Play and Poem of your Petitioners do contain sundry and divers allusions to the Scenery in the neighbourhood of Windsor, to the right understanding and comprehension whereof, and therefore to the due appreciation of those your Petitioners' works, it is necessary that the Public should enjoy free access to such Scenery:

That your Petitioners have seen, with alarm and apprehension, that a Bill hath been introduced into your Honourable House, which Bill, should it unhappily pass, will almost entirely deprive the Public of this their ancient Right:

That in particular, the effect of this Bill will be to close and shut up the greater part of the Long Walk in the Great Park at Windsor, and also the whole of the Home Park, including the walk from Windsor to Datchet by HERNE'S Oak, which have been open and common to all men from time immemorial:

That great injury will accrue to your Petitioners if their readers, that is to say, the People in general, are hindered and prevented from roaming, strolling, and meditating in the above-named places, and pursuing the pleasant fancies and ruminations by them suggested in connection with your Petitioners' Writings:

That the green-sward surrounding HERNE'S Oak especially is hallowed ground, and sacred to the memory of your Petitioner, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE: And that to deprive the Public of the very sight of such ground will be to inflict a grievous wrong upon the said SHAKSPEARE, by snapping and tearing asunder the bonds of sympathy whereby, through the recollections of those precincts, he is bound to the hearts of Englishmen:

That your Petitioners have a vested interest in the turf, and flowers, and the forest trees, and glades, and foliage of the Parks at Windsor, which it is sought by the aforesaid Bill to shut up and inclose, to the great injury and detriment of your Petitioners:

That your Honourable House hath respected the vested interests of the City of London in filth and mud; wherefore your Petitioners trust that you will also respect their vested interests in green fields, and woodlands, and sweet-smelling flowers:

That the interferences contemplated by this Bill with your Petitioners' Rights and the Public Enjoyment, are described in the Preamble thereof as alterations and improvements, which "would be conducive to the privacy and comfort of the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty, as well as to the accommodation of the Town of Windsor:"

That your Petitioners humbly submit that such alterations would be anything but improvements, and that, whatever they would conduce to, they would conduce to nothing so little as to the accommodation of the Windsor People; for that they would greatly lengthen the journey between Windsor and Datchet, and totally destroy its pleasantness:

That the privacy and comfort of HER MAJESTY are at present effectually secured by a deep ditch, surmounted by an iron fence, whereinto the pathway through the Home Park hath of late years been converted; whereby HER MAJESTY'S subjects are effectually prevented from getting the most distant sight of her, and not only of herself but of her Royal Castle:

That HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY doth usually reside at Osborne, or else at Buckingham Palace, and doth comparatively seldom occupy her Castle of Windsor:

Lastly, that the cost of these alterations and so-called improvements is estimated at £280,000. Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly hope that your Honourable House will not, considering the present distress of the Nation, consent that so large a sum should be thrown away on any account, and least of all to the injury of your Petitioners, and to the inconvenience, discomfort, annoyance, wrong, and privation of the Windsor People and the Nation at large. And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

(Signed)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ALEXANDER POPE.

Witness, Mr. Punch.

THE LAST OF THE CLAP-TRAPS.

MUCH curiosity has been excited on the subject of the disappearance from the stage of everything in the shape of clap-trap, and people are asking on all sides why it is that those beautiful apophthegms beginning with "The man who—" are no longer allowed to warm our hearts and expand our minds at the playhouse. We miss from the British drama all those magnificent eulogies on the character of "the British merchant," which used to fill us with admiration for all our tradesmen, and look upon them as such generous beings, that we never thought of insulting them by paying them—until we were shabbily reminded of the necessity for doing so. We have long ago missed from the mouths of our actors the emphatic "Let me tell you, Sir, that the poor man's cottage is equal to the rich man's castle!" and we listen in vain for the cheering announcement that "Old England, with her Magna Charta for a sail, the sceptre for a mast, and the crown for a figure-head, will ride out the roughest gale that ever blew off the hat of the tar for all weathers."

We have, however, made the discovery that clap-trap is not dead, but has merely changed its quarters; and though it has retired from the dramatic boards, it flourishes as much as ever on the floor of the House of Commons. "The flag that braved a thousand years" has been moved from the minor theatres to the Lower House; and though the Heavy Man of the Surrey no longer inquires "When did Old England ever turn her back on a foe or a friend?" the Heavy Man of Parliament will ask, in almost the same language, for the exact date "when Britain refused to help an ally with her hand, or to put a sword in it against an enemy?" Clap-trap has, in fact, been banished from over the water, and having stopped at the foot of Westminster Bridge, has found its way to St. Stephen's. There it is as rampant as ever, with all its "man who's," its "allow me to add's," its "honest hand of industry's," and its "flag that braved's," with a string of other old familiar bits of humbug too numerous to recollect, and too absurd to mention.

A PATTERN FOR PARLIAMENT.

MR. HUME observed the other night, in the House of Commons, that—

"They had no fewer than five adjourned debates standing over. . . . He would ask the House to consider seriously how it was possible to get rid of their present entanglements."

We would not generally advise our British Senate to take a leaf out of any foreign book; but really, for once, we would beg its attention to the following statement of the *Times* correspondent relative to the Prussian Chamber:—

"Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is the average of an address in the Chamber; half an hour is an exception; one of an hour's length is a phenomenon."

It is a pity that the House of Commons cannot "imitate the illustrious Roman," and the sensible German, "in brevity." We know what description of persons are known by their much speaking, and what must be thought of our Collective Wisdom when this is its peculiar attribute?

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

"TRUTH," says somebody, whose name we have been unable to catch, "is strange, stranger than fiction;" and we can vouch for the truth of this, for we have lately witnessed a wonder that throws all the gigantic gooseberries ever invented completely into the shade. The marvel we have witnessed was on a certain railway—if anything in the shape of a railway can be called certain—on which a big train was travelling, when the discovery was made, that though the wheels were twirling round at the rate of 300 miles an hour, the vehicles were not making any progress whatever. On examination it was found that the rails had acquired, by friction, such a wonderful smoothness that the wheels would not hold, and thus, though the rotatory motion continued at a speed of five miles per minute, the whole train remained in one position.

Many ways have been attempted of accounting for this great phenomenon, but we believe the true solution of the apparent mystery to be, that the Share Market has been so extremely flat as to have prevented not only the shares, but even the wheels from getting any purchase at all.

Query.

CAN the alarming depression of "native talent" in our theatres, at this moment, be in any way attributable to the sudden stoppage of the supplies of French pieces?

When the French theatres are ruined, how can the English ones flourish? You might as well expect the West London mains to be full when the River Lea was dried up. *Cessante causâ cessat effectus.*



"OH! JUST AINT PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PAIRASOLES."

THE GHOST OF GOOD INTENT.

POOR LOUIS BLANC! Whilst they fought in Paris, he now and then appeared—the Ghost of Good Intent, revisiting his former scenes. Now he pops out at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, and the National Guard cock their muskets and are about to make short work of the author of the *Organization of Labour*, and *The Barricades*, (just published in granite, and to be had at the Faubourg St. Antoine, and other places). And then LOUIS is snatched up under the arm of a friend, put in at the window of a cabriolet, and whirled, for the moment, out of danger of ball-cartridge.

A few hours afterwards, and LOUIS reappears somewhere near the Madeleine, desirous of making his way to the insurgents. Whereupon he is ordered back by the sentries, with a brief intimation that, unless he immediately retires, he will be shot upon the spot. We believe that LOUIS BLANC, all through the piece, meant well: therefore is there something melancholy, touching, in the figure cut by the late idol of the populace—the cheered and huzzaed hero of the *ateliers*—rebuked, rebuffed, snubbed, threatened in the very city it was his hope to make a fruitful garden, every man eating there his own fig from his own tree. To our mind LOUIS BLANC flits through Paris, hovers about the Barricades, as the restless spectre of a system—the mere shadow of a good intention. Alas! Poor Ghost!

A Common Disappointment.

"LARGE constituencies," pathetically observed MR. BROTHERTON, "always expected their Members to say something." And how very often do they speak, and yet, like *Juliet*, "say nothing!" There is a great reform to be worked in the Commons. We want more work and less talk. Abuses are not to be put down with the like weapon to that with which SAMSON put down the Philistines. Is there no city—no large constituency sufficiently courageous, in order to show its proper value of taciturnity—is there no electoral body bold enough to send for its Member to Parliament—a dumb man?

ST. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM;

OR, THE GREAT SUGAR PUZZLE.

"DREADFUL state of the West Indian Interest!" says SMITH. "Must clap on 10s. protective duty for six years, or the colonies are smashed!"

"Precious mess Protection's brought the planters to!" says JONES. "Competition's the only thing to bring them to their senses."

"Nothing can be done without immigration of free labour," says ROBINSON.

"They've abundance of hands, only they want work," cries THOMPSON.

"Must get rid of that humbugging African Squadron," swears JENKINS.

"The blockade must be kept up more strictly than ever," says TOMPKINS.

"Try the Coolies," says TODD.

"The Kroomen are the only fellows worth their salt," says DODD.

"Something must be done!" chime SMITH, JONES, ROBINSON, THOMPSON, JENKINS, TOMPKINS, TODD, and DODD.

"Here it is!" says LORD JOHN RUSSELL, holding up his Bill.

"Nonsense! it don't give 'em their Protective Duty," roars SMITH.

"It's a departure from the Free Trade measure of 1846," growls JONES.

"£500,000 for immigration isn't half enough," grumbles ROBINSON.

"It will throw the free negroes out of employment," snuffles THOMPSON.

"It don't put down the murderous African [Squadron]," shouts JENKINS.

"It don't improve the blockading system," bawls TOMPKINS.

"It looks to those Sierra Leone swindlers for labour," screams TODD.

"It will swamp the islands with those idiotic Coolies," bellows DODD.

"It's good for nothing," chorus SMITH, JONES, ROBINSON, THOMPSON, JENKINS, TOMPKINS, TODD, and DODD.

"But what is to be done better?" asks poor LORD JOHN, bewildered.

"Protection!"
"Competition!"
"Immigration!"
"Native Industry!"
"No Squadron!"
"Double Blockade!"
"Coolies!"
"Kroomen!"

Ensemble of SMITH, JONES, ROBINSON, THOMPSON, JENKINS, TOMPKINS, TODD, and DODD.

And that's the way we go on in St. Stephen's, A.D. 1848!

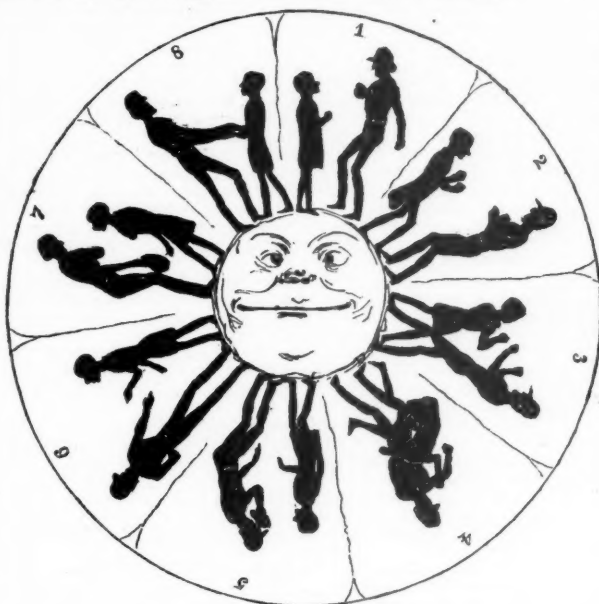


John Bull. "HE WOULDN'T GO AT ALL IF IT WASN'T FOR THE MAN BEHIND HIM."

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AN ILLUSTRATED PARLIAMENTARY DUEL.

We give a Diagram of how honourable Members fight "in a Parliamentary sense," or rather "in a Parliamentary nonsense." We do not quarrel with them for not fighting—for we dislike quarrelling in any case, especially if the quarrel is likely to lead to "pistols and coffee for two"—but we blame them for the stupid display of valour, the hard words, the insults, and all the etceteras that might lead to a meeting at Chalk Farm, if the absurdity was not so well understood. The following are the points of the circle round which Members revolve, chasing one another, with as much result as a dog running after his tail; that is to say, only exciting the merriment of those who look on.



- 1st Round is the hard word.
 2nd. The hard word returned.
 3rd. They both set to. Hard hitting, right and left.
 4th. The little man "in Chancery."
 5th. The big man did not mean to hurt him.
 6th. The little man did not mean to say anything offensive.
 7th. They neither meant anything offensive.
 8th. They shake hands, and always entertained the very highest opinion of one another.

Thus ends the Parliamentary Duel, and it is best it should end thus; only the thing is so absurd, that it never should have had a beginning. Cannot gentlemen meet without insulting one another? The above diagram might be made into an instructive toy for juvenile M.P.'s.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE AND SUGAR.

A GENTLEMAN named BULL being in great trouble and distress of mind, is anxious to be introduced to some Casuist who will undertake to quiet his conscience. Mr. BULL is the proprietor of certain colonial possessions devoted to the cultivation of sugar. In these he, some years ago, abolished Negro slavery, from a conviction that it was barbarous and wicked. In justice to his colonists he entered into an arrangement to place a prohibitive duty on slave-grown sugar. This arrangement Mr. BULL, being fond of sugar, and desirous of obtaining the article cheap, subsequently annulled.

Mr. BULL is persuaded by his economical advisers that he did not, by so doing, break faith with his colonists; but feeling uncomfortably dubious as to this point, he would be glad to have it settled to his satisfaction. He has renounced slaveholding, believing it to be criminal; but while he continues to consume slave-grown sugar, it strikes him forcibly that he is in the same position as a receiver of stolen goods. He will feel deeply grateful to any ingenious person who will convince him that he is mistaken in this view.

Mr. BULL desires to enjoy cheap sugar, unalloyed by the reflection that he is encouraging slavery. He wants to be enabled to congratulate himself on having abolished slavery, without being obliged to reproach himself for admitting the produce of slave labour. He wishes to revel, at the same time, in sugar and self-complacency. He seeks, in fact, to be relieved from the disagreeable suspicion that he is acting the part of a humbug; and any special pleader who will do him this kindness will be handsomely rewarded.

THE BLACKING BATH.

THE Serpentine, that great Pond of Correction for refractory dogs and convicted cats, looks at present more like a dyer's vat for dipping articles of mourning into than a piece of ornamental water. If it is ornamental at all, it can only be a "jet" ornament, for the water is "as black as your hat." It has more pretensions for a *jet-d'eau* than any fountain we have yet seen, including the lively ginger-beer bottles in Trafalgar Square. It may be called a perfect "jetty." Musicians who wish to give their countenance to Ethiopian music, have only to bathe in the Serpentine, and after a few dips they will have one great requisite for the nigger melodies, for they will be quite black in the face. We heard of a Count falling in, who had on a pair of the most beautiful white trowsers—"perfect ducks" they were—and they came out after the plunge a pair of the "best blacks." A young gentleman after one bath, has quite lost the lovely strawberry-and-cream complexion he was universally distinguished for, and now walks about town with features muffled up in the most "inky sables."

Really something ought to be done to this great reservoir of blacking. Let DAY and MARTIN purchase it, or sell it to TURNER, or, if necessary, "try WARREN." It might wash an elephant and give him a fine black-lead polish; but no gentleman, excepting one of colour, and that colour the deepest Indian black, would think of putting his body into the liquid mis-called water, unless for a masquerade or a matter of the darkest mystery. It is a large stain on the lovely bosom of Hyde Park—a blot on the escutcheon of the illustrious Ranger. The sooner the Serpentine is washed of it, and the filth is taken clean away—if such a thing can be done "clean"—the better it will be for the fair ladies who are in the habit of driving in their carriages up and down the great tank of malaria. Let no fond father allow his children to bathe in it! Let no sympathetic Duchess allow her "King Charles" to be dipped into it! The first would not like to press to his heart a bunch of little Blackamoors, and the second would faint at the notion of nursing in her muslin arms a nasty little poodle as dingy as a kitchen poker. Our cry is, "Send for the Ranger and duck him in it;"—we mean, make him bathe in it.



BEFORE I WENT IN.



AFTER I CAME OUT.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

OUR fashionably-frivolous, though sometimes politically-forcible contemporary, the *Morning Post*, in his Thursday's memoranda of the movements of the Little Great, informs the world of the astounding incident about to mark the biography of the EARL OF YARBOROUGH. We were told, in language of simple grandeur, or grand simplicity, that "the noble Earl will pass through the metropolis on Monday, on his way to York, to act as President of the Royal Agricultural Meeting." How considerate of our contemporary to prepare the metropolis, three days in advance, for such an event as the passage of the EARL OF YARBOROUGH through the British capital! The paragraph was as considerate as if it had contained the warning of an approaching comet, for it put London on the alert, and prevented it from being dazzled out of its five, six, or seven senses—we almost forget which—by the too sudden appearance of the EARL OF YARBOROUGH. It will be remembered that on Monday the day was scorchingly hot, blazingly fine, and all that sort of thing, which may now be accounted for by the fact that the EARL OF YARBOROUGH was passing through our metropolitan hemisphere on his way to York, revolving, we suppose, all the way on his own axle-trees.

GOVERNESSES.—SISTERS OF MISERY.



It do not want any Parliamentary Reform soever. The House of Commons is the House of all the Cardinal Virtues. Every Member, from LORD JOHN himself down—down—to NEWDEGATE, SPOONER, and SIRTHORP, is an "entire and perfect chrysolite" of a senator. There is nothing amiss in Parliament; all the mischief is among the people themselves. We do not want better M.P.'s—all we need is a more enlightened elective power. Education—says SERJEANT TALFOURD—is the grand thing needful; let us wait until the people are educated, and then they shall have the franchise. The time is not yet come.

Whereas, when two or three generations of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses have done their best to school the millions (how the schooling is to be paid for, is not to be thought of) why, then, LORD JOHN RUSSELL's great-grandson (for the Premiership, like right of patent, will of course remain in the family) may bring in a new Reform Bill, with a touching allusion to his illustrious ancestor, giving the franchise to the lodger; and possibly—for better equality of representation—allowing to Hammersmith, Fulham, Kensington, and Chelsea included, the luxury of one Member. We do not like to be too sanguine, but we are willing to cocker ourselves with the hope that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's great-grandson may do this—for our successors.

Meanwhile, let us do our best for the encouragement of the scholastic quality. Let us elevate the condition of the teacher, that his better dignity may act upon the pupil. With this determination beating at our heart, we lay before the reader two most interesting documents. We quote them—with the gravest assurance of their authenticity, being conveyed to us by a known correspondent—as the strongest evidence of the growing importance of the character of the teacher.

The papers are from the principal of an Academy—where, we are sure of it, all the stoic principles flourish like birch saplings—on the banks of the Humber. The first document is a touching letter, penned by the wedded MINERVA of the establishment. It is addressed to a young lady, who, having read the general advertisement, writes—doubtless in a flutter of hope—for the particulars:—

"*Mrs. —* begs to inform *Miss —* that she wishes for a lady who will be able to instruct a class of about ten little boys about three hours daily; to give instruction to her two daughters in needlework; to superintend the washing and dressing of *Ms. —*'s pupils, and to assist at table and in the wardrobe department. These objects are paramount. Other valuable services would receive due consideration. The salary proposed is not less than £20, nor more than £30 per annum. £2 allowed for travelling expenses. The lady to pay her own laundress. *Mrs. —* trusts to engage one whom she may have pleasure in associating with, and that the connection may be lasting. If *Miss —* will fill up the enclosed form as well as she is able, and return it, a definitive answer shall be given without delay.—No. of pupils about thirty."

There is a fine spirit of discipline, very strong and very eloquent, throughout this. The lady's "class" has, moreover, a vagueness that awakens fancy. The class is "about ten;" hence, it may be a dozen. Well, the ten—or the about ten—boys being duly taught the humanities, the young lady is then called upon to teach single and double-stitch to "two daughters." And now comes a greater variety of employment to give wings to the otherwise heavy hours. The young lady is "to assist at table," and "in the wardrobe department." Whether she is merely to preside at the potato-dish, or is to be expected to fulfil the sterner duty of carving the joint, is not set down. Neither is it stated whether her assistance in "the wardrobe department" of the little boys is to be limited to putting on buttons, or is to be made more onerous by the nice adjustment of patches. Further, the young lady is to superintend the washing, towelling, and combing of "*Mr. —*'s pupils;" and their number is "about thirty."

Wholly to instruct ten boys—to teach sewing to two girls—to carve, and mend, and patch, and darn for about thirty young innocents, being moreover, their C.C.B.—or Companion of their Cold Bath—are, of course, objects "paramount" in the Academy on the banks of the Humber; and the emphasis with which they are touched upon, ought to recommend the establishment (we shall be happy to insert an advertisement from the principals) to Parents and Guardians. But these objects paramount being effected, what a new field of exertion is laid open to the teacher in her mysterious over-hours (the mystery being, to get them), if, being of an active turn of mind, she will acquit herself of "other valuable services!" They would receive "due consideration;" and then we perceive that the salary cannot be less than £20, and—should gray hairs await the instructress in her teaching—cannot be more than £30 ("the lady to pay her own laundress") for her ordinary work, the extra pay for extra duty is very encouraging. It is absolutely a new development of the Pleasures of Hope!

What may we not expect from the instruction of a multitude of such teachers upon a future generation! Talk of the self-denial of the Sisters of Charity; why, the heroism of such teachers—such Sisters

of Misery—must have the noblest effect upon the higher and soberer virtues of their apple-eating pupils.

"Wisdom is found with childhood 'bout her knees,"

writes WORDSWORTH; but the poet neglected to specify the exact duties of carving, stitching, and superintendence of the tub, with the salary, minimum and maximum, to be enjoyed. The magnificent proprietor of the Academy on the Humber has, we conceive, with singular intelligence and liberality supplied the omission.

Now, however, comes the trial. The young lady is "requested to fill up the enclosed form." The reader has heard of various ordeals; the red-hot ploughshare ordeal, the ordeal of poison—of boiling-water—of molten lead; and other ingenious tests to try the strength and innocence of weak and erring humanity; but for our part, we think the Sister of Misery who—for not less than £20, and not more than £30 per annum—fills up the subjoined to the satisfaction of the Philosopher and Friend on Humber, has earned the noblest recompense of moral glorification. We immediately behold her. She stands before us, wan, and thin, and pale; not in a garden of roses, but beneath a clump of weeping birch.—And she has her crown of misery; thirty sovereigns, disposed like stellar halo, round about her beating brow.

As, however, this Humber test may be sent to other applicants, and as many of these—poor, ingenious things!—may be puzzled to fill up the form in a manner worthy of its intelligence, *Punch* will underwrite a response to every query, the said response to be now and then modified according to the peculiar circumstances of the Sister of Misery.

"*Mrs. —* requests that the following queries may be answered in the hand-writing of the lady in question."

[The lady will, therefore—it is the earnest advice of *Punch*—pen her response, if she can any way obtain the implement, with a quill drawn from the tail feathers of a Bird of Paradise. Nothing meaner ought to make reply to such golden questions.]

"Have you had experience in teaching children? During what time? In schools or families, or how long in each?"

[For some years a teacher in the School of Adversity; can be well recommended by suffering.]

"What branches of learning do you profess to understand?"

[To carve a joint with no waste of fat; and to make tea upon tea-leaves as strong as the first pot.]

"What accomplishments?"

[Darning, fine-drawing, footing old socks, taking grease out of boys' jackets, and iron-moulds out of shirts.]

"Have you had much practice in plain needlework?—Ditto in ornamental?"

[A good deal in plain-work; having made shirts for threepence a-piece, before reduced to the condition of a governess. In ornamental, worked two kettle-holders for the COUNTESS of CANAAN's stand at Fancy-fair, for Untattooing the New Zealanders, or as the case may be.]

"Have you read any works on Education?"

[Yes.]

"Name the authors or titles."

[SATAN. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

"Are you attached to the Established Church?"

[Very much attached: because of the superior accommodation of the pews.]

"Can you sing so as to lead children?"

[Yes: especially if to be led to the pastrycook's.]

"What do you consider the most important virtues to be cultivated in children by the example of their teachers?"

[To eat fat and lean together; and never to ask twice for pudding.]

"What vices are most to be feared?"

[Neglecting their pocket-handkerchiefs, and putting their fingers in the butter.]

"What are the best grounds or incentives to good conduct?"

[Bull's-eyes, Buonaparte's ribs, brandy-balls, and the real Albert rock.]

"What are the best punishments?"

[If boys, threaten to make them ushers; if girls, governesses.]

"Can you reprove children without using offensive epithets, such as 'STUPID,' 'NAUGHTY,' 'TROUBLESOME,' &c.?"

[Certainly. My reproofs are in this style—"Why don't you wipe your nose, you darling cherub?" "What a mess you've made with your milk-and-water, you love-bird!" "Take your thumb out of your mouth, you pattern of an angel," and so forth.]

"What is your age?"

[Here let the Governess set down her age by the register, adding thereto five years for every twelvemonth of tuition.]

"Are you now, and have you generally been, in good health?"

[Most happily constituted for the situation. Lungs of iron, flesh of granite, and heart of lead: otherwise, should not presume to apply for the appointment.]

"Are you able to rise at five in the morning in the summer, and at six in the winter?"

[Oh dear, yes; and would have no objection—to further the interests of the establishment—never to go to bed at all.]

[There are three or four other queries, such as name and address, with the address of clergyman "at whose church" the applicant has

"habitually communicated." To such questions *Punch* can fashion no pertinent reply. But he puts it to the reader—again seriously assuring him of the authenticity of the documents quoted—whether the liberal and benevolent queries of the great Academician on Humber have not been answered in a spirit of respect and seriousness worthy of the decency and humanity of the greater number of questions? And further, after pondering thereon may we not truly call the Governess the Sister of Misery?

WE WANT NO REFORM!

To be said or sung by everybody.

DEDICATED TO B. OSBORNE, ESQ., M.P.

Two pounds twelve and sixpence a-head
Is in England the rate of taxation;
Seventy millions and upwards, 'tis said,
Is the average that's raised on the nation;
But we want no Reform;
Oh, no! certainly not!
Not a bit—not a jot.
Pooh! we want no Reform!

Out of twenty, ten shillings on tea
Are paid by the labouring classes;
Eight on coffee; on sugar—let's see—
Why, six shillings, hard cash, by the masses;
But we want no Reform;
Take the word of LORD JOHN,
We are going well on:
No—we want no Reform!

Five on soap, four on beer, and fourteen
On spirits—sixteen on tobacco
Do they pay to our Lady the QUEEN,
But what, nevertheless, says LORD JACKO?
"Why, we want no Reform,
All is proper and right,
Satisfactory quite;
Pish! we want no Reform!"

On Industry, more than on Wealth,
There's the weight of the Income Tax pressing,
But the nation's in excellent health,
And we've no wrongs that call for redressing.
So we want no Reform;
Oh, no! not in the least;
We're not plundered nor fleeced.
Stuff and nonsense! We want no Reform!

MR. ROBERT HOUDIN'S "BOTTLE."



BEFORE THE TRICK OF THE BOTTLE.

We do not know what MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK would be likely to say to MR. HOUDIN'S "Bottle." The former inculcates temperance in a pictorial poem that is the best sermon we ever read; the latter makes drinking so pleasant, that we wonder no tee-totaler has yet risen and protested against the danger of putting such a "Bottle" into the hands of the public. Why, it is inexhaustible! The more liquids he pours from it, the more there are concealed at the bottom. It is a bottled ocean of champagne, port, claret, and Curaçoa. It is the whole London Docks, apparently, corked down in a quart bottle—

nay, more than that: for we really believe if HORACE happened to drop in at the St. James's, and called for a poculum of his old Falernian, that MONS. HOUDIN would pour it out for him, and then ask him if he would have a little magnum of Cyprus!

There are many good things in MR. CRUIKSHANK'S "Bottle," but we doubt if its greatest admirer could squeeze a bumper of Burgundy, or the smallest glass of Madeira out of it. In fact our moral CALLOT would not be very well pleased if any one could, considering he wishes to expose the horrors of drinking, and not to prove the pleasures of it; and that his "Bottle" was drawn, not to go to men's lips, but to their hearts. We implore MONSIEUR HOUDIN, however, to be careful, or else some night, if he does not put a timely "stopper" on his liberality, his audience may be carried off to the station-house and locked up, on the dreadful charge of inebriety. The scenes, too, that might occur at his theatre would be rather unpleasant for the liberal conjuror, if he had a number of young men rushing up to him for "just one glass more." We advise him to limit every lady to two glasses, and every gentleman to four, unless they have been dining, when the best thing to give them—we mean the gentlemen—will be a bottle of soda-water. The drink should be varied, also, in this warm weather, and be made to consist of some of SOYER'S "Nectar," or SAINTSBURY'S summer beverages.



AFTER THE TRICK OF THE BOTTLE.

ENGLISHMEN AND GLORY.

"To M. PONCHE.

"MONSIEUR PONCHE, "Square of Leicester, July 11, 1848.

"THE other day I did see in your contemporary the *Times* an account of a dinner of your Specials Constables at the Highbury Barn. It was with the most great astonishment that I read as follows:—

"An original comic song sung by a MR. SHARPE, in which the 'Specials' were covered with a good deal of clever ridicule, created a vast amount of merriment."

"In truth, M. Ponche, you English are a race inexplicable. For what your 'Specials' met they at the Barn of Highbury? Was it not to celebrate one grand triumph? How then? M. SHARPE sings a comic song which covers them with ridicule. And this creates 'a vast amount of merriment.' I cannot comprehend that. Ought it not rather to have excited the most live indignation? What! when you conceive yourselves covered with glory, you allow yourselves to be covered with ridicule. I could well imagine M. SHARPE to have sung your anthem national, or your *Rule Britannia*. There would therein have been something grand—sublime. But in place of that, he sings a comic song at the expense of his company, and they are charmed of it. For me, I should have shouted, 'M. SHARPE to the lamp-post!' Think you that our National Guards, or our *Mobles*, would have suffered a SHARPE to mock himself of them in this manner? Ah! no: they would soon have made repent M. SHARPE. But you English, you seem to take delight in laughing at all enthusiasm and all glory.

"I have the honour to be, Monsieur Ponche,
"UN FRANÇAIS."

A very nice Point.

AMONG the recent applications for relief under the Poor-Law was one made by a man on behalf of himself, his wife, and a donkey. A question arose as to whether the donkey was a fit subject for out-door relief, and whether he ought not to be made to bear his own burden. After considerable difficulty, and a stringent application of the be-labouring test, the brute was declared irremovable.

QUEER QUADRILLES.



SWAN, as she was familiarly called—the long-necked and beautiful MAUDE, of well-known loveliness.

The Red and White Rose Quadrille was intelligible enough: but the Lace Quadrille must have been something very remarkable. We cannot conceive an un-lace quadrille; but perhaps the description had reference rather to the material of the dresses than to the mode of wearing them. The Book-muslin Bolero would have had a pretty effect, and the Flounced Fandango would have been no doubt delicious for its breadth and boldness. If there was a quadrille of lace, why should there not have been a quiet little Reel of cotton, or an entire Ball of worsted? We hope to see these novelties introduced at an early period.

AN anything be more ridiculous than getting up quadrilles with all sorts of fantastic names, without any particular applicability to the subject of their title? Such a fashion has lately grown up, however, amongst the nobility. At the Spitalfields Ball there were the "House of York" and "House of Lancaster Quadrilles," but there might as well have been the House of Waterloo, consisting of elegant young couples of ladies and gents from HALLING, PEARCE, and STONE'S; or the House of Coburg Quadrille, supported by the *messieurs et dames de comptoir* from that well-known establishment. The Quadrille of the Kings and Queens of England might have appropriately included our old friend EDGAR the Saxon monarch, from Regent Circus, having for his partner the fair

DOMESTIC BLISS.



Domestic. "HERE'S MISS BRADSHAW, MUM, HAS JUST COME; SHE'S GONE UP-STAIRS, MUM."

Angelina. "OH, VERY WELL—I WILL—"

Edwin. "BRADSHAW!! WHO THE DEUCE IS MISS BRADSHAW?"

Angelina. "OH, IT'S NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE, DEAR—SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MORE TEA, DEAR?"

Edwin. "YES; BUT WHO IS MISS BRADSHAW? WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHO MISS BRADSHAW IS?"

Angelina. "LAW! IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S—IT'S—THE—TH' Dressmaker!!!!!!"

Grand Launch at Hungerford.

EVERY addition, however humble, to our naval resources, must be of considerable interest at the present time, when "the stormy winds (of politics) do blow, do blow, do blow," like a regular, or irregular hurricane. Every Englishman must feel anxious to prevent the bellows of foreign rebellion from blowing up a domestic breeze, and consequently the slightest augmentation of our marine force is an affair on which to congratulate our countrymen. With these views of patriotism swelling in our bosom and trying the strength of the buttons of our waistcoat, we may be supposed to have gone with intense emotion to witness the launch of a new coal-barge at Hungerford. The craft was one of the tautest we were ever taught to look upon, and her tonnage (of coals) amounted to exactly twenty. She had been built for the Wallsend service, and her figure-head, which consisted of a correct portrait of FAME (after JONES) blowing a trumpet (after HARPER), was a work of art that would have done credit to any carving-knife. The launch was arranged to take place off Hungerford, and when we arrived at the spot we "found Youth at the helm, with Pleasure at the prow," to say nothing of Middle-age at the oars, and Obstinacy at the marlin-spike, both making a desperate endeavour to "shove off," though the effort was quite ineffectual. At length, at a given signal, the jolly craft was unlaced from her stays, and, slipping beautifully away, she glided into the mud with a splash that shed its influence over all the bystanders. At this moment the scene was most exciting, for there was scarcely a dry eye, or a dry foot, or a dry coat, or a dry bonnet among the whole of the surrounding company.

The name was to be given to the gallant vessel by MISS MATILDA JOHNSON JONES, who broke a bottle of ginger-beer against the prow, and christened the craft the *Tidy 'Tilda*. The cheers of the spectators at this moment were absolutely deafening, and when the crew struck up *Rule Britannia*, the Captain singing *God Save the Queen*, and an adjacent organ-boy playing *Marble Halls*, the struggle of alternate emotions was too much for anybody, but particularly for a policeman, who happened to be present, and whose stentorian "Move on!" rose high above the din, like the voice of *Æolus* soaring over a concert of halfpenny whistles in a thunder-storm.

The *Tidy 'Tilda* being now firmly embedded in the mud, a cold collation was served up to the company on board, who partook of shrimps and the other delicacies of the neighbourhood. Dancing then commenced on the gunwale, and was kept up till a late hour—the amusements of the day being varied by naval hornpipes, allusions to "dear eyes," "swabs," and "land-lubbers," with the other customary peculiarities of the nautical character.

In the course of the afternoon the company retired, apparently very much dissatisfied with the proceedings of the day. A vote of censure was passed upon the Jack-in-the-Water, and replied to with a volley of stones by that individual. A few speeches were made, but it was impossible to catch their tenor, as the speakers all spoke at the same time; and on our reporter attempting to take notes, he was ducked with vehement rapidity.

CLASS AGAINST CLASS.

MR. OSBORNE, in his admirable speech, said, "If you set class against class, the most frightful collisions must inevitably ensue." Upon hearing this, MR. HUDSON exclaimed, "On my word, it's precisely the same on a railway!"



HERE AND THERE;
Or, Emigration a Remedy.

THE MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW.



SHE is a tender creature, and requires the nicest care and the hottest luncheons to keep her in good temper. She has only *one* child, a daughter, but she is passionately fond of her. She "only lives to see her dear child happy"—and everybody else miserable. To insure this, it is necessary to be constantly with her. Accordingly, she "brings her things" some day before dinner, and takes possession of the best bedroom, only to stop for a week. Her weeks, however, never have a Saturday. She has no knowledge of time, as measured by the week, month, or year, but is sadly put out if supper is not brought up precisely

to the minute. But JULIA always required a mother's care. She was very delicate, even as a child, and the little thing is far from strong now. She has never left her side for two days together since the hour she was born. Her daughter must not walk.—"Do you hear me, JULIA? I will not allow it: the exertion is too much for you, and cabs are cheap enough, goodness knows! You must not exert yourself, child; so give me the keys, and I'll attend to the housekeeping for you."

The shopping is attended to from the same generous motive. The tradesmen soon look up to the Mother-in-Law as the mistress of the house, and it is not long before the servants are made to acknowledge her sway, and come to her regularly for orders. The husband is nobody—a creature to give money as it is wanted, and to hold his tongue. If he ventures to remonstrate, he is "killing" her daughter; and as a mother, she is not going to allow the murder of her darling child before her own eyes and not tell him what she thinks about it! He is reminded every day that "he little knows the treasure he possesses in that dear creature;" and if he hints anything about the creature costing him rather dear for a "treasure," he is asked if he calls himself a man? If poor JULIA has a headache, the husband is blamed for it. "It is all his doing; he knows it is. Didn't he speak harshly to her at breakfast?" If the dinner is badly cooked, he must not say a word, for the tears immediately flow, and the mother quickly upbraids him "as a wretch who ought to be ashamed of himself for speaking in that way to a suffering woman." If he refuses to go on the continent, "his motive is very clear; but let the crime be upon his own head! She would not have his feelings afterwards for a thousand pounds!" If he grumbles about any extravagant outlay, she is not going to allow her daughter to starve for the consideration of a penny. She tells him *he is killing her*, and if the new curtains are not instantly put up in the drawing-room, she will not answer for the consequences! She should like very much to know what he calls himself?

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW in her kindest mood is fearful, but she is most despotic when there has been a settlement made upon her daughter. The domestic tyrant then rules with the iron rolling-pin of a female NERO. All the little attempts of the poor husband to maintain his rights are loudly anathematised as "base machinations to secure her poor daughter's property. He wishes to drive JULIA mad, but she sees through his mean devices!" Letters too are rifled for secrets—pockets ransacked for *billet-doux*, old servants dismissed, new ones hired, the dinner hour altered, the luncheon kept on the table all day, and the children brought home from school, just as MRS. SPITFIRE pleases. The house is quite a family Bastille. No one dares move out or come in without her permission. The latch-key is surrendered, and the husband is quite under the Mother-in-Law's surveillance, and is only let out upon *parole*. Woe to him if he returns home a minute late! He is asked through the keyhole "if he's not ashamed of himself?" and before he has wiped his feet on the door-mat, he is told, loud enough for all the servants to hear it, that "JULIA is determined not to endure his abominable profligacy any longer,—the poor thing is sinking fast into a premature grave, and she is resolved upon having a separate establishment." The next morning the Mother-in-Law and her daughter leave with a hundred band-boxes, and the husband is left alone without as much as the key of the tea-caddy to console himself with. But he is not allowed to enjoy his solitude long. A St. Swithin of letters from the mother, in the name of her injured daughter, keeps pouring in upon him, reproaching him with everything short of arson. He is visited at length by his dread enemy even in person, and after an

hydraulic scene, made more terrible by the threat that "she will never leave him till she has brought him to a sense of the injuries he has inflicted upon that sainted creature," he is obliged to capitulate: he falls upon his knees before his wife, and begs to be forgiven. The Mother-in-Law stands by, like a stern NEMESIS of the sex, and will not allow the poor culprit to rise before he has confessed over and over again how deeply *he* was in the wrong, and "what an infamous wretch he must have been ever to doubt such angelic goodness!"

The husband's children belong, properly speaking, to the MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW. She superintends their education, dresses them, whips them, physics them, and does whatever she pleases with them. She begs "he'll not interfere in matters he cannot possibly understand." It is at the advent of a new baby, however, that her tyrannic power is the most absolute; the whole household then, from kitchen to garret, is under her thumb, and, the centre of a large circle of GODFREYS, GAMPs, FRIGs, and DALBYs, she administers elixirs and commands alternately, which no one dares disobey. The doctor even succumbs to her; and as for the poor husband, he sinks to the smallest possible point of virile insignificance. He rings the bell, no one answers it: he wanders about a miserable PETER SCHLEMHIL in his own house, a Husband who has lost even the shadow of authority. He asks for his dinner, not a soul knows anything about it. A bed is fitted up for him somewhere in a lumber-room at the top of the house. He asks to see his wife, but is met by the Mother-in-Law at the door, and questioned if "the man really wishes to kill his innocent babe and wife?" He is "the man."

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW is essentially a "strong-minded woman." She is always telling people "a bit of her mind." The husband gets a bit every day. All his relations, too, who dare "to put their noses into what does not concern them," are favoured with "a bit"—a good large bit—also. Her "mind," like the bell of St. Sepulchre, is never told, unless it is the prelude to some dreadful execution. She dearly loves a quiet family.

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW makes a principle of residing with her victims. When once in a house, she is as difficult to get out as the dry-rot, and if allowed her own way, soon undermines everything, and brings the house "in no time" about everybody's ears. She goes out of town with them every year. She should never forgive herself if anything happened when she was away, and she was not near her dearest JULIA to aid and comfort her. The husband's comfort is never considered. If he does succeed in driving her out of his house, his torments are by no means at an end, for the chances are that she takes a lodging in the same street, and lives just opposite to him. Then she amuses herself by running backwards and forwards all day, dropping in to dinner or luncheon about six times a week, or else watching everything that takes place in his house from over the window-blinds of her "first pair front." His only escape, then, is in establishing a Society for the Promotion of Emigration from England of all homeless Mothers-in-Law who have only one daughter. If this should be fruitless, his only hope is in procuring a Law to annul all marriages where the husband can prove that he has married "a treasure of a daughter" who has a "jewel of a mother." If this remedy even should fail, he had better take a couple of Life Pills, for there is "no rest but the grave" for the husband who groans under a MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

PROBABLE APPOINTMENTS.

Grand Commemoration.

OXFORD.

Professor of Modern Languages	MONSIEUR GUIZOT.
Regius Professor of Hebrew	CITOYEN CRÉMIÉUX.
Professor of Pastoral Theology	POPE PIUS IX.
Professor of Poetry	CITOYEN LAMARTINE.

CAMBRIDGE.

Professor of Political Economy	CITOYEN LOUIS [®] BLANC.
Professor of Modern History	CITOYEN LOUIS-PHILIPPE, "ex-Regent," now "non-Regent" of France.
Professor of Anatomy and of Arabic	LE GÉNÉRAL LAMORICIERE.
Professor of Geology	PRINCE METTERNICH.

How to make a Budget.

RECKON your expenditure half a million too low; Reckon your income half a million too high; the country thus gains one million.

Then take from the income of next year another half million, and add it to the income of this: the country will thus have gained a million and a half.

Then give up a half-million of projected outlay; and you may take to yourself the credit of having added two millions to the national income—if you can get it.

PERSONS WHO WANT NO REFORM.



form. They are perfectly content with things as they are. They don't want Reform!

The over-paid government officers, also, are not very anxious for Reform. A gentleman who is in yearly receipt of £500 for getting some one else to look after a door of the House of Commons, is not exactly the person to clap his hands with joy at the notion of its being taken away from him. Who can wonder at his shouting, "It's absurd any one wanting Reform; I don't."

The same with a Prime Minister who commands a large majority, made up of office-holders, and Whig Commission-brokers, and little placemen from five thousand to five hundred a-year. He is perfectly satisfied with the present state of things. He has everything he wants. He has only to ask for a Bill, and he has it merely for the asking. He wants an advance of ten thousand men, some new stables, or a good handful of pensions, and he gets them, if he makes the request at all in a gentlemanly manner. What can a person with all these easy advantages want with Reform?

Then there are all the persons who support the Minister, his numerous lordly relations whose family pride does not prevent them accepting good fat appointments; and MR. DISRAELI'S country gentlemen, with large estates and numerous voters—calculated like so much timber—upon them, and the nominees of the Peers, who all know if there were to be Reform to-morrow, that they would lose their only chance of sitting in the House of Commons. These gentlemen are very useful in swelling a majority, but what can they want with Reform? Who can blame them, therefore, for voting against it?

The class of persons, in fact, who do not want Reform is very numerous. It consists of some 800,000 persons, who have all they require, and who laugh at the absurdity of a few millions wishing to have the same "privilege" which they possess. It would make them none the poorer, and would make the poor man all the richer: but it is useless talking. The wealthy want no Reform. LORD JOHN does not want it; the House of Commons and the Aristocracy do not want it; no sinecurist wants it; and this settles the question. It is pretty clear that no one does want Reform—so where is the use of saying another word about it?

PASSENGER-CATCHING IN THE PARKS.

THIS very pleasant amusement is much indulged in during the summer months, by the Park-keepers. Their orders are to shut the gates at nine, and the fun of the game turns on this arrangement. They allow passengers to enter by all the gates up to the last moment. Then as the clock strikes nine, the gates are all closed at once, and the passengers secured. Their first rush in opposite directions is very amusing, as are their subsequent attempts to scale the palings, which besides being difficult, is forbidden by law. Thus, if they escape being impaled, they are pretty sure to fall into the hands of a policeman outside, and to spend their night in the station-house. The only other alternative is to pass their night in the open air, under a tree. Some malicious persons, envying the Park-keepers this innocent amusement, have proposed as a change, that instead of the gates being closed simultaneously, no person shall be allowed to enter them after a certain hour, but that they shall remain open for egress till some time later than the hour fixed for shutting them. It is obvious that with such an arrangement no passengers would be caught, and a very deserving class of public servants would thus be deprived of a harmless and exhilarating recreation.

URELY it is easy enough to see that there is a very large class who are not at all eager for Reform.

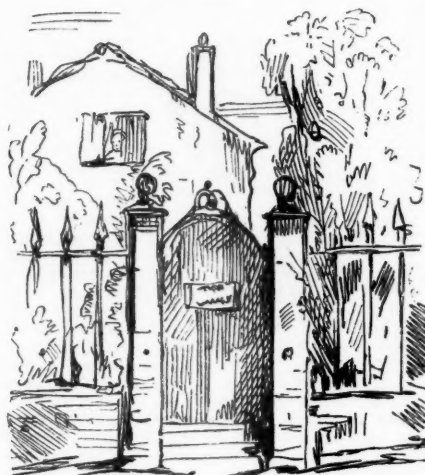
Amongst the number there are those who hold nomination boroughs. Is it not very natural that a family which has enjoyed for generations the privilege of sending two Members to Parliament, should grumble at the prospect of its being taken away from them, and cry out, "We do not want any Reform?"

The sinecurists are far from partial to the notion of Re-

THE HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

A COMEDY IN FOUR TABLEAUX.

TABLEAU I.



"THE MAGNOLIAS," MR. SMITH'S NEAT COTTAGE IN THE HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Nurse (behind the shrubbery). O you darling tootsy pootsy.

Baby. Gilgrillwgllgrilluggle.

Nurse. Baby see pooty flowers?

Clock (from cottage). Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting.

TABLEAU II.



Enter POLICEMAN X 21.

Clock goes on. Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting.

X 21 (whistles). Whew-e-o-o-o-oo!

Nurse. Come and see pooty osses in the zoad, baby.

TABLEAU III.



X 21. Well, I declare! it's MISS MARY.
 Nurse. Law! Mr. Pleaceman; who ever expected to see you here!
 X 21. You do look so
 Baby. Gooogleoogrrrr.
 Mrs. Smith (from window). Well, if it isn't that good for nothing
 hussy of a nurse speaking to the policeman.
 Nurse. Lor, it's Missis!
 Baby. Gooogleoogr.
 X 21. Blow her old hi's!

[Exeunt omnes.]

TABLEAU IV.



THE HALL OF MR. SMITH'S COTTAGE.

Mrs. Smith. Get out, you impudence. Give me my child; you
 pollute it, you vicious wretch, you do. Take your wages and go.
 Baby. Boo-ooo-ooo-wah-wah-wah.
 Page (snivels).
 Mary (with a last look at the child, exit).

[Exeunt omnes.]

MARY becomes Mrs. X 21; at first she often walks up the Hamp-
 stead Road to look at the baby she has left. Then she has domestic
 cares of her own, or will have; for the truth is, I only saw the first
 three Tableaux of this comedy last Saturday as ever was. SPAC.

The Old Ladies of Ayrshire "Hot with Sugar."

MR. OSWALD has for ever endeared himself to the gudewives of Ayr-
 shire. Cannychiel that he is, he has made his election sure upon the
 tea and the whisky-toddy of the old ladies of his constituency. For on
 the Sugar Debate, MR. OSWALD thus delivered himself, to the enduring
 glory of the anility of Ayrshire:—

"Every old lady in Ayrshire liked a good deal of sugar in her tea and her whisky-
 toddy (laughter). But not one old lady there wished to rob her grocer (hear, hear,
 hear) to obtain it. If it was necessary to pay one penny in the pound, as satisfac-
 tion, he was quite certain every one of his old-lady friends (much laughter) would
 say, 'We will take a little less sugar and rob nobody' (cheers and laughter). It was
 easy to speak of sympathy, but sympathy was of no manner of use at all unless it be
 attended by some sacrifice (hear, hear). Sympathy should not be on the lip, but in
 the heart (hear, hear)."

It is gratifying to know that there is at least one Member in the
 House intimately connected with the feelings and consciences, and with
 the yearnings towards tea and whisky-toddy of an influential section of
 his constituency. We are, moreover, glad to find the declaration of
 the willing self-sacrifice of old ladies so well received by the Commons:
 it argues a sympathy on the part of some of the Members that we hardly
 looked for. MR. OSWALD spoke in homely, household phrase; yet, after
 all, there was fine charity enshrined in his lumps of sugar. If, for
 instance, throughout society, folks would only consent to sacrifice a few
 bits of sugar of some sort to the necessities of others, how real would
 be the relief effected by the self-devotion! If sinecurists and pensioners
 would only throw back some of their lumps of sugar into the state basin
 —sugar, by the way, refined by the blood of over-taxed industry—the
 timely sacrifice would be no less wise than prudent. We have only to
 turn over the *Black Book*, and what a saccharine heap might be obtained
 from its leaves!

We understand that the old ladies intend to commemorate the chivalry
 of MR. OSWALD. He has already sat to COUNT D'ORSAY for a statuette
 in sugar—the best shilling lump—and will, in due season, adorn every
 tea and toddy-table in Ayrshire.

KINGDOM FOR DISCHARGED KINGS.

WE think it is a great pity that the numerous deposed monarchs
 now "hanging out" ignominiously in different parts of the world
 cannot be accommodated with small substitutes for their lost kingdoms
 out of the various little independencies scattered over England. There
 is the well known Isledom of Dogs, which would jump at any dynasty
 that offered, to say nothing of that snug little cluster familiarly known
 as the Eel-Pies, and hitherto torn by civil dissensions in the shape of
 struggles among the waiters for precedence in changing a plate, and
 pocketing a sixpence. Perhaps the Isledom of Thanet would be some-
 what too large and expensive for any of the ousted potentates to
 undertake the management of, but the others we have named have got
 a quantity of allegiance on hand, which they are dying to bestow in
 change for a sovereign, which is considerably more than the price it has
 been yet able to realise.

Fellow-feeling of the French Insurgents.

WE read in the *Daily News*—

"The insurgents who were stationed in the Jardin des Plantes have, it is said,
 killed and eaten during the three days the rare birds, and destroyed the pheasantry;
 even the small exotic birds have shared the same fate."

There can be little doubt, could the insurgents have made good their
 position, that they would have had a complete run of the menagerie.
 After the birds—the due course of poultry—they would, doubtless,
 have fallen upon the rhinoceros and elephant, as *pièces de résistance*.
 There is no doubt, however, that the individuals who could commit the
 fantastic atrocities with which they are charged, would—from a horrid
 sympathy, a fellow-feeling with the brutes—have spared both the tigers
 and the monkeys.

More Monstrosities.

WE perceive by the papers that a new source of profit is opening out
 for the penny-a-liners, in addition to the tremendous gooseberries,
 strapping strawberries, and colossal cauliflowers, which have hitherto
 furnished the materials for profitable paragraphs. It seems that the
 mushrooms have burst out into a sudden state of amplification, and an
 article headed "Monster Mushrooms" has been going the round of
 all the newspapers. Should these *fungi* become permanently enlarged,
 they will supply many a meal to the gentlemen of the press, who were
 beginning to be pretty hard run, for the gooseberries were almost used
 up, and the public had begun to object to being made gooseberry-fools
 of any longer.

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.



the great, momentous, stupendous day of the dinner, my beloved female reader may imagine that FITZROY TIMMINS was sent about his business at an early hour in the morning, while the women began to make preparations to receive their guests. "There will be no need of your going to FUBSBY'S," Mrs. GASHLEIGH said to him, with a look that drove him out of doors. "Everything that we require has been ordered there! You will please to be back here at 6 o'clock, and not sooner: and I presume you will acquiesce in my arrangements about the wine." "O yes, Mamma," said the prostrate son-in-law.

"In so large a party—a party beyond some folks' means—expensive wines are absurd. The light Sherry at 26s., the Champagne at 42s.; and you are not to go beyond 36s. for the Claret and Port after dinner. Mind, coffee will be served; and you come up stairs after two rounds of the Claret."

"Of course, of course," acquiesced the wretch: and hurried out of the house to his Chambers, and to discharge the commissions with which the womankind had intrusted him.

As for Mrs. GASHLEIGH, you might have heard her bawling over the house the whole day long. That admirable woman was everywhere; in the kitchen, until the arrival of TRUNCHEON, before whom she would not retreat without a battle; on the stairs; in FITZROY's dressing-room; and in FITZROY minor's nursery, to whom she gave a dose of her own composition, while the nurse was sent out on a pretext to make purchases of garnish for the dishes to be served for the Little Dinner. Garnish for the dishes! As if the folks at FUBSBY'S could not garnish dishes better than GASHLEIGH, with her stupid old-world devices of laurel leaves, parsley, and cut turnips! Why, there was not a dish served that day that was not covered over with skewers, on which truffles, crayfish, mushrooms, and forced-meat were impaled. When old GASHLEIGH went down with her barbarian bunches of holly and greens to stick about the meats, even the cook saw their incongruity, and, at TRUNCHEON's orders, flung the whole shrubbery into the dust-house, where, while poking about the premises, you may be sure Mrs. G. saw it.

Every candle which was to be burned that night (including the tallow candle, which she said was a good-enough bed-light for FITZROY) she stuck into the candlesticks with her own hands, giving her own high-shouldered plated candlesticks of the year 1798 the place of honour. She upset all poor Rosa's floral arrangements, turning the nosegays from one vase into the other without any pity, and was never tired of beating, and pushing, and patting, and wapping the curtain and sofa draperies into shape in the little drawing-room.

In FITZ's own apartments she revelled with peculiar pleasure. It has been described how she had sacked his Study and pushed away his papers, some of which, including three cigars, and the commencement of an article for the *Love Magazine*, "Lives of the Sheriff's Officers," he has never been able to find to this day. Mamma now went into the little room in the back regions, which is FITZ's dressing-room, (and was destined to be a cloak-room,) and here she rummaged to her heart's delight.

In an incredibly short space of time she examined all his outlying pockets, drawers, and letters; she inspected his socks and handkerchiefs in the top drawers; and on the dressing-table, his razors, shaving-strop, and hair-oil. She carried off his silver-topped scent-bottle out of his dressing-case, and a half-dozen of his favourite pills (which FITZ possesses in common with every well-regulated man), and probably administered them to her own family. His boots, glossy pumps, and slippers, she pushed into the shower-bath, where the poor fellow stepped into them the next morning, in the midst of a pool in which they were lying. The baby was found sucking his boot-hooks the next day in the nursery; and as for the bottle of varnish for his shoes, (which he generally paints upon the trees himself, having a pretty taste in

that way) it could never be found to the present hour; but it was remarked that the young MASTER GASHLEIGHs, when they came home for the holidays, always wore lacquered highlows; and the reader may draw his conclusions from *that* fact.

In the course of the day all the servants gave Mrs. TIMMINS warning. The cook said she couldn't bear it no longer, aving Mrs. G. always about her kitching, with her fingers in all the saucepans. Mrs. G. had got her the place, but she preferred one as Mrs. G. didn't get for her.

The nurse said she was come to nuss MASTER FITZROY, and knew her duty; his grandmamma wasn't his nuss, and was always aggravating her.—Missus must shoot herself elsewhere.

The housemaid gave utterance to the same sentiments in language more violent.

Little BUTTONS bounced up to his mistress, said he was butler of the family, Mrs. G. was always poking about his pantry, and dam if he'd stand it.

At every moment Rosa grew more and more bewildered. The baby howled a great deal during the day. His large china Christening-bowl was cracked by Mrs. GASHLEIGH altering the flowers in it, and pretending to be very cool, whilst her hands shook with rage.

"Pray go on, Mamma," Rosa said with tears in her eyes. "Should you like to break the chandelier?"

"Ungrateful, unnatural child!" bellowed the other; "only that I know you couldn't do without me, I'd leave the house this minute."

"As you wish," said Rosa; but Mrs. G. *didn't* wish: and in this juncture TRUNCHEON arrived.

That officer surveyed the dining-room, laid the cloth there with admirable precision and neatness; ranged the plate on the sideboard with graceful accuracy, but objected to that old thing in the centre, as he called Mrs. GASHLEIGH's silver basket, as cumbrous and useless for the table, where they would want all the room they could get.

Order was not restored to the house, nor, indeed, any decent progress made, until this great man came: but where there was a revolt before, and a general disposition to strike work and to yell out defiance against Mrs. GASHLEIGH, who was sitting bewildered and furious in the drawing-room—where there was before commotion, at the appearance of the master-spirit, all was peace and unanimity: the cook went back to her pans, the housemaid busied herself with the china and glass, cleaning some articles and breaking others, BUTTONS sprang up and down the stairs, obedient to the orders of his chief, and all things went well and in their season.

At six, the man with the wine came from BINNEY AND LATHAM'S. At a quarter-past six, TIMMINS himself arrived.

At half-past six, he might have been heard shouting out for his varnished boots—but we know where *those* had been hidden—and for his dressing things; but Mrs. GASHLEIGH had put them away.

As in his vain inquiries for these articles he stood shouting, "Nurse! BUTTONS! Rosa, my dear!" and the most fearful execrations up and down the stairs, Mr. TRUNCHEON came out on him.

"I gseuse me, Sir," says he, "but it's impawsable. We can't dine twenty at that table—not if you set 'em out awinder, we can't."

"What's to be done?" asked FITZROY, in an agony; "they've all said they'd come."

"Can't do it," said the other; "with two top and bottom—and your table is as narrow as a bench—we can't hold more than heighteen, and then each person's helbows will be into his neighbour's cheer."

"Rosa! Mrs. GASHLEIGH!" cried out TIMMINS, "come down and speak to this gentl—this—"

"TRUNCHEON, Sir," said the man.

The women descended from the drawing-room. "Look and see, ladies," he said, inducting them into the dining-room; "there's the room, there's the table laid for heighteen, and I defy you to squeezee in more."

"One person in a party always fails," said Mrs. GASHLEIGH, getting alarmed.

"That's nineteen," Mr. TRUNCHEON remarked; "we must knock another hoff, mam;" and he looked her hard in the face.

Mrs. GASHLEIGH was very red and nervous, and paced, or rather squeezed round the table (it was as much as she could do)—the chairs could not be put any closer than they were. It was impossible, unless the *convive* sat as a centre-piece in the middle, to put another guest at that table.

"Look at that lady movin round, Sir. You see now the difficulty; if my men wasn't thinner, they couldn't hoperate at all," Mr. TRUNCHEON observed, who seemed to have a spite to Mrs. GASHLEIGH.

"What is to be done?" she said, with purple accents.

"My dearest mamma," Rosa cried out, "you must stop at home—how sorry I am! And she shot one glance at FITZROY, who shot another at the great TRUNCHEON, who held down his eyes. "We could manage with heighteen," he said, mildly.

Mrs. GASHLEIGH gave a hideous laugh.

She went away. At eight o'clock she was pacing at the corner of the street, and actually saw the company arrive. First came the TORHAM SAWYERS in their light-blue carriage, with the white hammer-

cloth, and blue and white ribbons—their footmen drove the house down with the knocking.

Then followed the ponderous and snuff-coloured vehicle, with faded gilded wheels and brass Earl's coronets all over it, the conveyance of the House of BUNGAY. The COUNTESS OF BUNGAY and daughter stepped out of the carriage. The fourteenth EARL OF BUNGAY couldn't come.

SIR THOMAS and LADY GULPIN's fly made its appearance, from which issued the General with his star, and LADY GULPIN in yellow satin. The ROWDY'S Brougham followed next; after which MRS. BUTT's handsome equipage drove up.

The two friends of the house, young gentlemen from the Temple, now arrived in cab No. 9996. We tossed up, in fact, which should pay the fare.

MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE walked, and was dusting his boots as the Templars drove up. LORD CASTLENOODY came out of a twopenny omnibus. FUNNYMAN, the wag, came last, whirling up rapidly in a Hansom, just as MRS. GASHLEIGH, with rage in her heart, was counting that two people had failed, and that there were only seventeen after all.

MR. TRUNCHEON passed our names to MR. BILLITER, who bawled them out on the stairs. ROSA was smiling in a pink dress, and looking as fresh as an angel, and received her company with that grace which has always characterised her.

The moment of THE DINNER arrived, old LADY BUNGAY scuffled off on the arm of FITZROY, while the rear was brought up by ROSA and LORD CASTLEMOULDY, of Ballyshanvanvoght Castle, Co. Tipperary. Some fellows who had the luck, took down ladies to dinner. I was not sorry to be out of the way of MRS. ROWDY, with her dandified airs, or of that high and mighty County Princess, MRS. TOPHAM SAWYER.

A CRY FROM A BLUE-COAT BOY.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—THOUGH I am only a little boy, I am sure you will hear what I have to say; for do you know I am very miserable, and don't know what to do? I'm sure I'm ready to cry whenever I hear the little blackguards whisper as I go along, 'Dye twig the Blue-coat Boy? It's only a charity school, crikey! of a better kind.' Now, it isn't anything of the sort. It is true that the school was originally founded for poor children; but that's quite altered now. My father keeps his carriage, and many of the young fellows are the sons of noblemen,

and we are all gentlemen, excepting the masters,—I know we are. There's nothing of the charity school about us. I believe it was so once, but that's long ago, and I wish you'd tell people that our school is quite different from what it was at first; and I'm positive that every one of our fathers pays the Income Tax, and goes to the Opera as often as he likes, and thinks nothing of a hundred or two. If the blackguards knew this, they would not call us charity boys, for they would see we are gentlemen's sons, and no mistake about it. The place has been improved very much since when it was built by KING EDWARD, and there isn't now a vulgar boy in the place, that there isn't; and I wish you would mention this, and then we should not be mixed up with charity boys and that sort of thing, as if we belonged to an Institution that was open to any poor man's child that chose to come and be educated. I'm sure my father had a precious deal of trouble to get me in, and I don't like to be called charity boy when I have three shillings a week pocket money; and my uncle, SIR JAMES, always tips me a sovereign when he comes to see me, and I have a Welsh pony at home. But the bell is ringing, so I must run, or else I shall catch it.

"I am, my dear Mr. Punch,

"Your humble servant—but no tellings,

"A BLUE-COAT BOY."

"Oh! I forgot: there is the son of a washerwoman—his father was a tallow-chandler in the City—but none of us speak to him. Not a word of this to any one. I want you to support the school a bit, by just telling the truth. I should cut precious quick—and all the boys would too—if we thought it was a charity school; but I'm sure it isn't—is it, now?"

THEATRE ROYAL, OLD BAILEY.

AN innocent correspondent of the *Daily News* naïvely writes:—"I always thought it was one of our national boasts, that Justice was administered in open Court." The verdant gentleman proceeds to narrate that, on presenting himself at the Old Bailey, to witness one of the Chartist trials, he was told the only means of getting the Court opened to him was by the use of a silver key, with a lubrication of palm oil. "At the entrance to the gallery," he adds, "a fee of two shillings was demanded for permission to enter."

"Is this exclusion of the public sanctioned by legal authority, or is it merely the result of unchecked official impudence and cupidity? The gallery door-keeper, on my demurring to the required payment, told me that 'SERJEANT WILKINS was addressing the Jury.' Truly, the learned Serjeant must feel gratified by this tribute to his eloquence."

With such attractive performers as MR. SERJEANT WILKINS, there are hopes for the truly British Drama, in spite of the foreigners; and although *Punch* is no advocate for crushing private enterprise by public monopoly, yet he does not see why the second-hand horrors of the Surrey and Victoria should not be superseded by the real-life terrors of the Old Bailey. The performers, both in the Dock and on the Bench, are extremely costly to the country; and as the principle of paying to enter Courts of Justice is, it appears, fully recognised, it should either be abandoned altogether, or thoroughly carried out. If followed up with skill and energy, a profit might be realised sufficient to pay the cost of criminal prosecutions, especially if the working of this plan were intrusted to the parent of public economy, MR. HUME. Meantime, we would modestly suggest that a programme of each day's performance should be published, as at the other theatres; something after this fashion:—

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

Immense Attraction! First Appearance of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE this Session!! MR. SERJEANT WILKINS in two new Pieces!!! Triumphant success of the ATTORNEY GENERAL!!!!

The Performances will commence with a New Trial, to be entitled

SEDITION;

OR, THE CABINET-MAKER OF CLERKENWELL GREEN.

First Conspirator	MR. IRENEUS FUSSELL.
(Who will be assisted on this occasion by his five Infant Prodiges, with real daggers and new pinajores.)	
Second Conspirator	MR. F. LOONEY.
Other Conspirators	MESSES. VERNON, WILLIAMS, SHARPE, & C.
Counsel for the Prosecution	SIR J. JERVIS.

The part of Counsel for the Defence by MR. SERJEANT WILKINS.

First Judge	SIR THOMAS WILDE.
Second Judge	MR. BARON PARKER.
First Alderman	MR. SIDNEY.
Second Alderman	SIR G. CARROL.
Clerk of Arraigns	MR. STRAIGHT.
Crier	MR. HARKER.
Police-men, Witnesses, Penny-a-liners, &c. &c. &c.	

AFTER WHICH,

THE BATTLE OF BONNER'S FIELDS;

OR, THE CHARTER AND NO SURRENDER!

The Charter, BY AN INVISIBLE PERFORMER.
First Ranter MR. ERNEST JONES.
The other Characters as above.

GALLERY, 2s. Jury-in-waiting; BOXES, 4s.;

STALLS, one Guinea each, to be engaged at the principal Police Stations.
—N.B. No Half-price.—Distinguished foreigners may secure seats on the Bench for the Season, at Twenty Pounds a-piece.

TO-MORROW, A CASE OF

MURDER OF THRILLING INTEREST!

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW COMPANY.

Support the British Drama! Come early!!

The advertising department, placed under the management of a FARE-BROTHER, a MOSES, or a PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, and such would be the influx of company and capital into these truly national establishments, that the Old Bailey would, in a short time, become self-supporting, would drive the French from our shores and theatres, and would infallibly shut up its other rival—that stupendous show-place on the top of Ludgate Hill.

Notice.

If the gentleman who went up in a balloon two years ago does not return within a twelvemonth, his inconsolable wife will consider herself a perfect widow, and will certainly marry her dear Irish cousin as soon as she is out of mourning for her dear departed husband.

LOOKING INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK.



OUR ASTROLOGER.

drew up the barricade in question upon the exact plan of his drawings, in order to supply the newspaper market of England with the very earliest intelligence."

We must say, in defence of the *Illustrated News*, that this plan of anticipating events, if it does adopt it, is only perfectly fair. Any one might have foreseen for weeks previous that there would shortly be another Revolution in Paris. It required no great prophet to guess such a very common event as that. Accordingly, orders were doubtless given to the artists to get up a great Revolution immediately, with plenty of barricades in it, so that at the slightest disturbance they might be inserted as wanted. The only thing that would be required to perfect the cuts would be the titles, and these could be supplied at a moment's notice by any printer. It would be only necessary to write under them "Tremendous Conflict at the Porte St. Denis!" or "Fearful Slaughter at the Barrière de l'Etoile!" and who would be any the wiser when one half of the engraving is filled with smoke, and the other half with paving-stones? The system, we contend, is perfectly fair, and we doubt if an illustrated paper could exist without resorting pretty often to it.

We should not at all wonder if our spirited contemporary has not already on hand half-a-dozen more Revolutions, so as to meet the pressure of the times. If persons will have pictures, they must not be particular as to the accuracy of the facts. Illustrations were never meant for history. Who ever expects a "Winner of the Derby" to be a correct likeness? or believes an "Alarming Conflagration" to be a view of anything but the fire-engines and the flames? or imagines that a "Grand Battle," or the "Awful explosion of a Powder Mill," was ever sketched by an artist on the spot? And yet these things are indispensable to the success of pictorial newspapers, and they would lose half their charm in our eyes, if we looked at a Number without finding something of the sort in it. We maintain that the *Illustrated News* has shown its usual acumen in this instance; and the fact of there having been a barricade at the Porte St. Denis, only proves that it seldom errs, when it trusts to those high powers of embellishment which have raised it to the proud success it enjoys as the richest illustrated paper of the period. May the same imagination always guide its clever pencil!

OMNIBUSOLOGY.

It is a very singular, but nevertheless an indisputable fact, which any person in a great hurry can vouch for, that since the Omnibus fares have consisted of "odd coppers," no Omnibus Conductor ever has the smallest change!

THE *Charivari* accuses the *Illustrated News* of being the real author of the late insurrection at Paris. Our Parisian contemporary supports his charge on these absurd facts:—The fighting at the Porte St. Denis was no sooner over than there appeared in Paris copies of the *News*, containing most beautiful pictures of the barricade in question. "Now it is very evident," says the good-natured *Charivari*, "that these beautiful pictures must have been drawn and engraved several days in advance, and that the Editor, no doubt,

DYING FOR A MEDAL.

"THE Peninsular war veterans are asked to exercise their patience a little longer before they receive their long-promised medals. Only another five years more, or at the utmost ten, and they will be ready; for has not EARL GREY informed us that 'the dies are finished, but that at the same time the necessary engraving will cause some further delay?' By the time these dilatory medals are awarded, they will be valuable as coins, and future antiquarians will compete for the possession of one, as eagerly as they do for a QUEEN ANNE'S Farthing. As for the poor veterans, they have, in the altered words of one, whom it is the fashion of these fast days to call 'slow,'

"—set their glory on a cast,
And they must wait the hazard of the die."

However, whatever difficulty there may be on the side of the Government, there is certainly none on the part of the veterans in "making a die," as the Military Obituary will abundantly prove if examined. Can The Duke, who has the interest of the soldier so much at heart, possibly know that the brave fellows are literally dying for their medals? Perhaps, after all, we may be wrong; for nothing can be more likely than that the issue of the medals has been postponed altogether "sine die?"

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.



LAST Saturday week a joke was dug up out of the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. Such a thing was never known before, in the recollection of the oldest printer's devil. The joke is considered a very perfect specimen of the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST, if not of an earlier date. Its age, in fact, has been a matter of great dispute amongst our oldest antiquarians of jokes. MR. PLANCHÉ has given it as his opinion that the joke must be at least three hundred years old. It is undoubtedly a unique specimen of the rich italicised school, which was brought over from Hanover by one of the celebrated MUFFS attached to the suite of GEORGE THE FIRST. It is perhaps a little the worse for wear, but still is easily recognised by those who are at all versed in the science of jocular numismatics.

MR. WIDDICOMB has inspected it, and turned it over in his mind at least seven times. He tried it in every way, and at last put it to the severest test to which a joke can be applied—that of the ring. This at once decided its antiquity. He recollects vividly hearing the great TARLETON repeat it, and QUEEN BESS laughing at it. He was then in the *Hoop*, a travelling circus to which old BEN had given a number of lively conundrums, which he had taken out of *Every Man in his Humour*. It was at that period called "a ryght merrie jest."

It is still a profound mystery how the joke could have found its way into the office of the *Morning Chronicle*. It is supposed that many more of the same distant date may be on the premises, and will some day turn up. We look forward to this hope, with anticipatory feelings of veneration. Our old jokes are plentiful enough, but it is extremely difficult to meet with one in such a fine state of preservation as the aged specimen in question. By the way, the Editor of the *Morning Herald* has offered any sum for it: he wants it to complete a museum of fossils and epigrams, which he preserves in his studio. The Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, however, has refused to part with it, and we cannot blame him for it. He has had it put under a glass-case, and out of memory to its origin, it is preserved in the original sawdust, which is supposed to have been made from some of the classic boards which TARLETON trod in his day, and which has been an heir-loom in WIDDICOMB'S family for centuries.

For the benefit of the curious, we subjoin a copy of this venerable joke. Attention is directed to the italics:—

FAC-SIMILE OF THE JOKE WHICH WAS DISCOVERED ON JULY 8TH, 1848, AMONGST THE RUINS OF THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

"En point of taste, St. Soper's Nectar is decidedly superior to the French *Chânes*; for whilst it frequently precedes 'Cham pagne,' it is never succeeded by 'Real pain.'"

The inscription under the glass-case is very brief, but it tells the whole truth in the fewest words. It simply says, "VERY RARE—THE ONLY ONE OF THE KIND."

Broad Hint to Parliament.

In the National Assembly of France, M. ALTAROCHE, according to the *Times*, lately proposed a bill demanding 150,000 francs to be distributed amongst literary men and artists, which, after some discussion, was agreed to. We merely mention the circumstances, in case the British Parliament should ever, on the advent of better times, have more money than it knows what to do with.

FLUNKEIANA.



Lady's-Maid. "WELL, I'M SURE, MR. ROBERT! I THINK YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN LOLLOPING ABOUT IN THAT GREAT EASY CHAIR. YOU MIGHT GO AND HELP IN THE HAY-FIELD, ONE WOULD THINK!"

Flunkey. "OH, YES! AND A NICE FIGGER I SHOULD BE! WOT WOULD MISSUS SAY, PRAY, IF I WENT AND SPYLED MY COMPLEXION, AND MADE MY 'ANDS 'ARD?"

THE AUSTRIAN AUTOMATON.

It is a great pity that the EMPEROR FERDINAND cannot discover the famous Automaton purchased by his ancestor in 1759. The thing would do admirably for an Emperor, and would have the advantage of great cheapness—not always an imperial quality. However, as few of our readers have, doubtless, heard of this wonderful machine of the last century, we give an account of it, having stumbled over the document in the *Annual Register*. "A certain artist at Vienna," says the annalist, "has constructed an Automaton dressed in the habit of an Austrian gentleman, with a pen in one hand and a standish in the other: after dipping the former in the latter, he strikes upon a sheet of paper, marked with a kind of spiral line, and in the space between appears the following inscription: *Augusta domini Austriacae et imperatoris Deus nec metas nec finem ponit*: that is, that God has not set either bounds or periods to the august House of Austria, or to the Emperor. His Imperial Majesty has bought the piece, and settled a considerable pension on the inventor."

Now, there can be but little doubt that such a valuable piece still exists. We would answer for it, that if search were made for the "Austrian gentleman with a pen in one hand and a standish in the other," he would be found—no doubt a little rusty in his springs—in some corner of some old museum; in some nook devoted to the gimcrackery of the olden time. Indeed, Austria itself may have altogether forgotten the wonder. It was the glory of Cicero, a stranger, to discover the tomb of Archimedes to the great geometrician's countrymen; in like manner, it may be one of the innumerable services of *Punch* to discover to the Viennese the Automaton Austrian gentleman. If found, a very little alteration in the "spiral line" will enable him to sign royal warrants, instead of continually writing, as before, a bit of vapid brag; and thus, the services of FERDINAND

being entirely dispensed with, nothing remains but the formality of crowning the Automaton gentleman, and voting for him a modest income, sufficient to find him in pens, a continual supply of ink, and oil wherewith to oil his works.

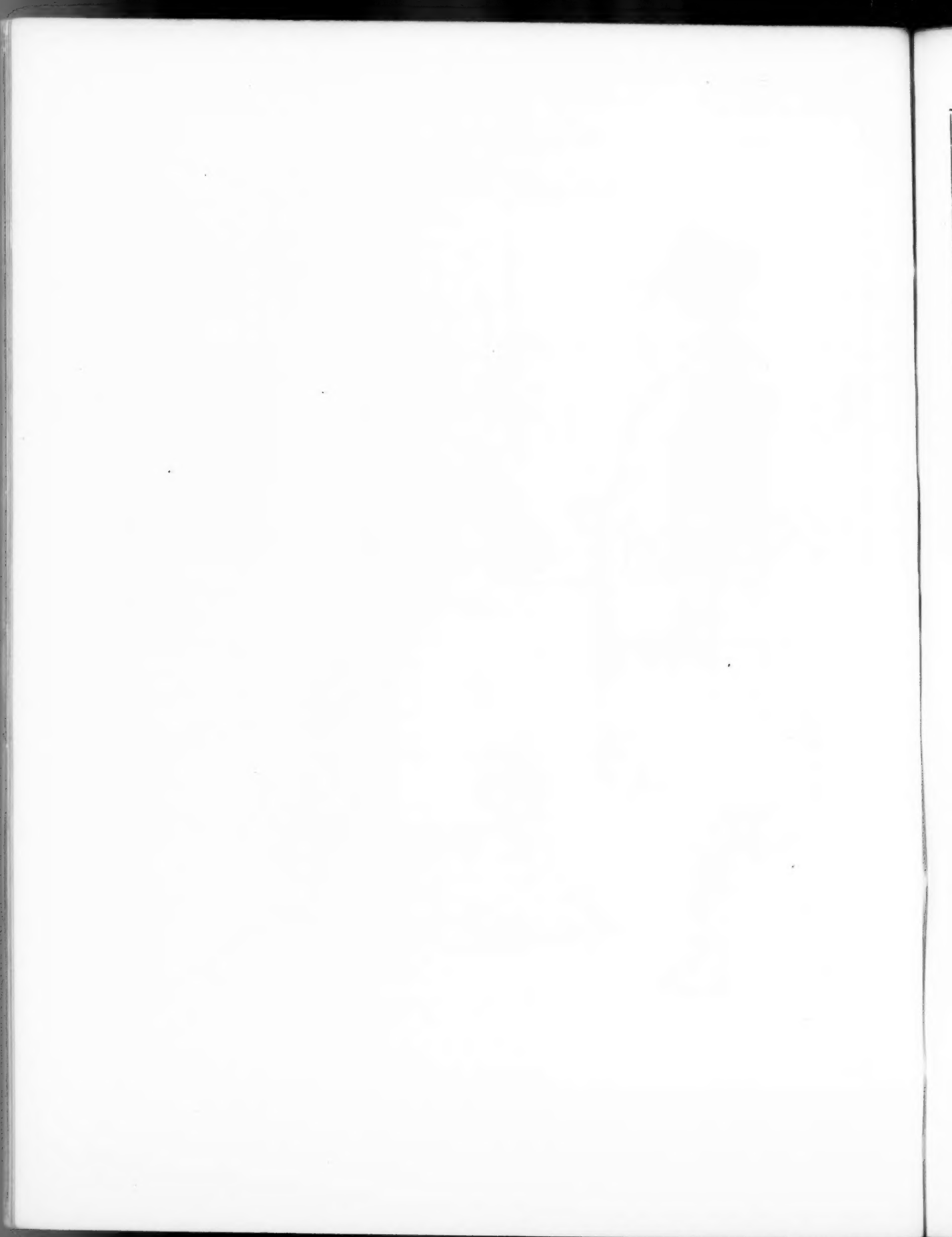
THE POETRY OF PRIZE CATTLE.

BETWEEN the agricultural and stable mind, there are some analogies; but there are also some differences. The stable mind has certainly the advantage of the agricultural in taste and fancy. There is something pretty and playful in the nomenclature of race-horses, which we do not recognise in that of prize pigs and cattle. We should have perused the list of the winners at the late Agricultural Show at York, with much more pleasure, if the interesting animals had been designated by suitable titles. "What's in a name?" it may be asked; and it may be urged that a hog by any other name would look as plump. True, but in a nice name there is something pleasing, even when applied to a pig. For example, one would experience an agreeable emotion in reading of MR. GILES's boar "Zephyr," or MR. HODGE's sow, "Flora," or "Lisette," or "Julia," or "Zitella," weight so many stone. An ox might be called "Tiny;" a fine milch cow, "Dudu." We do not see why the graces of nomenclature should be engrossed by horseflesh, and none of them shed upon pork, and beef, and mutton.

THE CHARY GOVERNMENT.—Two Hundred Chairs have been placed in Hyde Park and St. James's Park. This munificent gift on the part of Government must be to console the labouring classes for not allowing them the smallest seat in Parliament.



R—SS—LL WARMING P—L'S BED.



A CUT FOR AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER.



A BARRICADE TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR ARTIST.

NOT WORTH AN OLD SONG.

THERE was an action tried the other day (DAVIDSON *v.* BOHN), which is valuable for the light it throws on the very disputable value of that common article of comparative value, "an old song." Mr. SERJEANT TALFOURD declared that the words of a song were of no value apart from the music, and that "immortal verse" perishes outright as to any market value it may have, from the moment of its being wedded to music. This is to consider the music as the husband, and the words as the wife, whose personality is merged in that of the man in wedlock.

Composers were called who had been accustomed, when disposing of the copyright of their accompaniments, to throw in the words as of no value, just as turnip-tops are flung in to the purchasers of turnips. BRAHAM and BISHOP take no account of the poet. Yet there are words, by one SHAKESPEARE, and one MOORE, and one HERRICK, and one BARRY CORNWALL, and one KEATS, and one SHELLEY, and one TENNYSON, in this lamentable predicament, of being coupled with flats, and minims, and crotchets—prisoned within musical bars, and warbling through their cage like captive nightingales. It is the cage, however, we are now informed, and not the bird, that is to be looked to. The sound is not the echo of the sense, but the sense of the sound. The music is the accompaniment of the words, and not the words of the music. We congratulate the champion of Copyright on his argument and his theory.

A MELTING SIGHT.—A Prize Cattle Show during the Dog-days.

RAILWAY PICNICS.

THE grand object of Railway Directors is to get a dividend; and the maxim applicable to this process is, "Get a dividend—honestly if you can—but—get a dividend!" Among the various artifices lately resorted to for the purpose of swelling the coffers of the various Companies is the happy idea of Railway Picnics, which are becoming exceedingly popular. A few days ago the Station of the Eastern Counties, at Shoreditch, was alive with all the resources that beauty can derive from millinery; for a party of gay and light-hearted hours, in stiff muslins of every degree—from the broad-skirted book to the jaunty jaconot—had thronged the platform for the purposes of pleasure. The ample *Visite* hung upon the sloping shoulders of youthful grace, and the newly-imported *Palalla*—manufactured of every material from the rich brocade to the paltry Persian or the seedy Sarsnet—gave life and vigour to the Station. We were at first puzzled to make out the meaning of this group, assembled among porters and packages, luggage and luggage-vans, passengers and paper-venders, until upon inquiry we ascertained that a Picnic party was going off by the railway, with sandwiches stowed away in the stuffing-box of the engine, hot water for tea in the boiler, hard eggs deposited in the cylinder, and some champagne, placed for security in the safety-valve. Nothing could be more complete than all the arrangements, and when the tender started, with Pleasure in its train, the sight was a truly refreshing one.

The Picnic came off, we believe, at one of the largest Goods Stations of the Eastern Counties Railway, and the eatables were set out upon one of those revolving pieces of machinery upon which the carriages are turned round, and which, acting as a sort of dumb-waiter, caused the wine to circulate with the utmost facility. There was a constant succession of hot tea from the boilers of the trains passing up and down the line, and the festivities were kept up with great spirit till a late hour. One of the locomotives was kept constantly supplied with the pure element, to act as a great moral engine for the advancement of temperance principles among such as were inclined to follow them.

Wonderful Unanimity of the Paris Press.

"In consequence of the violent outbreak which visited our city yesterday, we regret that our paper could not possibly appear."—*The Débats, Constitutionnel, National, Charivari, Gazette, Le Neveu de Mon Oncle, La Canaille, and all the Napoleon, Republican, Legitimist, Henriquiniste, and five hundred miscellaneous newspapers, that appear every day "in the most civilised city in the world."*

DRAMATIC DEFAMATION.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "DRAMATICUS," wrote last week to the *Times*, insinuating that the malcontents in human shape at Drury Lane, on the QUEEN'S visit, went with malice prepense to insult MACREADY because of his advocacy of fair play in the case of the ill-used Frenchmen. This insinuation has caused the greatest wrath throughout the whole profession. So indignant are the actors in general against the *Times* that—we tell this in confidence to our distinguished contemporary—that an *émule* may in a few evenings be looked for in Printing-House Square; the actors having purchased the wood pavement of Piccadilly, wherewith to throw up a barricade for an attack upon the office. However, we are further told that the demands of the insurgents will not be extravagant, the head of "DRAMATICUS" being all they intend to ask for. We do not see how they could very well ask for less.

Whig Phenomenon.

It may be remembered by the sight-seers of London, that some five-and-twenty years ago a little boy was exhibited, the iris of whose eyes was formed by the letters N. A. P. O. L. E. O. N. It will, we are sure, gladden the heart of the country to learn that a little boy has been discovered somewhere near the Land's End, in whose irides, in very large letters, may be read R. U. S. S. E. L. L. This child, there is no doubt, was born triumphantly to illustrate the sublime Whig truth modestly hinted by LORD JOHN, that RUSSELLS are to be ever appointed by Providence as English Prime Ministers. The Divine Right of Kings is exploded: not so the Divine Right of Whigs.

A Wise Saw adapted to a Modern Instance.

THE boon offered to the West Indian proprietors by LORD JOHN RUSSELL is quite homœopathic in its amount, and may be considered as pushing to extreme the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread in a case where an unlimited supply is required. However, he does his best, though his best is bad enough, to make everybody indifferent. He seems to have a community of feeling with the old poet, who thus addressed the object of his solicitude:—

"Though times are hard, to show how I adore you,
Here's my whole heart and half-a-guinea for you."

THE SUNDAY BILL.



HE tolerant MR. HINDLEY has brought in a Bill to restrict Sunday trading. Now we are great advocates for Sabbath tranquillity. A Sunday in England may be thought to have its dullness; but with that dullness is there not an exceeding comfort? It is a beautiful pause in the toil and toil of life: and may the day be far distant, when the shopman and the labourer shall not look towards one whole complete day in the week, when—to use a commercial phrase—he may quietly take stock of his inner self. At this time of day *Punch* need make no declaration of his unqualified dissent from the gloomy tribe of the funereal AGNEWS.

Punch would not desire to have the birds dumb on the Sabbath, the flowers closed, the rivers stagnant, and the very greenness of the meadows covered up in a fog of whiteness. And, on the other hand, very much would *Punch* deplore a laxity that should permit even the acknowledged heroine of Domestic Drama to embody her bright fireside truths at the Victoria Theatre on the evening of the seventh day. Whilst *Punch* would not, with SIR ANDREW, put everybody in sackcloth on a Sunday, neither would he permit anybody to wear the motley. It is good that men should take their reasonable pleasures on the seventh day: it is good that they should innocently and heartily enjoy the great First Day of Rest: and the poorer the man's lot, the greater his right to the enjoyment; for with him the hours of Sunday are doubly precious. Was it not the wise all-tolerant FENELON who, when a *curé* complained that his parishioners would dance on a Sunday, answered him with a soul of goodness:—"These poor people work all the week, and may if they will, without blame, dance on Sundays. But you, MONS. CURÉ, and myself—you and I, who do not work all the week—let not us dance on Sundays."

We would, therefore, have Parliament legislate with scrupulous tenderness towards the poor man, in this projected Sabbath enactment. Many suspicious little meddlings have been already menaced. Somebody in the debate threatened a crusade against the peripatetic sale of oranges. Now, surely, there can be no harm in a Sabbath orange. The men—mostly of the Hebrew tribe—who proffer the grateful fruit, do not, with their nets, like the Evil One, fish for unwary souls. Neither do we think a pint of shrimps sold, and picked, and eaten on Sundays, are therefore shrimps from the Lake of Darkness. Ginger-pop carries with it no alarming thunder to our conscience; and we can, with no dread of after remorse, serenely contemplate even the foaming periwig of an overrunning pot of ale. "Where virtue is, these are more virtuous."

Sure we are that the excellent LORD MORPETH is an advocate for Sunday recreation. Or wherefore—for we see the amenity published in the papers—wherefore, by order of the Woods and Forests (by command of bounteous PAN) have "upwards of two hundred chairs been placed in Hyde Park, and a proportionate number in St. James's Park, for the public accommodation?" Why, to the end that the people, to whom Sabbath is double rest and double sweetness, may, at their ease, contemplate the feathered pensioners of HER MAJESTY'S Civil List. It would be well, too—would certainly afford pleasanter matter for reflection—were all the pensioners at least as useful as the swans, and ducks, and Solan geese, and all the variety of shovellers and waders disporting in the stream, and unconsciously drawing forth the humanities of little children, prodigal of cake and biscuit.

It is our stubborn faith that the black swan, the noble stranger from the Antipodes, is a source of quite as much benefit and pleasure to HER MAJESTY'S subjects, as the Hereditary Grand Falconer: and—not that we desire to be taken as an authority on the fact—and doubtless hardly costs the people more money. Indeed, if the mob of ladies and gentlemen of the Civil List could be brought into St. James's Inclosure, and fairly confronted with their fellow pensioners in feathers, it is our belief that every *bipes implumis* would feel humiliated by a sense of uselessness conveyed in the self-comparison. Besides, the ducks and geese on the ornamental water—the web-footed pensioners—may in due course be stuffed with sage and onion, and so be eaten. Now, we do not believe that even MR. HUME could ever think of putting the Grand Falconers upon the spit.

To return to the immediate purpose of the Bill. It is just now one of the measures always brought in at an advanced stage of the Session, to make a show of business, and be duly withdrawn. We shall hear but little more of it for the present year. It is said, however, that MR. SPOONER has a few clauses—cut and very much dried—to propose, to equalise the law, whenever the subject shall be agitated, between rich and poor. We give a few of the enactments:—

"That no lady or gentleman soever (bishops inclusive) shall ride to

church on Sundays: That no footman shall be employed to carry a prayer-book for master or mistress:

"That if the sale of oranges be forbidden in the streets, the delivery of pine-apples shall be forbidden at private houses:

"That if shrimps are not to be sold, under a penalty, at Bagnigge Wells, neither shall lobsters be supplied at the Athenæum, the Reform, and other Clubs:

"That if bake-houses are closed on the Sunday, every family keeping servants shall cook on the Saturday, that they may dine cold on the 'Sabbath.'"

THE IRISH TUTOR FOR LADIES.

WE have somewhere heard or read of a Club, rejoicing in the appellation of the "Devil's Own." Such a title, we should think, would be highly appropriate to the Society alluded to in the subjoined paragraph, by the *Cork Constitution*:—

"At a meeting of one of the Confederate Clubs, held on Thursday evening in this city, at which a vast amount of 'base, brutal, and bloody' language was uttered, three vociferous cheers were given for that 'pattern for all Irishwomen,' MADAME LE BLANC, who confessed in Paris that she had cut off the heads of four of the Garde Mobile during the late insurrection."

So MADAME LE BLANC is to supersede KATHLEEN O'MORE and NORAH CREINA, as the type of Irish womanhood. KITTY OF COLERAINE is to spill, not buttermilk, but blood. The Cork Confederation Club having proposed MADAME LE BLANC as a model for their ladies, we wonder what distinguished personage they would choose for their own. The great BURKE, we presume—we mean the friend of HARE, not of JOHNSON.

But it seems that the Irish female character, according to the Confederate view of its perfection, is not yet quite developed. Education is requisite to bring out its latent virtues. "Therefore," says our contemporary,

"It is proposed to establish clubs for women, in which they are to be instructed in all the arts of assassination capable of being effectively carried out by the 'fair daughters of Erin.'"

By way of a preliminary training to actual homicide, we should recommend a quiet course of pig-butchery to the tender novitiates. But we doubt if any amount of initiation would qualify them to become priestesses of Thuggee. We suspect that no instruction in the arts of assassination would render the "fair daughters of Erin" more killing than they are at present.



Driver. "WHERE DID THE OLD GENT WANT TO GO TO, BILL?"

Conductor. "VY, HE WANTED TO GO TO BLACKWALL IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

Driver. "OH! DID HE? THEN HE'D BETTER ORDER A BALLOON!!!"

New Writs.

WE understand that several new Writs have been moved for by MR. LAWRENCE LEVY, who seeks to procure the return of a number of individuals whose acceptance of the hundreds has not been confined to the Chiltern, their acceptances extending to many more hundreds than it would be possible to enumerate.

THE MODEL TAILOR.



HE is the most confiding of human beings. He is generous—charitable to a fault—for the destitute have only to go to him and ask for clothes, and they get exactly what they want. He gives them the best of everything—velvets, silks, the finest kerseymeres,—nothing is too good for them. He even feels a virtuous pleasure in the act—and is quite angry if the person whom he has clothed does not return to him afterwards, and be measured for a new suit. Far from repulsing you, he makes you welcome, and really feels grateful that you have not forgotten him! He presses you in the most tempting manner to have something new. He has a lovely pattern for a waistcoat—a real Cashmere—it is just the thing for you. Will you allow him to send you home one? He is miserable if you refuse,

so take the waistcoat by all means, and make the poor fellow happy. He has, also, some beautiful stuff for trowsers—just arrived from Paris—it would become you admirably—will you let him make you a pair? Don't say No, or else his generous heart will sink, and with it his high opinion of you. His philanthropy, in fact, is unbounded; he does good merely for the sake of doing good. All men are his brothers, with this exception, that he gives them all they ask, even lends them money if they want it, and never expects the smallest return. He is the Gentleman's Best Friend.

THE MODEL TAILOR, sometimes, it must be confessed, sends in his bill, though payment, generally speaking, never enters into his thoughts. But then he is ashamed of the liberty, and apologises most profusely for it. He is fully sensible that he is doing wrong, and blushes in his soul for the shabbiness he is guilty of. It is only that he is terribly distressed for money, or else he would not think of "troubling" you. He is greatly subject to that heaviest of all social calamities—a "little bill." He asks you, as the greatest favour, to let him have a "trifle upon account," and leaves you happier than poets can express, if you promise to let him have something in a day or two. Should it be inconvenient, however, he never presses the point, and will look in some other time. Should you express astonishment at his demand—you cannot have had his bill more than two years—he excuses himself in the most penitential manner, and begs your pardon for having mentioned the subject. The next day he calls to inquire if you want anything in his way; the generous creature forgives as quickly as he forgets. His anger is only roused when you leave him to go to another tailor. He is very jealous of any one else doing a kind action, and would like to enjoy the monopoly of all the Schneider virtues. In his anger he has been known to send a lawyer's letter; but if you go to him, and tell him what you think of his conduct, and order a new wrap-rascal, he will settle the matter himself, and assure you that the thing is purely a mistake, and that no one can possibly be more sorry for it than he is.

THE MODEL TAILOR takes a pride in seeing his clothes on the back of a perfect gentleman. He knows no higher gratification than when he is "cutting out" a nobleman. His greatest enjoyment is going to the Opera, and recognizing, from a distance, the Earls, and Marquises, and the dashing young Barts. and Knts., all walking about in the "charming" coats he has made for them. He throws his entire soul into his business, and places it high amongst the Fine Arts, Sculpture excepted, which he excludes altogether, as he cannot imagine how persons can see any beauty in APOLLO and VENUS, dressed as they are, or how a toga can be considered a suit of clothes any more than a tablecloth.

THE MODEL TAILOR has exquisite taste, and unlimited faith. He praises the figure of every one of his customers, and never doubts any one till after four years' credit. He strives his utmost to conceal the eccentricities of a pair of parenthetical legs, and spares no cloth for fattening every miserable lean calf that comes under his paternal shears. He disowns fox's heads and four-in-hands, and such vagaries upon saucer buttons, and does not encourage the style of dress invented by the "stable mind." He warrants to fit anything, and boasts, though not much given to joking, of having made a dress-coat for a corkscrew. He does not recommend things to wash, that are sure to leave their complexion behind them in the first wash-tub, nor make a practice of registering his straps, his belts, button-holes, and every little article

of costume. He estimates men, not by their measures but his own, and in his tailors' eyes he is the best man who turns out the best after he has been well-dressed by him once or twice. He despairs of LORD BROUGHAM ever being a great man, but has great hopes of PRINCE ALBERT.

THE MODEL TAILOR rarely makes a fortune, unless he has been very unfortunate through life. An insolvency just puts him straight; a first bankruptcy leaves him a handsome surplus, and a second one enables him to retire. The sad truth is, that the simple child of EVE knows he owes all his business to the fact of her biting the apple, and he has not the heart to distress any son of ADAM for the clothes he wears. Perhaps he feels that it would be like pocketing the wages of sin. His assignees, therefore, are obliged to collect his debts for him, and accordingly, the oftener he fails, the richer he becomes. He buys, in his old age, a large estate with a small title upon it, somewhere in Germany, and leaves his "goose" to be cooked by somebody else, universally regretted by all those customers who have known him since the date of his last fiat. He dies a contented Baron. Of all tradesmen, there is not one so estimable, so incredulous, so generous, so beloved, when you meet with one, as the MODEL TAILOR.

A SCENE FROM OTHELLO.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Othello (on this occasion) : by MR. PUNCH.
The Lamp (one of the lights of the age) : by LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Enter OTHELLO (PUNCH) taking the LAMP (LORD JOHN RUSSELL) in his hand.

It is the cause, by JOVE, it is the cause;
Let me not name it to you, ye wild Rads.
It is the cause.

Put out LORD JOHN, and then put in BOB PEEL.

Yet I'll not oust the Whigs,
Nor force the really able ones to go;

I'd rather aid them with some sticking plaister.

Yet he must out—or he'll betray more men.

Put out LORD JOHN and then—put out the Whigs!

If I extinguish thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can thy former place restore, should it repent me;

But once put out the Whigs, I know not where

That party is their places can supply.

[Othello (PUNCH) sits down in a desponding attitude, and

looking at the Lamp (LORD JOHN RUSSELL), he naturally

falls asleep.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—PRIZE CATTLE SHOWS.



THE sympathy of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was greatly moved by the evident distress of a prize bull at the York Agricultural Show. The poor beast could scarcely breathe under its accumulation of suet. The tallow, like Parliament, was just on the eve of dissolution; the heat was so intense that the suffering animal seemed to be basting itself to death with its own fat. It was a piteous sight, and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS could not help remarking to his chief equerry and cook, BARON VON SPEISEKART, that the bull was literally "dripping wet." The joke, such as it is, fled with all the wonderful rapidity of a royal joke, and formed the exclusive subject of conversation for hours afterwards at the Mayoralty, and the principal black-doll shops of the ancient City of York. If the DUKE can only make another joke like it, or one only half as good, his reputation is achieved as a great wit. When he speaks, persons will dig their forefingers into his royal ribs, and exclaim reproachfully, "You're a wag!" or else he will pass through life as a "sad dog," and have his *bon-mots* collected after his death, and sold at all the railway stations.

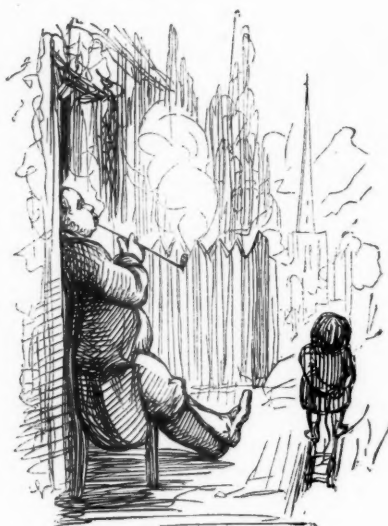
Mortality for the Million.

LAST week, at a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Colonisation, the EARL OF HARROWBY is reported to have stated that the population is increasing at the rate of 1000 souls a-day. It cannot be said that Government is doing nothing to supply a remedy for this monster-evil; for Government sanctions the sale of quack-medicines, than which nothing can operate more effectually as a check to over-population.

WAR; OR, THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.



FRANCE AND FRATERNITY



ENGLAND AND ENJOYMENT.

ELBOW-ROOM.

LISTEN, and mark yon press that wedged in close discomfort stands,
Where Labour thrusts on Capital a crowd of craving hands,
Where Capital itself is cramped, till stagnant stands the gold,
That thro' its limbs, with room to stir, a living tide had rolled.

No air to breathe, but at the price—a buffet for a breath;
No space to spare, but what lays bare the scythe of Mower Death.
Each foot must tread some fellow's head, or heart, or heel, at best,
With smiting hands for helpful, and restlessness for rest.

'Tis England, full and over full! True—fertile is her soil,
But all its growth, trod out by those that have no room to toil:
Hearts may be oak, and sinews steel, and arms of Saxon pith:
There's work enow for these to win bare standing-room therewith.

Look, where a steam of filthy life the breath of summer taints,
Where o'er day and night—long shuttle the hand-loom weaver faints;
Where plies the skinny stockinger his labour till he drops;
And the grinder drinks Consumption from the wheel that never stops;

Where mothers turn from mothers' cares to earn a niggard dole;
Where Infancy must toil to eke the household's scanty whole;
Where for hours the little trapper crouches darkling in the mine,
Nor, save when comes the Sabbath, sees the blessed daylight shine;

Where diggers and where delvers, with due sweat of the brow,
May scantily earn their meed of bread from acres that they plough;
Whereon outworn Labour, gloomily to close a life of gloom,
Waits, certain, Workhouse dotage, Parish-shell, and Pauper tomb.

Nor this the only wretchedness of field, or mine, or mill:
There's starvation that must smile and wear its black coat bravely still;
The thread-bare Usher, hawking all about his useless store,
Glad, for the sorriest mess, to sell his heritage of lore.

The Barrister who thro' the Courts, sore pinched and ill at ease,
Hollow of cheek and bag alike, still hopes for hopeless fees;
The College-bred Physician, heart-sick, and poor, and prim,
Patient as patients waiting, that never wait on him.

And the poor Scribe, that to a film spins out his sorry brains,
As spider spins its web—but his, alas! no prey detains;
The worn Inventor, adding still new engines to the old,
Starving himself on the device shall breed for others gold.

So Mind and Matter pine alike in this eternal press,
The kindly seed of Pity choked with rank growth of distress;
Hearts drown with all their freight of hopes, as on life's ocean rolls,
Sapping our bodies of their strength, and of their grasp our souls.

Yet earth is wide enough for all, and England holds in fee
Rich prairies—broad savannahs—o'er South or Western sea,
Where virgin soils are offering their riches to the hand
That withers for pure lack of work, in this o'er-peopled land.

Unopened mines, ports shipless, loam innocent of grain,
Gardens unpruned, wild vineyards, happy islands, happy main;
The banquet spread, the guests unfed, that jostle here and jar,
Plenty that runs, unblest, to waste, while want here breedeth war.

Then raise the cry, till loud and high it rise from lathe and loom,
From forge and field, from hut and hall, the cry of "Elbow-room!"
Of elbow-room for labour, of elbow-room for life,
For mind, for means, that so may come some calm upon our strife.

That we may have some pause for thought, may find some breathing-space,
To look, not as a foeman looks, upon our neighbour's face;
That we may hold our hold on life, not like poor drowning souls,
Where each that grasps the plank, to death some weaker comrade rolls.

And then how many a swimmer, now struggling with the tide,
Will find that he was grappling with a brother at his side!—
What Right may grow where Wrong is now, what Concord from Debate,
What Knowledge out of Ignorance, what Loving out of Hate!

LOGIC OF DEBT AND CREDIT.

THE *Morning Chronicle* has a long article on the law of Debtor and Creditor. The essay is finely conceived and logically conducted; imparting to the trading world in general one unexpected comfort. For instance, "at this moment," credit is in a most wholesome condition. Hear the *Chronicle*—

"At this moment, not less than nineteen shillings in the pound of *everybody's* money is fructifying or evaporating, as the case may be, in the pockets of somebody else."

Now, as nineteen shillings in *everybody's* pound is one in the pockets of somebody else, it follows that everybody must owe everybody nineteen shillings; and as everybody owes nineteen shillings, and everybody has nineteen shillings to receive, why everybody, in fact, owes everybody nothing.

BORING FOR WATER.—"If you please, Sir, the man's called again for the water-rate."

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A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.



Of course it does not become the present writer, who has partaken of the best entertainment which his friends could supply, to make fun of their (somewhat ostentatious, as it must be confessed) hospitality. If they gave a dinner beyond their means, it is no business of mine. I hate a man who goes and eats a friend's meat, and then blabs the secrets of the mahogany. Such a man deserves never to be asked to dinner again; and, though at the close of a London season that seems no great loss, and you sicken of a white-bait as you would of a whale—yet we must always remember that there's another season coming, and hold our tongues for the present.

As for describing, then, the mere victuals on TIMMINS'S table, that would be absurd. Everybody—I mean of the genteel world, of course, of which I make no doubt the reader is a polite ornament—everybody has the same everything in London. You see the same coats, the same dinners, the same boiled fowls and mutton, the same cutlets, fish, and cucumbers, the same lumps of Wenham Lake ice, &c. The waiters, with white neckcloths, are as like each other everywhere as the peas which they hand round with the ducks of the second course. Can't any one invent anything new?

The only difference between TIMMINS'S dinner and his neighbour's was, that he had hired, as we have said, the greater part of the plate, and that his cowardly conscience magnified faults and disasters of which no one else probably took heed.

But ROSA thought, from the supercilious air with which MRS. TOPHAM SAWYER was eyeing the plate and other arrangements, that she was remarking the difference of the ciphers on the forks and spoons—(which had, in fact, been borrowed from every one of FITZROY'S friends—I know, for instance, that he had my six, among others, and only returned five, along with a battered, old, black-pronged, plated abomination, which I have no doubt belongs to MRS. GASHLEIGH, whom I hereby request to send back mine in exchange)—their guilty consciences, I say, made them fancy that every one was spying out their domestic deficiencies; whereas, it is probable that nobody present thought of their failings at all. People never do; they never see holes in their neighbours' coats—they are too indolent, simple, and charitable.

Some things, however, one could not help remarking; for instance, though FITZ is my closest friend, yet, could I avoid seeing and being amused by his perplexity and his dismal efforts to be facetious? His eye wandered all round the little room with quick uneasy glances, very different from those frank and jovial looks with which he is accustomed to welcome you to a leg of mutton; and ROSA, from the other end of the table, and over the flowers, *entrée* dishes, and wine-coolers, telegraphed him with signals of corresponding alarm. Poor devils! why did they ever go beyond that leg of mutton?

FUNNYMAN was not brilliant in conversation, scarcely opening his mouth, except for the purposes of feasting. The fact is, our friend TOM DAWSON was at table, who knew all his stories, and in his presence the great wag is always silent and uneasy.

FITZ has a very pretty wit of his own, and a good reputation on Circuit; but he is timid before great people. And indeed the presence of that awful LADY BUNGAY on his right hand, was enough to damp him. She was in Court-mourning (for the late PRINCE OF SCHLIPPEN-SCHLOFFEN). She had on a large black funeral turban and appurtenances, and a vast breastplate of twinkling, twiddling, black bugles. No wonder a man could not be gay in talking to her.

MRS. ROWDY and MRS. TOPHAM SAWYER love each other as women do who have the same receiving nights, and ask the same society; they were only separated by RANVILLE RANVILLE, who tries to be well with both: and they talked at each other across him.

TOPHAM and ROWDY growled out a conversation about Rum, Ireland, and the Navigation Laws, quite unfit for print. SAWYER never speaks three words without mentioning the House and the Speaker.

The Irish Peer said nothing (which was a comfort); but he ate and drank of everything which came in his way; and cut his usual absurd figure in dyed whiskers and a yellow under-waistcoat.

GENERAL GULPIN sported his star, and looked fat and florid, but melancholy. His wife ordered away his dinner, just like honest SANCHO'S physician at Barataria.

BOTHERBY'S stories about LAMARTINE are as old as the hills, since the barricades of last month; and he could not get in a word or cut the slightest figure. And as for TOM DAWSON, he was carrying on an undertoned small talk with LADY BARBARA ST. MARY'S, so that there was not much conversation worth record going on within the dining-room.

Outside, it was different. Those houses in Lilliput Street are so uncommonly compact, that you can hear everything which takes place all over the tenement; and so,

In the awful pauses of the banquet, and the hall-door being furthermore open, we had the benefit of hearing

The cook, and the occasional cook, below stairs, exchanging rapid phrases regarding the dinner;

The smash of the soup-tureen, and swift descent of the kitchen-maid and soup-ladle down the stairs to the lower regions. This accident created a laugh, and rather amused FITZROY and the company, and caused FUNNYMAN to say, bowing to ROSA, that she was mistress of herself, though China fall. But she did not heed him, for at that moment another noise commenced, namely, that of

The baby in the upper rooms, who commenced a series of piercing yells, which, though stopped by the sudden clapping to of the nursery-door, were only more dreadful to the mother when suppressed. She would have given a guinea to go upstairs and have done with the whole entertainment.

A thundering knock came at the door very early after the dessert, and the poor soul took a speedy opportunity of summoning the ladies to depart, though you may be sure it was only old MRS. GASHLEIGH, who had come with her daughters—of course the first person to come. I saw her red gown whisking up the stairs, which were covered with plates and dishes, over which she trampled.

Instead of having any quiet after the retreat of the ladies, the house was kept in a rattle, and the glasses jingled on the table, as the flymen and coachmen plied the knocker, and the *soirée* came in. From my place I could see everything; the guests as they arrived (I remarked very few carriages, mostly cabs and flies), and a little crowd of blackguard boys and children, who were formed round the door, and gave ironical cheers to the folks as they stepped out of their vehicles.

As for the evening party, if a crowd in the dog-days is pleasant, poor MRS. TIMMINS certainly had a successful *soirée*. You could hardly move on the stair. MRS. STERNHOLD broke in the bannisters and nearly fell through. There was such a noise and chatter you could not hear the singing of the MISS GASHLEIGHS, which was no great loss. LADY BUNGAY could hardly get to her carriage, being entangled with COLONEL WEDGEWOOD in the passage. An absurd attempt was made to get up a dance of some kind, but before Mrs. CROWDER had got round the room, the hanging-lamp in the dining-room below was stove in and fell with a crash on the table, now prepared for refreshment.

Why, in fact, did the TIMMINSES give that party at all? It was quite beyond their means. They have offended a score of their old friends, and pleased none of their acquaintances. So angry were many who were not asked, that poor ROSA says she must now give a couple more parties and take in those not previously invited. And I know for a fact that FUSBY'S bill is not yet paid; nor BINNEY and LATHAM'S, the wine-merchants; that the breakage and hire of glass and china cost ever so much money; that every true friend of TIMMINS has cried out against his absurd extravagance, and that now, when every one is going out of town, FITZ has hardly money to pay his Circuit, much more to take ROSA to a watering-place, as he wished and promised.

As for MRS. GASHLEIGH, the only feasible plan of economy which she can suggest is that she should come and live with her daughter and son-in-law, and that they should keep house together. If he agrees to this, she has a little sum at the banker's, with which she would not mind easing his present difficulties; and the poor wretch is so utterly bewildered and crest-fallen that it is very likely he will become her victim.

The TOPHAM SAWYERS, when they go down into the country, will represent FITZ as a ruined man and reckless prodigal; his uncle, the attorney, from whom he has expectations, will most likely withdraw his business, and adopt some other member of his family—BLANCH CROWDER for instance, whose husband, the doctor, has had high words with poor FITZROY already, of course at the women's instigation—and all these accumulated miseries fall upon the unfortunate wretch because he was good-natured, and his wife would have a Little Dinner.

Awful Desecration.

SIR F. BUXTON presents his compliments to *Punch*, and begs to state that, after instituting the most searching inquiry as to the alleged working on the Sunday at his brewery, he has found that the fault does not lie with the men, or himself, but with the beer. SIR F. BUXTON pledges himself that every precaution shall be taken, for the future, to prevent its working on the Sunday.



Amiable Young Lady, No. 1. "PRETTY! OH DEAR NO—DO YOU?"

Amiable Young Lady, No. 2. "LAW! NOT AT ALL. BESIDES, HOW ABOMINABLY AFFECTED SHE IS!"

ALBERT THE GREAT.

PRINCE ALBERT has made another good speech. His oration at the York Cattle-Show would have done credit to a Bishop—even to the Bishop of OXON. The Prince drew a very pretty rustic picture of the mutual goodwill and respect of the farmer, the parson, and the farmer's wife. He descended into the details of working-day existence with an affability and grace that charmed all hearers. But all this is nothing to that which is to follow.

We understand that His Royal Highness, animated by a noble ambition, intends in a manner to set aside his present conventional advantages, and to work himself up to the highest honours of the government. It is said that PRINCE ALBERT proposes to model himself upon PETER THE GREAT. Thus, at the next election, the Prince will start for one of the metropolitan boroughs.—Finsbury has been named. Depending upon the manifesto of his principles, His Royal Highness has every reasonable expectation of a triumphant return, to the exclusion of TOM DUNCOMB, who will be very much outbidden by the liberalism of royalty. Once in the House of Commons, there is the grandest field for the exertions of His Royal Highness. There, he will work himself up from an Under-Secretaryship to the post of Prime Minister; to be subsequently raised upon his merits to the Upper House.

As the hut of PETER THE GREAT—covered and preserved—the hut where the royal shipwright worked at the dockyard of Saardam, is still shown to an admiring posterity,—so will the Huttings of Finsbury, whereon the Prince shall labour for the honour of M.P., remain a precious relic; a most interesting evidence of the patriotic labour of ALBERT. In the hut of PETER there is, we learn, an inscription set up by the EMPEROR ALEXANDER—"Nothing is too little for a great man." The same inscription, in raised letters, may be blown in the glass case that covers the ALBERT Hat.

Of course His Royal Highness will not start upon his glorious career under his own name. Such publicity would defeat the noble end. No: as PETER went unknown into the dockyard, so will ALBERT, unknown, canvas the constituency of Finsbury—or somewhere else; for it will be seen that, with our usual astuteness, we have named Finsbury in order to put the country on the wrong scent. When a young Member—duly disguised for the occasion—makes an eloquent onslaught upon the civil abuses, the lavish expenditure of the state,

upon the necessity of sympathising with an enlightened democracy—when such a senator shakes SIBTHORP and fulmines over INGLIS, how little will it be thought that the new Member—the JONES, or SMITH, or BROWN, or WIGGINS, as it may be—is no other than the PRINCE CONSORT, who, on his return home, will delight OUR GRACIOUS LADY THE QUEEN with a full and particular account of the night's debate.

When his Royal Highness shall be raised to the Peerage, then, and not until then, will he reveal himself. Then, whom the world admired as WIGGINS THE ABLE, the world will worship as—ALBERT THE GREAT.

VAUXHALL IN CHANCERY.

THERE is something so utterly antagonistic between a place of amusement and a Court of Equity, that it cut us to the quick to peruse a report in Thursday's *Times*, of an application made on the subject of Vauxhall Gardens in the Court of Chancery. A motion was made to appoint a receiver, or, in other words, it was proposed to make the Accountant-General occupy, either in person or by deputy, the money-taker's box at the door of the Royal Property. It would be enough to damp the spirits of any visitor to be greeted with the words "Pay here," from the lugubrious lips of an officer of the Court of Chancery, and to be compelled to give his check into the hands of some filacer or usher from Lincoln's Inn, with a face of forensic length and an aspect of legal sombreness.

The Court of Chancery can, we know, do almost anything in the way of taking; but we apprehend there will be some difficulty in acting as a receiver of all the cash paid in for sandwiches, bottled porter, Vauxhall chick-a-biddies, and the other delicacies in which the frequenters of the gardens luxuriate. We can understand property being thrown into Chancery; but we cannot comprehend its being worth the while of Equity to take cognisance of mere provisions. But it is clear that even out of a plate of poultry Chancery can find a bone to pick, and, we have no doubt, would enjoy a grill amazingly.

NATURAL WISH.—A poor shoemaker, who has a lot of Gutta Percha on his hands, utters the humble wish that orders for boots would only increase, like the population, at the rate of 1000 souls a day!

CHEAP TOURS.

In these days, when it is quite impossible to go abroad, there is a most eligible opening for a lover of travelling—if he happens to be a rich man—who may go abroad to his heart's content without stirring beyond the equinoctial line (so called because it is half-light and half-dark), of the Diorama in the Regent's Park. This eligible combination of various climes and countries is advertised for sale, with all its life-like representations of cathedrals and mountains, by daylight, sunlight, moonlight, twilight, or any other light, that a dozen gas burners and ten gauze mediums can be made to produce. We recommend a party of moneyed tourists to club together for the purchase of the Diorama, when they may frequent, as often as they please, some of the favourite scenes of the Continent, without exceeding a twopenny fare by omnibus from their own doors.

THE COLD-EARTH CURE.



THE COLD-EARTH DOCTOR VISITING HIS PATIENTS.

THERE is no soil in which Quackery flourishes so well, and bears such good fruit, as in England. From cow-cabbages to Life Pills—from homœopathy to brandy-and-salt—from nonsense to downright stupidity—it does not matter what it is, they all take root, and the weaker the plant, generally the further it shoots, and the larger the produce gathered from it. You have only to cultivate it well with advertisements, and the crop cannot fail to be a liberal one.

The last specimen of greenness in this particular branch, has been the Cold-Earth Cure. It seems that a man's diseases, like his faults, are completely buried when once he is put under the earth. You are imbedded for so many hours, up to your chin, and you come out quite new clay. We have heard of an hospital where the patients were arranged in so many beds, with their heads in rows, like a field of cabbages. The doctor is the gardener, and he digs you up when you are well, and carries you home in a wheelbarrow. This system of horticultural medicine, we are told, is spreading everywhere in the North. It must be only another offshoot of the Vegetable Pills. Man can bear a great deal; but we must say, we should not like being cut and trimmed like a tree, or watered like a flower-bed, or turned over and harrowed like a plough-field, just to get rid of the rheumatism. Who

knows, we might rise with our ears full of corn, our head replete with green-stuff, our eyes expanding into two enormous gooseberries, whilst our hands were covered with big foxgloves, and our coat showed nothing but a mass of tares!!

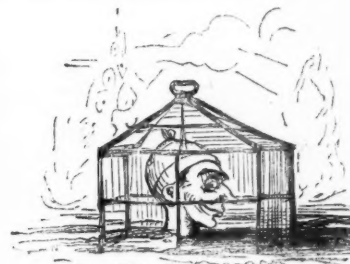
We have had this new system explained to us. First of all, you are put into a bed of virgin soil up to your waist; your arms are at liberty, so that you can read the paper, or drive away any sparrow that perches on your nose.

At twelve o'clock, one of the medical gardeners arrives and administers to you a douche-bath of the finest gravel. This is repeated every hour till you experience the most delicious shooting pains all over, when a refreshing shower

from a watering-pot is sprinkled over your head. This has the desired effect, and your rheumatism,



or your toothache, or your corn, is considerably relieved, and you feel "as fresh as a daisy." This is repeated till nightfall, when you are carried between pieces of turf into the conservatory, where you are locked up till the morning; or else you are provided with a comfortable cucumber-frame to protect you from the dews of the night, and the nocturnal invasion of the cats. This system is persevered in till you acquire quite a new trunk, when you are transplanted to the



hot-house and fed upon the most nourishing herbs, and wrapped up in the daintiest leaves. By these means you are restored to the flower of your youth, and live to a green old age.

Now, this course of medicine may be very deep and clever to those who wish to go below the surface of things; but for ourselves, we prefer standing upon the old order of things. Flesh may be grass, but still we cannot imagine that a kitchen-garden was ever intended as the hospital to cure all the "ills that flesh is heir to." But the subject is far too grave to be pleasant. The duties of such a cure borders so much on the Cemetery, that we are confident none but an undertaker would accept the dirty living.

A GOOD TOAST FOR A POLITICAL DINNER.

AFTER the number of disfranchised boroughs, Members unseated, and seats without Members, it will be absurd for Englishmen to brag any more about Purity of Election. Henceforward the national cry must be, "IMPURITY OF ELECTION." We are sure every Member will act up to it to the utmost of his means.

JOHN BULL'S "ATELIERS NATIONAUX."



BUSINESS-MINDED, calculating, practical JOHN BULL, with so many wise wrinkles in his ample brow, enjoyed many puffs of contempt at those beautiful castles in the air—castles, rose, and gold, and sapphire-tinted, like the evanescent fabrics of one of these fine July skies—the airy castles called *Ateliers Nationaux*; bright, blissful buildings of the last Utopia—LOUIS BLANC the hopeful architect. For weeks did JOHN BULL grunt, and growl, and pooh-pooh at the glittering mist; and sometimes, in the depths of his prophetic spirit, did he sternly, sadly foretell the total dispersion of the cloudy loveliness—rent, swallowed up by the hurricane and thunder. And when the storm began; and when LOUIS BLANC heard and saw the destruction of his misty castles in the thunder and smother of the barricades; when, aghast and spectral, the sometime magician BLANC made his fitful appearance on the scene of ruin, JOHN BULL was cool, unmoved, stoical. He disdained to be surprised. And why? Because JOHN is a political economist; he knew full well that the *Ateliers Nationaux*—wanting a truly economic foundation—would, sooner or later, come down like houses of cards; though, haply, he did not expect with such a crash, and at such a cost of human life and human suffering.

Nevertheless, having for a brief time pondered on the homicide at the barricades, JOHN BULL found comfort—a selfish satisfaction, but withal a cosy one—in the deep conviction that there were no *Ateliers Nationaux* in very merry England. He allowed no idlers: he did not suffer money to be taken from the industrious to cram it in the pockets of the do-nothings. No, no! *Ateliers Nationaux*—and such gimcrack Castles of Indolence—were to be expected in monkey France; but in solid, practical, equitable Britain—he would as soon tolerate the Inquisition.

It was with this sort of self-complacency in the superior wisdom of his own beloved Island, that JOHN laid down the French paper—he had translated the passage to his wife—that announced the suppression of the *Ateliers Nationaux*.

"Of course, my dear; I always said so: no substance in the notion—all moonshine, and couldn't last. Pay a mob of people for doing nothing—pay 'em out of the taxes, too; why, it isn't in reason—it isn't, my dear"—and JOHN always looked the bigger when he came to the phrase—"it isn't political economy."

MRS. BULL was darning her husband's worsted stockings. They had already been so much mended, that, as she avowed, she was ashamed to see any decent man in 'em. Whereupon, JOHN, with a philosophic indifference, declared that the stockings were quite good enough for the Income-tax. With that sevenpence in the pound to pay, how were people to afford new stockings? People must save somewhere. And after all, what was the Income-tax, when in England there were no such burdens—no such folly—no such stupid political economy as *Ateliers Nationaux*?

"Certainly not, JOHN," said MRS. BULL, in her quiet, matronly way, taking off her glasses, and calmly rubbing them on her white linen apron. "You haven't the same word, certainly; but surely, there is in England—and that, JOHN, that is what is eating us up, and making people wear over-darned stockings when they should buy new ones—there is exactly the same sort of thing."

"MRS. BULL," said JOHN, with a mild, benignant look, as though pitying the ignorance of the partner of his bosom—"MRS. BULL, you're a silly woman."

"Of course,—that's how you men put us all off. But the fact is, JOHN, you look so much to words—now, I will say it—that you altogether forget the things. Only give a nuisance an English name, and you swallow it as though you loved it, and could live upon it."

"What does the foolish woman mean?" cried BULL, knitting his wise brow, and drawing his lips to a cherry-bob. "I said, in England, MRS. BULL, we have no *Ateliers Nationaux*."

"And I say you have," replied the dame, "only otherwise christianised. Will you hear me, JOHN?"

"You're a silly thing, my dear," said BULL, contemptuously filling his pipe—"but go on."

"Well then," said MRS. BULL, "suppose, John, every week I was to set down in the house expenses, say ten pounds a week, for seed and sugar and toast for parrots; when, at the same time there wasn't a single bird in the house. What should you call that?"

"Robbery," said JOHN, with no hesitation for the word.

"Well, then," said MRS. BULL, "what do you say to that precious DUKE OF ST. ALBANS?—oh, I've been reading all about the fine idlers of our *Telyrs Nashuno*, reading it till when I think of 'em, and the hours I have to darn to save a penny, my blood does boil again—that precious Duke that takes in the *Nashuno* £1200 for feeding hawks, when he hasn't a single feather on his hands? What's that?"

"My dear," said BULL, confused, "that is a—a—tradition; a—a—" "Fiddledee! You said the right word before, and that's robbery," and nothing short of it. Again, then, what are we to say to the mint of money that's still paid to the royal bastards of—"

"Bend sinisters, MRS. BULL, when you speak of high life," said BULL, and his eyes twinkled despite of him.

"And what are you to say," cried the persisting woman, "to that EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, that, as the monkey ate the cheese instead of weighing it, takes £9000 and more every year out of the scales of Justice?"

"Forms, my love; that is—perhaps—necessary forms," stammered BULL, and he began to reddens.

"And what do you say, then, to the German Princes that are paid for doing nothing in our *Nashuno*?"

MRS. BULL said nothing; but puffed his pipe very violently.

"And what do you say to the Six Clerks' pensions, and the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH's pension; and LORD CAMPBELL's pension, for wearing the Seals of Ireland at his watch-chain for a week; and moreover, what do you say to the EARL OF BESBOROUGH, that takes of the dear QUEEN (poor lady, how she is robbed among 'em!) £1700 a year for feeding the buckhounds, as if the Crown was to be supported by dogs; and—but here—MRS. BULL, look at the list,"—(and here the dame whipped the *Black Book of England* from under her chair-cushion, and forced it in the hand of her husband)—"look at all the names; if some of 'em don't put me in mind of police cases for false pretence and embezzlement, I'm no woman. Look at them, and then say, if you can, that you have, in England here—where we're obliged to darn stockings, when we should buy new ones—say then that you have no *Telyrs Nashuno*."

MRS. BULL received the book as though it were a lump of ice: opened it—ran his eye up and down many a passage—glowing and blinking the while. At length, in a grand burst of indignation at his long ignorance, he dashed the book upon the floor, and rose bolt upright from his seat.

"MRS. BULL," he said, "I'm sorry to own it; but you're quite right. We, too, in England, have our *Ateliers Nationaux* for pensioned idlers. But we must sweep them away; we must, and no mistake about it. We, too, must throw up our barricades—but tremble not, my love—they shall be barricades in the House of Commons."

A NURSERY FOR NURSES.

THE old adage tells us to "train up a child," but modern philosophy calls upon us to "train up a nurse;" and accordingly an Institution for the education of the GAMPSES and the PRIGGSES has been started under excellent auspices. We cordially agree in the policy of this project, and we hope that, among other methods of instruction, a class will be formed for singing "Hushaby baby" with something like a regard to tune and time, so that the sensitive nerves of infancy may not be shocked as they have been, by the imperfect vocalisation of the guardians of our British babyhood.

We believe there will be daily practice in dressing and undressing dolls, so that the nurses may acquire experience in the art, and avoid the errors committed occasionally, by mistaking a child's cheek for a pin cushion. The process by which it is customary to "Dance a baby-diddy," as the poet charmingly describes it, will also form part of the training to which the nurses will be subjected.

An Ill-Fated Revolution.

How will the Three Glorious Days of July be celebrated this year? Will there be any rejoicings at Claremont? Will there be any fireworks, any gratuitous *sauvissions*, any greasy poles, at Paris? And all the speeches, too, that used to be delivered to the King, full of such allegiance, such devotion to the throne of July, will they be repeated this year? We have no doubt the same persons will carry their homage to the President, and protest to feel all, and to swear all, if not more, for the Republic than ever they did for the Monarchy. We are curious to learn how the July *fêtes* have been celebrated? By the bye, different nations have different fates. It is England's fate to be quiet; it is France's, apparently, to have nothing but Revolutions. Surely her destiny is reserved for happier things?

Buckles and Ties.

A WRITER in the *Daily News* very ingeniously traces the political disorders in the middle counties, in 1791-2, to the sudden disuse of buckles, for shoe-strings. Thousands were thrown out of work:—

"The manufacturers of Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, appealed, by petition, to the PARLIAMENT. He promised his influence and example. On the strength of this promise hundreds of persons invested their fortunes in buckles."

The Prince, however, did not use his influence in the cause of buckles; being, perhaps, the only instance on record in which his Royal Highness was not neglectful of his former "ties."



SKETCHES FROM JOHN BULL



More Curriers in a Government office

ULL'S ATELIERS NATIONAUX.



THE MODEL MOTHER.



ALL her children are angels. She knows no children like them. Tom can already spell words of three syllables, and the little fellow is only five years old next thirty-first of July. POLLY puts such curious questions, that her papa is often puzzled to answer them. It was but yesterday she asked him "Why he had such whiskers, and mamma had none?" and MR. SMITH really didn't know what to say. Thank goodness! she has given all of them a good education, and there isn't one that can turn round and reproach her with a moment's neglect. She loves them all dearly, and never ceases thinking of them. It does her heart good to see them happy, and she cannot understand how mothers can part with their children, and put them out to nurse, where they never see them, and leave them entirely to the care of a strange woman.

No wonder their children don't love them! Now, *she* has nursed every one of her family, and is she any the worse for it, pray? She has no patience with such fine ladies. They don't deserve having children. Why, look at baby! The little thing knows her, and understands every word she says. If it cries,—though it is the quietest child in the world—she has only to say "Be quiet, baby!" and it goes off to sleep directly. No! those who don't behave as mothers, will never be loved as mothers, and it's her opinion that when children turn out bad, it is because they have been neglected in their childhood, and have never known the comforts of a home. Ingratitude never grows up in a child's heart, unless it has been first sown there by the hand of the parent. Why, she has never had a moment's uneasiness with any one of her children—and she has ten of them,—and why? Because affection begets affection, and she is positive they would not do a single thing to make their mother miserable. It's true that NED is "a little racketty," but boys will be boys, and the lad is too good at heart ever to go wrong. But if the worst should happen—not that she fears it—the boy never will forget his happy infancy, and that's a blessing! The thoughts of a happy childhood has brought back many a prodigal son, and she knows well enough that her NED would never wander far without feeling that chain round his heart gently pulling him towards home. But it's all nonsense! The boy's right enough, if MR. SMITH wouldn't be so harsh to him!

Thus the MODEL MOTHER defends her children. Their defects are beauties in her eyes: their very faults are dear to her. They can do no wrong. If any breakage takes place, it wasn't the child's fault; she tells you she's only to blame. She stays the father's arm when his anger is about to fall, and stops his voice when his paternal passion is rising. If any of the boys have gone to the theatre, she sits up to let them in. When questioned the next morning as to the hour they came home, she has forgotten everything about it—all she recollects is, that young Tom ate a tremendous supper. She supplies them with money, and, if her good nature is laughed at, she asks you, pray to inform her "when lads are to enjoy themselves, if not when they are young?" She is continually sending presents to ELIZA, who, "poor thing! did not marry so well as her sisters." She is not afraid of taking her daughters out with her, for fear of their age leading to the confession of her own, nor does she dress like a young lady of sixteen, in order to look younger than they. To tell the truth, she carries her family everywhere. The youngest she takes to the theatre; on a Sunday they all go out together; she will not travel, or stir out of town, without the whole troop, or call on an acquaintance "just in a friendly way to take dinner," without having JULIA, and JACKY, and BETSY, and AUGUSTUS, and ever so many more with her. She imagines that because she dearly loves her children, every one must dearly love them also. She discourses on their talents for hours—the reading of the one, the sewing of the other, the blue eyes of the third, the superior accomplishments of the eldest, the wonderful "Busy, Busy Bee" of the youngest—and tells wonderful anecdotes that prove them to be the greatest geniuses that ever wore pinafores. She makes plum-cakes for the boys when at school, and has them home on the Saturday, and every possible holiday, though she's told each time "that it interferes sadly with their studies."

The MODEL MOTHER is happiest, however, at a wedding. She runs

about, kisses her daughter every time she meets her, looks after the breakfast, puts all sorts of packages into the travelling-carriage, runs up and down stairs for no one knows what, and laughs and cries every alternate minute. She never was so happy; and when her darling girl says, "Good bye, mother," she throws her arms round her neck and wishes her all the happiness in the world, accompanied with a hope that "she will never forget her dear mother," and that "she knows where there is always a home for her." Her joy, too, at the birth of the first child is only equalled by her pride and importance. She never leaves her "pet's" bedside, and stops to comfort her, and be the first to kiss the baby. She attends every christening, and nearly ruins herself in presents to the nurses, and coral necklaces, and magnificent bibs and tuckers. At Christmas she has all her children to dine with her; it has been the practice of the family as long as she can recollect, and if there is a daughter abroad, or a son in disgrace no one exactly knows where, she is the first to call recollection to the fact, and to propose the health of the missing one after dinner, joined with the prayer that he or she "may soon be among them again." In the evening she arranges the romps for the boys and girls, and is not the least offended if any one calls her "grandmother." Little presents are given, forfeits are played, glasses of weak negus are handed round, and a Happy Christmas is drank to all. Sir Roger de Coverley finishes the amusements, in which she leads off the dance with her husband, after dragging him away from the whist-table, and she keeps up the fun as long as anybody. At last it is getting late; her children crowd round her, they kiss her, and hang about her, and there is nothing but one loud "God bless you, mother!" heard on all sides. This wish springs from the heart of every one, for there is not a child but who has felt, in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity, abroad as at home, the love and kindness of the MODEL MOTHER.

NATIONAL HARMONY.—A SONNET.

TOWNWARD from Richmond, at the close of day,
Two of us were on foot returning straight,
We having dined—the fact 'tis meet to state.
A Pleasure Van there pass'd us on the road,
Which bore of honest folks a goodly load;
Holiday-makers, of the class and rate
Of working people, by our estimate.
The party was obstreperously gay;
Slightly elate, it may have been, with beer.
Joining in chorus as they roll'd along,
"We won't go home till morning," was their song.
We hailed those revellers with a gentle cheer;
And "Ah! that truly British strain," said we,
"Is livelier than 'Mourir pour la patrie.'"

DEATH OF A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER.

LAST week, at John Street Institution, Tottenham-Court Road, died, Physical Force Chartism. The deceased had been in a very bad way some time; and, by his uproarious conduct, gave very great uneasiness to many who otherwise were his well-wishers. The deceased has not been opened, which we regret; therefore there are many conflicting opinions as to the cause of his death. Some attribute it to a softness of brain, some to diseased lungs; some (the more amiable interpreters) to the misfortunes of several intimate friends, now undoing oakum in the House of Correction. We believe that the desertion of MR. CUFFEY had a very serious effect upon the spirits of the deceased. It was thought, at least, that MR. CUFFEY would have closed the eyes of Chartism, and that MRS. CUFFEY would have laid him out. We regret to state that it has been otherwise. The deceased died almost wholly neglected. It is still declared by some, that he caught his death on the 10th of April; when, against the advice of his best friends, he would go to Kennington Common, where—it is thought—an alarm of the scarlet fever, latent in the neighbourhood, gave such a shock to his system, that he sickened from that hour. Nevertheless, he made frequent attempts to rally, and it is thought, that had his friends supplied him with funds, he might have lingered on for some time. For want of a shell, his remains were consigned to an empty money-box; with a bad shilling nailed upon the lid, as a significant coffin-plate.

Fasting Extraordinary.

A FASHIONABLE morning contemporary, on last Monday week, made the following announcement:—

"MRS. BATES's breakfast is unavoidably postponed till the 26th instant."

An awful time to go without one's breakfast! We sincerely hope poor MRS. BATES may not have been starved.

TRUTH ON TOMBSTONES.—The best epitaph we ever saw was that of a Clown. It simply said, "HERE I AM!"

THE JENNY LIND SHIELD, PRESENTED BY MR. PUNCH.



THE WELLINGTON WEDDINGS.

WE have had the WELLINGTON Dispatches, the WELLINGTON Campaigns, the WELLINGTON Letters—to say nothing of WELLINGTON boots; but the series of Wellingtonia will never be complete till the WELLINGTON Weddings are added to the collection of interesting matter relating to the Hero of Waterloo. He has given away more young ladies, and blessed more happy couples than fifty old uncles in as many old farces; and he has no doubt, repeated the celebrated clap-trap, "There, there: take her, you young dog, and be as good to her as she deserves." He has, we say, uttered this affecting piece of tenderness nearly as often as MR. FARREN, and six times as frequently as MR. TILBURY.

We believe the Duke has a quantity of property purses for distribution on these occasions, to cram into the hands of the bridegroom, with a "Bless ye! bless ye!"

He has been "at it again" last week, when he was present at the marriage of a daughter of the DUKE OF BEAUFORT. He and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE will be looked upon as the most remarkable men of the day; the military hero, for the number of wedding-breakfasts he has consumed, the royal duke, for the quantity of public dinners he has devoured.

A BATTUE OF BILLS.

THE Parliamentary shooting season has just commenced, when it is customary for the Legislature to fire away in good earnest, and hit the mark at last after the mere noise and smoke in which both Houses have been indulging during the last eight months. LORD JOHN RUSSELL has just performed the customary process of slaughtering all the superabundant measures that are not sufficiently matured to reach their natural growth, and a tremendous amount of billicide has been committed. The House of Commons has been turned into a sort of *abattoir* for the various hobbies that have been ridden since the opening of Parliament, but which have come to a dead stand-still, and now evince such an utter incapacity for further progress that it is considered advisable to put them out of their misery at once, and save their friends any further trouble. The *Battue of Bills* this year has been perfectly murderous, and there are but a few survivors left to lament the loss of their companions, who have been cut short in their career.

The Irish Tribune.

THE *Times* of July the 15th, in its report of the Review of the Clubs at Cork, says, "The Review having terminated, MR. SMITH O'BRIEN mounted a heap of rubbish, and, fronting the Lunatic Asylum, he proceeded to harangue," &c. It strikes us forcibly that all those who take their stand upon Repeal talk to no other end. But really, with MR. O'BRIEN's position, and such inspiration before him, every word of his discourse must have gone home. The whole scene, with its rubbish and Lunatic Asylum, must have reminded the honourable Member strongly of Confederation Hall.

THE SUFFERING FOXES.

No doubt the reader has, of late years, come unexpectedly upon foxes in highways and in bye-ways, where foxes were to be least expected. These foxes—the fact has at length been divulged by the French correspondent in the *Morning Post*—are victims to the railways. They have been turned out of their ancestral holes by the despotism of the iron king. Listen to the *Post*. The theme is a description of the road to Vincennes:—

"The route resembled much our Epsom road on a Derby day, such as it was wont to be before the railway stretched its lean long arms through our fields and parks, shutting us out of our green lanes with its iron bars, puffing its noxious vapours into the pure air of heaven, and terrifying all our foxes from out our best coverts by that infernal whistle."

Is it too late in the present Parliament to consider the condition of these homeless animals—the guleless victims of an infernal whistle! We put it to COLONEL SIBTHORP whether, as an enemy of railways, as an officer and a gentleman, he ought not to bring in a short Bill to remunerate "all old foxes" for the loss of their "best coverts." "Never, again, shall we travel by rail with our wonted pleasure. We shall always be overshadowed, depressed by the thought of the many foxes terrified by steam into destitution. Now, it is not "the little foxes" that spoil the vines, but the lines that spoil the little foxes.

THE (VERY) RUM DUTIES.

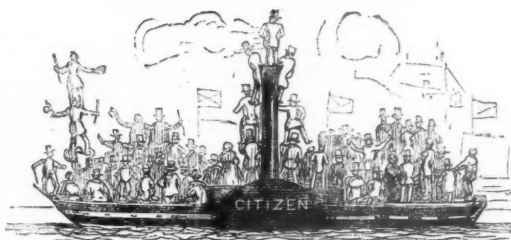
THERE has been a long debate on the "Rum Duties." It followed the Debate on what the Ministry had done,—or rather had *not* done, this Session.—A most fit end for such a beginning! By the bye, a Whig never displays the smallest spirit, but it is sure to turn out rum.

"OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"

THIS is the question one naturally asks when one hears of all the maladies among the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which are being regularly revolutionised, or turned upside down, in accordance with the present order, or dis-order, of things throughout the Continent. The sheep are unfortunately laid up with the small-pox; the pigs are suffering from their old complaint, the measles; the young Highland steers are all so bad that they are being dosed with STREEK'S opodeldoc; the caterpillars can scarcely grub on; the gnats have lost their natty look; the blue-bottles are breaking fast; and even the fish may be said to be suffering under water on the brain, or some other equally distressing malady.

Besides the invalids of the finny tribe, we may particularise the crustacea as being nearly all indisposed; and though the mussels are straining every nerve to keep up, while the cockles are trying to stimulate the cockles of their hearts by an assumed cheerfulness, those who look deeper—namely, to the bottom of the sea—will perceive a general depression among the tenants of the briny ocean; even the sharks are giving vent to a melancholy wailing, and the shrimp, in its small way, is labouring under the almost universal illness that has afflicted the inmates of the ocean. We recommend the throwing of 12,000,000 boxes of FARR'S Life Pills into the sea, for the benefit of the fishes and the good of the public who otherwise might get hold of the medicine.

A PLUNGE INTO THE THAMES.



A SHABBY CREW, WHO ARE ABOVE PAYING TO SEE THE TOURNAMENT.

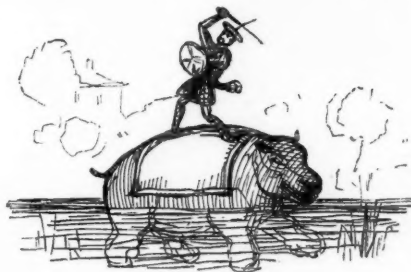
THE Earth has been worked fallow for a fresh crop of amusements. The Air has been traversed with fireworks and balloons. Even Fire has been stirred up and eaten, to give the greedy public a fresh appetite for sight-seeing. There was nothing left but the water, to slake the thirst of the dusty million for something new. The Proprietor of Cremorne Gardens has plunged boldly into this, and it promises to turn up a new element of success. There are depths in the Thames which have not yet been sounded, and hundreds of pounds are there concealed, if a person will only trouble himself to go to the bottom—but then he must not get on a *Cricket* steamer to prosecute his search, or he may never return from his inquiry. However, the Aquatic Tournaments do this admirably for every one, and you enjoy all the sport, without getting any of the ducking. Next to bathing yourself, there is nothing so refreshing, perhaps, in this warm weather, as seeing other persons pursue the manly pastime, which is here carried to its greatest depth. Life-Guardsmen go head over heels, and seem to stand water just as well as fire. Wrestlers court the Thamesian mud, reckless of the laughter that follows their divers exploits. Swimmers splash about like regular TRITONS, and old NEPTUNE looks on, smiling as becomes such a professed veteran.

The balancing-pole, however, is the great fun. The Revenue itself cannot be a more slippery affair to balance than that great pole which is bent upon plunging every one into the mud which yawns beneath it, just as if the candidates were only so many Whig Ministers. There



is a mine of wealth, we repeat, in the Thames; the first plunge has only been taken. Why not have an aquatic circus? There is AMPHITRITE, who might be called up from her coral caves to execute a rapid act of sea-horsemanship on a wild monster of the deep! ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

might swim round the circle, on a couple of tame dolphins or alligators, real natives of the Nile! NELSON might fight any six French sailors on the back of a British whale; crocodiles might be tutored to sport themselves on the luxurious banks of the Thames; and the Courier of



St. Petersburg could carry his dispatches to his native place by water, in the very jaws of danger.

We know a bank at Cremorne Gardens, which we should like to bring to our door, and we would warrant to open an account in it, which, like the deposits in the banks of Pactolus, should run with nothing but gold. As it is impossible, however, to bring Chelsea up to Fleet Street, we make a present of the bank to Mr. ELLIS, as he is the first person who has liberally thrown a fortune into the water, in the hopes of pulling out a larger one. We hope he will be successful in his new line, and that all the fish that come to his net will be nothing but gold.



FOUND, TWO CONUNDRUMS!

THEY will be given up to the owner upon his leaving his name and address with the publisher, and paying all expenses. Respectable references will be required.

The following is an accurate description of the two Conundrums, as far as we could make them out:—

FIRST CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why is an old gentleman who gives a hundred thousand pounds to his favourite niece like PERROT?

A. Because he comes down with a plum (*aplomb*).

SECOND CONUNDRUM.

Q. What is the best wine to drink at dinner?

A. Why, or-dinnery wine, of course, you great pump!!!

An early application is requested, as it is feared that the Conundrums, unless speedily removed, will do serious damage, for they are of that explosive nature that it is found utterly impossible for any one to keep them in.

A Hint for Holloway.

PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY has shown so much vigour of imagination in his cases of "a gentleman having recovered the use of" this, that, and the other, by the use of the Professor's Ointment and Pills, that we think we cannot do less than reward his ingenuity by suggesting to him something new, in the shape of an ADVERTISEMENT.

"A GENTLEMAN RECOVERED THE USE OF HIS SENSES BY SO-AND-SO'S PILLS. The patient had long been addicted to the folly of taking quack medicines, and he had resorted to every pill and ointment that came out, without deriving from any of them the smallest benefit: at length, in a fit of unusual absurdity, he tried Professor So-and-So's Pills, the effects of which were such as to cause him at once to recover the use of his senses, and he has never been known from that time to take a single dose of quack medicine."

ONE FACT IS WORTH A DOZEN DEBATES.—More Members have been unseated for bribery this Session than in any previous one. This is only another proof that No Reform is needed.

ARMS FOR THE IRISH AGITATION.¹

WE have lately seen the Arms of Sicily, which consisted of nothing but legs. Now, the Irish Confederation has been going lately at such a rapid rate, that the same arms would do capitally for it, for really it wishes to walk into everything. It has long been distinguished for the absence of head, and vapour and smoke are not a bad substitute, as Irish rebellion goes, for brains. A pair of wings will assist its flight, whilst its long legs will help it to get out of the way of danger in time. We present the Irish Clubs with the above arms; and, if they will only take our advice, they had better throw away the pikes and blunderbusses they have lately bought, and remain peaceful, as we are doing in England, in the hopes that there is "A good time coming, Boys." Why not join cause with the Saxon, and make a common cause—one victory of it?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"WILL you excuse my stepping out of my grave just to address you? You said in your leader of July 18th, (an admirable one, but this is 'spoken aside,') that "a full-grown Bill bounces on the table of the House like a *Harlequin* out of a window, and exclaims: 'Here I am!'"

"Now excuse me, Sir, but *Harlequins* never speak. They jump through windows, it is true, and very cleverly they do it; but not a syllable ever comes from them. Like a dumb beggar, a word would ruin them. It is only the *Clown* who speaks,—a truth which can be confirmed any day by reading the Debates, or any old copy of *Mother Goose*.

"Will you allow me therefore, Sir, to take the words out of *Harlequin's* mouth, and to put them into my own? I have said them so often that I am sure no one will doubt my word, or attempt to rob me of a single one of those above.

"With every respect,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Your very obedient Ghost,

"JOSEPH GRIMALDI."

"Warm weather this for a Pantomime!"

"Compliments to SIBTHORP."

Turf Pressure.

THE scientific papers inform us that "LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY has constructed a turf-pressing machine, which secures uniformity of pressure." The thing which presses the hardest upon the Turf, we always understood to be the settling day at TATTERSALLS'. The uniformity of this pressure, however, we very much doubt, for hitherto it has only pressed upon those who could afford to pay, without touching in the slightest upon those who had not the means to pay. If LORD WILLOUGHBY has at all remedied this inequality, he must be the best friend the Turf has had for years; for hitherto the pressure has been so much upon one side, and the ground has been so slippery, that it has required a very strong man to maintain his footing upon the Turf for any length of time. LORD WILLOUGHBY deserves a testimonial from the "Stable Mind."

NATIONAL VANITY.—Governor Dodge has been nominated as Vice-President of the United States.

A DINNER ON THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that there is a regular *table d'hôte* at the Cambridge Station, for the passengers by the trains that stop at that delightful rendezvous. The first course consists of soup, boiled up to fever heat, and the next course is that mere matter of course—the ringing of the bell—before three spoonfuls of the soup can be taken by the most determined of railway Salamanders, or eaters of fire. It is necessary to have the tongue of MONSIEUR CHABERT, the gentleman who lived on prussic acid and red-hot coals some twenty years ago, or took his dish of ash direct from the grate every day—it is, we say, necessary to have this individual's tongue, with a throat of genuine asbestos, in order to partake comfortably of the soup on the Eastern Counties Railway.

We have seen some infatuated individuals sitting down to partake of the *table d'hôte* spread for them at the Cambridge Station, but we never saw any one get beyond the spontaneous combustion of his mouth with the burning soup, and we really believe that the rest of the dinner is a mere matter of fiction, which the rapid starting of the train after the first four mouthfuls renders completely superfluous.

Nothing can be easier than to start a *table d'hôte* on a railway line; for it requires only a tureen full of boiling hot liquid and a few dramatic chickens, with a piece of cold roast beef done in profile by a good stage carpenter who knows his business—and a few slices of practicable—that is to say real—bread, when, by a timely ringing of the bell, the whole company may be drawn off at once, before the "mean subterfuge" of canvas fowls and timber sirloins can be detected. We verily believe that we have recognised the same "property" plum-pudding on the table at one of the Stations for the last three months, and we have no doubt that the sponge-cake in the centre is dusted once a week, and garnished with candied lemon-peel once a month, for the lemon-peel is candid enough to speak for itself, and it tells its own age by the extreme dryness of its aspect.

As to the sandwiches at the *table d'hôte*, they prove the indifference of the proprietor to his own interest, for it is quite evident that he could not say on which side his bread is buttered. We have nothing to say against the ordinary refreshments at the Cambridge Station, which are no doubt sufficiently cheap and good, but it is against the attempt at a *table d'hôte* that we protest, when five minutes are allowed to make a meal, upon which the most mealy-mouthed could not bestow, conscientiously, the smallest eulogium.

THE POLITICAL SIAMESE TWINS.

MR. URQUHART protested—

MR. ANSTAY complained—

MR. URQUHART would divide the House—

MR. ANSTAY would support his Hon. Friend—

The House does divide, and the Siamese Twins get one by their motion—thus proving, singularly enough, the great unity that exists between them. Really, we wish these two-in-one gentlemen would propose some amendment in their own acts, instead of those of Parliament. This mighty league of two is getting dreadful. It must be weakened. Now ANSTAY is nothing without URQUHART, and URQUHART is still less without ANSTAY. The only plan, then, is to separate them, or else the country is lost. But perhaps it will be safest to leave them alone. They are so fond of dividing everything, that eventually they cannot fail to get up a division between themselves. With their usual cleverness for splitting straws, they must succeed in the operation, and when the division does take place, it will be the first time that anything emanating from them has elicited no opposition. They will be able to congratulate themselves upon having brought forward something at last that has been carried unanimously. The report in the papers will be:—

"The two Hon. Members divided, and the result of the division was received with loud cheering from all parts of the House."

England by this means will gain an additional Member, for at present, the two Members only making one, neither of them is more than half a Member. Come, ANSTAY, be a man!

Contract for Glass.

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE having in the handsomest manner (he must say that of himself) determined to remunerate the householders in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square for the windows broken on the late meeting—

And being resolved to call further meetings, and to bear all the incidental charges thereof, is open to receive contracts from glaziers to do his work by the square. The tenders to be sent in sealed, with the lowest price for plate-glass.

THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.



SHE is so hurt to hear that the children disturb you! She has the greatest trouble in keeping them quiet, but begs you will not hesitate to mention it if they are at all noisy. She has told them at least fifty times never to come into your room, the little plagues!—She's very sorry, but she cannot make twenty breakfasts, and wait upon twenty gentlemen all at once. You really must wait a little longer.—Well! it's very strange, but the chimney never did smoke before; whatever can be the cause of it?—Oh! that noise at the back is the skittle-ground—she quite forgot to mention it previously, but her house adjoins "a public,"—it's a great nuisance to be sure, but it's only of an evening, and won't trouble you much after eleven.—She hopes you feel yourself perfectly comfortable?

She can't for the life of her make out who takes your books! all she knows is, that she's no time for reading—it must be that hussey, ANN; she'll send her away as sure as she's born, if she catches her at it!—You must make a mistake—there wasn't a bit of the leg left yesterday, she's ever so positive there wasn't—she can show you the bone if you wish it.—She never recollects coals so abominably dear; it's quite shameful! The ton you had in last week is all gone, and she was obliged to lend you a coal-scuttle herself this morning.—She can't make out what makes the paper so very late—those tiresome boys are enough to wear one's life out.—She's very sorry if there's no mustard in the house—she has told ANN to get some at least a hundred times, if she has told her once, but it's of no use. She must get rid of the girl!—Lor! how very provoking—she wishes you had only told her you wanted some hot water—she's just that very minute put the kitchen fire out, but there's some nice fresh water, if you'll have any.

What! a FLEA? (it is quite impossible to express the scream in type; the reader must imagine in his mind's ear something equal in shrillness to a railway whistle), A FLEA!!! did you say. Oh! that she should live to hear such a thing! She's only a poor lone widow, and it's cruel—that it is—to throw such a thing in her face! Well! if you are bitten all over, it's no fault of hers; you must have brought the "nasty things" in yourself. Her house is known to be the sweetest house in the whole street—you can ask anybody if it isn't!—Would you be kind enough not to ring the bell so often—there's a poor invalid lady on the first floor, and it distresses her sadly!—She begs your pardon, but linen always was an extra—she had a gentleman who stopt in her two parlours once for ten years: he was a very nice gentleman to be sure, something in the law, and he never all the time raised so much as a murmur against the linen, nor any other gentleman that she has had any dealings with. You must be mistaken.

She really cannot clean more than one pair of boots a day—some persons seem to have no bowels for the servants—poor creatures!—Well! what's the matter with the curtains, she should like very much to know? What, rather old! Well! on her word it's the first time she's ever been told so, and they have only been up these eight years,—if so much, decidedly not more! However, if persons are not satisfied, they had better go—she has been offered three and sixpence a week more for the rooms—and goodness knows she doesn't make a blessed farthing by them. She's anxious to satisfy everybody, but cannot do wonders—and what's more, won't, to please any body!—She's extremely sorry to hear that you have lost half your shirts, but she cannot be answerable for her servants, of course. She has told her lodgers over and over again always to be careful and lock their drawers, till she's fairly tired of telling them! What do you say? They always have been locked! Well! she shouldn't at all wonder now that you suspect her?—if so, she can only tell you to your face that she doesn't wear shirts, and begs that you'll suit yourself elsewhere. She never experienced such treatment in all her life, and more than that, she won't—no, not to please the Queen, or the very best lodger in the world! Perhaps you'll accuse her next of stealing your tea and sugar? What, you do? Well! she's ashamed of you—that she is—and should like exceedingly to know what you call yourself? A gentleman indeed! No more a gentleman than she is a gentleman. However, she won't

harbour such gentlemen in her house, she's determined of that, so you'll please take the usual notice, and bundle yourself off as quick as you can, and precious good riddance too! She won't stand nonsense from anybody, though she is nothing better than a poor widow, and has not a soul to protect her in the wide world! She never saw such a gentleman.

Not a word more, however, is said. The next evening some oysters are sent in for supper "with Missus's compliments, please she says they're beautifully fresh;" or if it is Sunday, she ventures in herself with her best cap, and two plates, one over the other, and "hopes you will excuse the liberty, but the joint looked so nice, she thought you would just like a slice of hot meat for luncheon, with a nice brown potato." She stirs the fire; sees that the windows are fastened down tight; can't make out where the draft comes out; asks in the softest voice whether you wouldn't like a nice glass of pale ale; and finishes by wiping with her apron the dust off the mantelpiece and all the chairs, and hoping that you're comfortable.

As the fatal day draws near, she knocks at the door. "Is she disturbing you? Would you be kind enough to let her have a little drop of brandy—she should esteem it a great favour—she has such a dreadful sinking."

The next morning she lays the breakfast cloth herself. For the first time the weekly bill is not ready, "but she's in no hurry—any time will do. Why! surely you're not thinking of going in this way? You have been with her so long; she should be miserable to lose you—such a nice gentleman too—you cannot mean to go!"

But, alas! there is no appeal. Here let us shut the door. Language is too weak to describe the terrible slammings and bangings, and the fearful sarcasms of that last day. Arithmetic too, falls powerless before the awful array of formidable "extras" in the last week's bill of the MODEL LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

Irish Rebel Melody.

OCH! Murder! Bad luck to ye, base JOHNNY RUSSELL;
Sure is it meself ye would saze and confine?
Would ye thrate me like MITCHEL, JONES, VERNON, and FUSSELL,
And be afther impadin' me noble design?

Ah, ye thief o' the world! Ah, ye Saxon oppressor,
Would ye rob me, I say, o' me birthright of spache,
All because, in the way of a peaceful Professor,
Just a little rebellion and bloodshed I prache?

Would ye pinion me, like a misfortunate agle,
Since the right of resistin' the law I maintain,
And that property's theft, and to make it a legal
Possession, it ought to be stole o'er again?

Fond, fond was the pictur me fancy had painted
Of uproar and massacre, pillage and flame;
Arrah! Would me bright steel with your heart was acquainted!—
Ye've intirely destroyed me magnificent dhrame.

I beheld o' me country the glorious image
In a grand hubbuboo, a majestical broil,
All at sixes and sevens, and meself in the skrimmage,
Comin' in for an iligant share o' the spoil.

But me prospects are clouded, the word has been spoken;
'Tis all up with me schemes—I am ruin'd and kilt;
'Tis me pike that is blunted, me bottle is broken,
And what will I do now me vitriol is spilt?

Och, LORD JOHN, ye spalpeen, be your lot botheration,
Since the flower o' rebellion ye've nipt in the bud,
And have snuff'd out meself with your prompt legislation,
That has chated me out of me plunder and blood!

Investment for Hungry.

A NEWSPAPER advertisement announces that—

"A Fortune may be realised in a few years, without any risk, by a party commanding a small capital, who would invest the same in the purchase of a Patent Medicine, which has been established with unprecedented success."

We commend this to the notice of any knave who may be willing to trade upon the public credulity, and to tamper with the public health. Let him listen to the call of the advertising decoy-duck—crying, "Quack, quack, quack!"

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

PEOPLE have been wondering a good deal lately, how it is that France contrives to be called, or to call itself, the centre of civilisation. We will not dispute the assumption of the French, but we can only say, that if their country is the centre of civilisation, there must be just now a good deal of centrifugal force in operation, which drives all the civilisation away from the place which national vanity proclaims to be its centre.

THE OVERWORKED DOOR-KEEPER.



SOME ill-natured remarks have recently been made on the subject of the duties and salary of the door-keeper to the Court of Chancery. It is really too bad to throw out insinuations of idleness against an official whose occupation is constant; for if he even had nothing else to do but to open the door of the Court of Chancery to the abuses that are continually pouring in, he would find himself incessantly at work in his official capacity. It is true, perhaps, that as the door for abuses is left wide open at nearly all times, there is an economy of the door-keeper's exertions to a considerable extent; but the labours of the official extend to a series of arduous tasks of which the public cannot be cognizant. We have been at some trouble to trace the door-keeper through an entire day's work, and when it is remembered he has only £3218 a-year, and that his claim rests upon usage, which is the most peremptory of all laws—for "use is second nature"—we are sure it must be admitted that the functionary thoroughly earns his salary. He begins his day's work—in a costume sufficiently light to fit him for the arduous undertaking—by reading, or attempting to read, the *Morning Post*, with the aid of coffee and other stimulants. Those only who have tried to accomplish this exhausting feat, can form any opinion of what the door-keeper goes through, if he goes through a column of the journal selected for the exercise of his powers of endurance.

This toil being over, he proceeds to the scarcely less fatiguing operation of a drive in the Park, in the course of which rapid act of gigmanship his head is perpetually at work in the distribution of nods, bows, and smiles—to say nothing of touches of the hat—to his numerous circle of male and female acquaintance. It is calculated that the muscles of his mouth assume no less than five thousand different positions during one circuit round the ring, and it is humbly presumed that this of itself would be sufficiently hard work to entitle him to two-thirds at least of his door-keeper's salary.



Perhaps, however, it is the evening's demand on his physical and mental energies that may be supposed to give the finishing touch to the prostration of the used-up door-keeper. He may be seen in a box of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, performing feats of almost Herculean strength with his hands, and gasping out in murmurs, rendered faint and gentle by the exhausting labours of the day, an occasional "brava" at the strains of the greatest Swedish turn-up that ever fell into the hands of a manager. We trust, after this explanation, that we shall hear no more about the office of door-keeper to the Court of Chancery, with its £3218 per annum, being little better than a sinecure. We shall be having the holder of it giving it up in a fit of over-sensitiveness if these imputations upon the value or extent of his exertions should be cruelly persisted in.

Court Patronage.

FROM the immense fatigue undergone by the *Silver-stick* and *Gold-stick*-in-waiting during HER MAJESTY'S visits of state to the Royal Italian Opera House and other theatres, it has been decided to appoint a third officer to lighten the burden of the two above officials. The new birth will be bestowed on G. HUDSON, Esq., M.P., under the title of the "Iron-stick-in-waiting."

TO AGED CLERGYMEN.

We subjoin an advertisement from the *Athenaeum*, that must drop upon the grey head of some curate of "not less than 80 years of age," like a whole omer full of manna:—

TO AGED CLERGYMEN.—The Patron of a Rectory of about £700 a year is desirous of presenting it, in the most legitimate manner, to a Clergyman of not less than 80 years of age, of sound High Church principles.—Applications, with testimonials, &c. to be addressed to ———. All communications will be considered quite confidential.

The Patron is, of course, desirous of keeping the Rectory aired for a short season; hence, why did he not at once put forth his wants in the following straightforward terms?—

WANTED, A WARMING-PAN for a Rectory. The said Warming-Pan must be a very old Warming-Pan, as it is only needed for a very, very little while; the young gentleman for whom the bed is destined being about to leave College in a very short time, when there will be no further use for the Warming-Pan, the aforesaid young gentleman keeping the bed aired himself.

Perhaps, moreover, we do the Patron—(would he sit for his portrait to LEECH?)—grievous wrong. Possibly, his "High Church principles"—by the way, some people's principles fly as high as Chinamen's kites, there is no discovering them—prefer "clergymen of not less than eighty years of age," for the best of reasons: they are best illuminated for their office. For what says the poet?

"The soul's dark mansion, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time hath made."

Hence the Patron—through his octogenarian rector—may obtain at least a glimpse of the light that, from his present darkness, there is no doubt he wants. "Tell him," said BEN JONSON, sending a message to KING JAMES, "tell him his soul lives in an alley." May not the soul of a Patron dwell in the darkness of a mouse-hole?—Of a Church mouse-hole?

ANOTHER CRY FROM ANOTHER BLUE-COAT BOY.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM so glad you have said we were not charity boys, and hadn't anything to do whatever with a charity. We feel more comfortable now, and don't mind so much what the little blackguards say, when they laugh at our dress—it isn't very handsome, though, is it? My sisters don't like it at all, and wish you could get it altered for us. I tell you what we should like—a nice little velvet cap, with a gold tassel; and a coat (red's a nice colour,) with tails (of course), and some pretty brass buttons. Then instead of our yellow stockings, which are not becoming, are they? and expose our legs to all kinds of remarks, we should wish to have some white trousers, that fit tight, and Wellingtons, with high heels. These, with a buff waistcoat and a blue tie, would do much better than our present costume, and would save us the annoyance of being mistaken for vulgar boys, that are under the command of a beadle with a big cane, and sing on Sundays in the organ-loft. We have no doubt, if you would make a nice drawing for us, that the thing would soon be done. I am sure our mamas would like it immensely; or, if it came to the worst, we should not mind wearing a gown like the boys you see in the pastrycooks' and cigar shops, about King's College—but the red coat and white trousers would be much jollier. I can't say more just at present, as papa's carriage is waiting for me, and I am going to Windsor to see the Palace, if we can only get in.

"I am, my good fellow, *Punch*,

"Your constant reader (at our Club)

"A BLUE-COAT BOY."

"A riding-whip, or a little cane, wouldn't look amiss; but just draw us the most knowing dress you can. You know so well the sort of thing we want—something that will be slap-up, and telling—you understand. We want to be taken for young gentlemen. I enclose you my name and address, but I trust to your honour not to send it to any of the masters.

A Good Mob-Disperser.

IT has been recommended to Government to send MR. ANSTEY to Ireland, for the purpose of addressing all the public meetings, as, from the great success he has had in the House, he could not fail, within the shortest space of time, to reduce the largest assembly to considerably less than forty. MR. URQUHART, it is reported, is to accompany the Hon. Member in this great plan of Irish pacification. The two together must succeed.

PRETTY LITTLE EGYPTIAN SAYING,

(Attributed to the good Old Cheaps.)

SCANDAL, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams, but it is extremely difficult to trace to its source.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.



EVERYBODY admits that the Thames authorities are only waiting for a tremendous accident, by the overcrowding of a steamer, to take the necessary measures for protecting the lives of the community. We have no doubt that "There's a good time coming, boys," as the song says; but it is a great pity that it don't come at once, for the LORD MAYOR can do nothing for us till he has got a tremendous accident to go upon. He requires a few broken heads and arms, as data to deal with, and it is only upon the *disjecta membra* of a few tourists to Greenwich or Gravesend, that he can venture to legislate. We shall not be allowed to feel cool and collected in a steampacket until some of our fellow-creatures have been blown to bits in such a style as to render it utterly impossible that they should ever be cool and collected afterwards.

We really begin to wish that some gallant fellows would crowd themselves into one of the river craft, for the purpose of forming the materials of a "terrific casualty," and thus do for the Thames what CURTIUS did for the gulf, in closing it up by making himself the sacrifice for his fellow-citizens. The river yawns, and the LORD MAYOR is asleep, until some over-crowded steamer, turning itself into a forlorn hope, shall perish in the attempt to awaken the authorities from their fatal lethargy. When there shall be a regular explosion on the Thames, and some of the victims shall sing in mournful chorus,

"Here we go up, up, up,"

while others proceed with the dismal refrain,

"Here we go down, down, down,"

nothing will be done for the prevention of the overcrowding of steam-boats. A reward ought to be offered for a cargo of voluntary *Noyades*, willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the public in general. If some of the Irish rebels would undertake this service, they might be doing a service to themselves by cooling their revolutionary ardour, and at the same time earning the gratitude of their English fellow-subjects.

THE VOICES OF A NATION.

WE see a pretty little book advertised, called *The Cries of London*. What a curious book the Cries of Paris for the last twenty years would make! It should begin with Charles X., and give the different cries of the House of Bourbon, *Vive la Duchesse de Berri*, *Vive le Duc de Bordeaux*, &c. &c. Then it should enumerate all the cries of the July Revolution, starting with *Vive la Charte*, and ending with *Vive Louis-Philippe*, specifying all the numerous cries which followed *Le Premier* (and *le Dernier*) *Roi des Français*. Then should follow the cries which have made France such a place of crying evils ever since February. The *Vive Barbès*! *Vive le Bonnet Rouge*, *Vive la Guillotine*, and Long Live many other things that would let no one else live. Lastly should come *Vive la République*. Here, for the present, the series should stop, just reserving a line for *Vive Lamartine*, (a cry in which we would join with all our heart,) only perhaps it will be best to leave the book alone. It would only suggest melancholy thoughts, proving that a nation is often so childish that it will cry almost for anything. Since France, however, is fond of crying *Vive* everything, we will give it a motto, which is quite as good as *Liberté, Égalité*, and *Fraternité*. Let the cry of every Frenchman henceforward be "LIVE AND LET LIVE." If this were generally acted upon, it would knock down the barricades more effectually than all the cannon from Vincennes. We say "*Vive tout le monde*."

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY—ARMY ESTIMATES.

MR. B. OSBORNE said it was a great hardship to compel officers to march or go to dinner in full-dress coats. How absurd it was to ask an officer with £60 a-year to march in a coat worth £20. (*Hear, hear!*) It was also very ridiculous to substitute a *shell-jacket* for the usual undress coat.

MR. PUNCH (Member for all England) thought that a *shell-jacket* was the best fitted for *lobsters*. (*Loud cheering.*)

GENERAL EVANS and COLONEL SIBTHORP rose to order.

COLONEL DUNNE didn't care being himself made the subject of MR. PUNCH's attacks, but in the name of the whole "line" he protested against the term *lobsters* being used in reference to that portion of the Army.

MR. PUNCH had no objection to say, that he had merely used the term *lobsters* in a Parliamentary sense. (*Oh, oh!*)

GENERAL EVANS, COLONEL SIBTHORP, and COLONEL DUNNE were then perfectly satisfied.

MR. PUNCH resumed his seat and his hat.

MR. OSBORNE wanted to know how it was that, in the 7th Dragoons at the Cape, all the bullets were too large for the rifles?

MR. FOX MAULE apprehended the Hon. Member laboured under a great mistake. The fact was—(*Hear, hear!*)—the fact was, all the rifles were too small for the bullets.

NO LIGHT MATTER.

WE are not afraid of being suspected of revolutionary or republican principles, and we therefore do not hesitate to avow that we have serious thoughts of raising the cry of "*Les Lampions!*" in the first-class carriages of the Eastern Counties Railway. If the Directors do not trim the lamps, we shall certainly begin to trim the characters of the Directors; and we earnestly call upon them to pour the soothing oil of sperm on the storm that is raging in our angry bosom. Our mental ejaculations have already amounted to "*A bas HUDSON!*" and we have once or twice "pronounced" emphatically on the subject to guards, policemen, inspectors, and station clerks, who, individually and collectively, shake their heads with a melancholy confession of utter ignorance as to the cause of the darkness to which the Directors of the Eastern Counties have doomed us. Even the night train is but partially supplied with light, and there being only one lamp where there should be two or three, it is impossible for more than one passenger in a carriage to be illuminated, while the rest remain wrapped in gloomy obscurity.

The intelligent librarian has it, we believe, in contemplation to include a candle in each newspaper or book he sells after eight o'clock, P.M., so that the purchaser may see to read what he has bought—except in the case of *Punch*, which, like the sun itself, requires no borrowed light, and can be perused at all times by the blaze of its own brilliancy.

Our Own Alarming Intelligence.

OUR penny-a-liners in the agricultural districts tell us that drilling has been extensively practised in most of the English provinces, and that the effects are beginning to show themselves in a general rising all over the country. As we, happily, never believe a word that our penny-a-liners write to us, we transmitted one of our confidential scouts (we keep fifty at a thousand a year each) to inquire into the truth of our reporter's reports, and we have ascertained that there has been a vast quantity of drilling (with reference to turnips), and that the rising of the crops throughout the land is general.

The Weakness of Human Nature.

A YOUNG author wrote to his father a letter of the best resolutions. Amongst other glowing promises, he said, "I am tired of joking, and ashamed of punning. Light literature is to me now so heavy, that I am resolved no longer to support the burden. I am determined to go in for higher things."

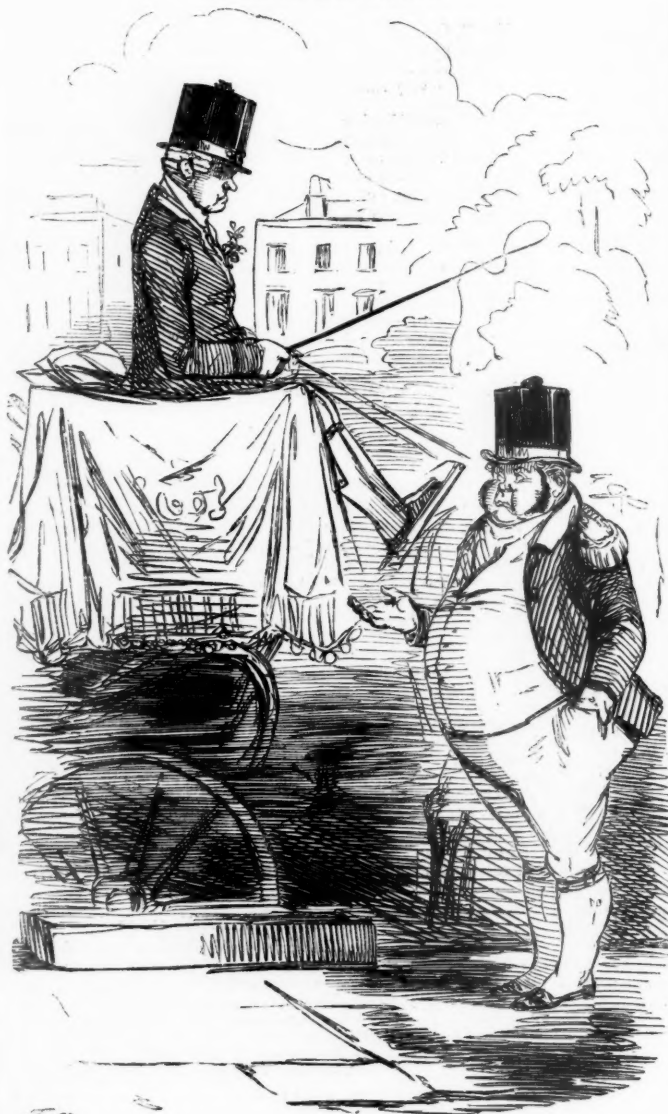
The next week he went up in a balloon!

Alas! for the goodness of young men's intentions!!

The Great Ventilator of the House of Commons.

THE education of some Members has been dreadfully neglected. Look at MR. ANSTEX. It is as much as he can do to count. Sometimes he gets as far as 30; occasionally he musters as many as 35; once or twice he has been able to reach as high as 39; but never in our recollection has he succeeded, in one sitting, in getting up to the figure of 40. It cannot be denied that no man in the House counts less (figuratively speaking), than MR. ANSTEX.

FLUNKEIANA.



Coachman. "WHY—WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN THOMAS!"

Footman. "MATTER ENUFF! HERE'S THE MARCHIONESS BIN AN GIV ME NOTICE BECAUSE I DON'T MATCH JOSEPH,—AND I MUST GO, UNLESS I CAN GET MY FAT DOWN IN A WEEK!"

"LIES LIKE TRUTH."

WE regret to perceive the Electric Telegraph becoming so very sadly addicted to falsehood, that we never know when the fluid is speaking the truth. If the wires were the wires of a harp, they could scarcely represent such a ferocious lyre as the Electric Telegraph turns out to be. The old saying, "Between you, and me, and the post, I don't believe a word of it," is beginning to be strikingly applicable to what is going on between you (reader!) and me, and the posts of the Electric Telegraph. We may with justice say to the fluid, "Bless me! how you do run on!" when we find it telling lies at the rate of hundreds of miles in half a second. We think an action for libel would lie against the Telegraphic bar for impugning the fidelity of the Army, and we can only express our surprise that the wire, which seems generally pretty rigid in adhering to the straight line, should have allowed itself to fall into such very loose observations.

OUR OWN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

As we find our contemporaries are in the habit of producing immense effect by news manufactured expressly for them at the offices of the Electric Telegraph, we have some idea of establishing a little electric telegraph of our own, for the production of startling intelligence. In order to give our readers an idea of the kind of article we should be enabled to furnish, we beg leave to lay before them one or two specimens. Of course we should head our news in the usual manner, and the usual type, with the words

BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A beadle has just galloped through Kensington, on a donkey, with the report that the pump at Hammer-smith is in flames, the spout torn out, and the handle in the hands of the Chartists. The police are said to have been tampered with, and a Sergeant has been seen with a pint pot at his lips, drinking success to the five, six, or as many points as the insurgents are willing to propose to him.

A gentleman whom somebody has seen, and whom nobody knows, has arrived, out of breath and out of cash, at our office, with the announcement of his having been plundered by a mob, who, he says, are in possession of the capital; but we have not been able to learn whether he alludes to the capital he had in his purse, or whether he uses the word capital with a more important meaning. He states—at a guinea a line—that the teeth have been torn out of the policemen's rattles; that PUMMELL has been well pummelled; that the charity-boys have been called out, but upon the master seeing them in the street, they were all called in again. The omnibus time-keeper has fled—continues our breathless and cashless informant—Kensington runs with gore as far as Gore House, and the omnibuses are being sent as barricades, to block up Fleet Street in the usual manner.

AN IRISH QUAKER.

WE hear much of the charity of the Society of Friends, but we never heretofore knew of a member of their community displaying such a specimen of that virtue as the following, recorded in the *Waterford Chronicle* :—

"Within the last few days, an application was made by some persons in the adjacent town for a small piece of iron and a bit of steel, to make a few pikes, to a Quaker gentleman in the iron trade. The merchant, more kind than merchants usually are, gave the poor applicants iron and steel sufficient to make 2000 pikes. Honest Quaker that, say we!"

Honest Quaker, indeed—honest as *Iago*! But mark our contemporary's pathos. The poor applicants come to beg, not a little meal to make a few loaves, but a small piece of iron and a bit of steel to make a few pikes. The Quaker, "more kind than merchants usually are," gives them—not sacks of flour, wherewith to make two thousand loaves, but iron and steel sufficient to make two thousand pikes. The humble petitioners are hungry and athirst—not for food and drink, but for blood and carnage—and the tender-hearted Quaker feeds them. Why, the *Waterford Chronicle* is maudlin in its sympathies with murder.

Of all "wet Quakers," commend us to our friend of Waterford—this dripping man of sanguinary drab—this professor of peace and promoter of bloodshed. All we regret is, that our Quaker's name has not been published; for we are sure that the estimable Society of which he is a member would feel it an imperative duty to "read it out."

A Poet's Thoughts on the New Shell-Jacket.

'Tis often said, that, do the most they can,
Nine tailors are required to make a man;
But look on yonder regimental suit,
Made, as it were, the maxim to refute.
It proves one tailor may his art employ
A regiment of soldiers to destroy.



THE TAILOR'S GOOSE—THE TERROR OF THE ARMY.

PUNCH'S LITTLE BIRD.



UDGE what manner of bird it is!

Is it a pye—a daw—a starling—a jay? Or is it a dowager macaw—or an old maid cockatoo—or a small spinster parrot, succinct in tender green? Is it of the tribe of jewelled humming-birds, trained to swoop at butterflies? Is it a sparrow-hawk with an eye for chickens?

Does it build on the elm-tops of a bishop? Does it nestle in the cornice of a city mansion? Does it watch from a mud hut the feathered mason of a cottage-corner?

It matters not: and if it did, 'twould be all one. The bird shall remain, to the knowledge of the reader at least, without a name—unchristened—

as though ADAM had never beheld its ancestral cock and hen.

There is a sort of swallow, whose nest is melted into soup for mandarins. A hundred swallow-houses are dissolved, and steam in one China vase; the very houses of the birds are gulped by the rapacity of man. Lobsters have a better fate; though devoured themselves, respect is shown to their blood-red coat of mail. Even the oyster, when opened by Equity, is by Equity bolted without the shells.

Our Little Bird, like the swallows above, will elaborate a nest for the moral appetite of the reader. And the nest will be made of all sorts of materials. Now will be found a bit of cinnamon, a shred of clove, that the phoenix, in his rare building season would take a day's flight for; and now a lock of wool, plucked, it may be, from the Chancellor's own sack, when haply his Lordship is nodding.

Our Little Bird has a bird's eye for everything; it will pick up all it may.

We had hardly written the promise, when our Little Bird flew in at the window with a bit of paper, like a label, in its mouth. Here it is—

"The door-keeper of the Court of Chancery, whose duties are returned as 'none,' receives a salary from 'fees' to the extent of 3212s. per annum, his right to which is returned in the parliamentary papers as 'usage' only."

Our Little Bird has perched upon the inkstand, and now sips the ink; for it is a strange little creature, and loves the literary black broth upon which we foolscap Lacedemonians live, and now preens its rumpled feathers.

So; let us again read the news brought by our Little Bird. What? The door-keeper of the Court of Chancery have no duties! Was there ever such ignorance, or such spite? Why, is he not the great turnkey of Equity? Is it not, a watchful janitor, his sole unceasing travail that, suitors once in Chancery, they shall never escape? Is he not the unrelenting *Ne Exeat*—the reversed Cerberus, with his one tail turned to the back of the door, that innocents may, without seeing his terrors, creep in; and with his three heads—with costly grinders in every jaw—opened and opposed, that they shall never get out?

Why, his smaller brethren, the grimed and mouldy Philistines, who in other days sat watchful in the human rat-traps in neighbouring Cursitor Street; the biped sponges that, with truly zoophyte mouths, sucked up the last drops of their guests—their life was but a life of listlessness, cheered now and then, it is true, by the music of the door-chain, the shooting of the lock; a life of idleness to the still incessant toil, the unflinching vigilance of the janitor of the Court of Chancery.

No duties! Is it nothing to watch with three heads, only one eye of the six sleeping by turns, lest a thousand captives or so should break Chancery? Is it nothing to see the miserable prisoners growing paler and greyer, as they pace the Court, framed of ruddy brass; and wearing gyves that, though they clank not, are heavier than iron? Fetters of parchment, writ and writ with cabalistic meaning; bonds that cut into the flesh and—it has been known—bring gangrene to the torn, expecting heart?

Or take the other side.—Is it nothing *not* to keep the door, and to know that less than your shadow; a *nominiis umbra* of a door-keeper; a thing of moonshine or rather of marsh-shine, being the Jack-o'-lanthorn that is born of corruption, dodges and flickers there, making pilgrims for justice—widows and orphans among them, mind you—shake from their scrips three thousand two hundred and eighteen pounds every year of God's grace as a lie offering? Is it nothing to stop travellers for justice with fees at their breasts; fees of three thousand two hundred and eighteen barrels?

Consider it thus, door-keeper. Work out this terrible bit of Newgate arithmetic, and conscience may burn in your cheek, hot and searing as the old Newgate brand.

How many thieves—young and mature—say, at twenty groats a head—how many may obtain places in the Old Bailey dock at the booty of three thousand two hundred and eighteen pounds per annum? Get chalk and slate, and work out that sum, master door-keeper. But you will say these are no parallels, for they put their dirty, naked hands into people's pockets.

"And so they do. Now, MERCURY the God of Thieving, has his pets, his piggesnies"—

(The reader will please to understand, it is our Little Bird that now sings. The delicate creature is still perched upon the edge of the ink-bottle; and with one eye upon the bright black pond, turns its head towards a sunbeam that slants goldenly above it. Our Little Bird weaves a silver song, which we undo into the prose of common life; as soaring larks are sometimes shot for puddings.)

"MERCURY, the God of Thieving, has his pets, his piggesnies. Now, they who creep into pockets with naked fingers, are rogues to be whipped and hanged. But they who take and give not in return, may dip into pockets with safety and with thrift, if—scorning the naked hand—they wear gloves of parchment."

Naughty Little Bird!

CATERING FOR THE PUBLIC.

SURELY the public must be the concentrated essence of ingratitude: for no sooner does a person attempt to cater for the public, than his attempt at a cater ends in playing the deuce with his own means and pockets. The fate of poor JULLIEN at Drury Lane shows the cost of catering for the public on a scale of liberality. It is true, that some of his arrangements do seem to have been a little superfluous, and we may particularly inquire what necessity there could have been for a singing prompter, in addition to three other prompters, who are all entered on his balance-sheet. A company that required so much prompting could not have been worth much, and as to the singing prompter, we don't know what he could have had to do; though, if he combined the accomplishment of whistling, he might have been engaged expressly to whistle for his own and his brother artists' salaries. We see an apologist set down among the regular members of the company. Considering the liability of vocalists to colds, catarrhs, and other casualties incidental to a theatre where salaries are rather irregular, the apologist of a losing concern must have no sinecure. JULLIEN's apologist must have been almost black and blue with "throwing himself on a British public" two or three times a week, and he must have worn half-a-dozen white waistcoats dirty in one night with placing his hand upon his heart, and pressing his hat to his shirt front, in token of his sincerity.

We cannot give the MONS credit for the wisdom of all his arrangements, since we find £2000 set down for MADAME DORUS GRAS, who only sang a few nights, and who may well have become literally *gras* if such has been the usual proportion of salary she has been accustomed to take from the pockets of a manager.

By the way, we have been utterly lost in admiration at JULLIEN's heart-rending exhibition of sensitiveness as to the opinion of his own countrymen, and his declaration that until he has paid every shilling he owes here, he will never return to France. We hope, for his own sake, he will never pay, if a liquidation of his debts will send him to Paris; for we wish no one so wretched a fate as a return to the city of equality, liberty, and fraternity; but we do think the MONS is a little squeamish when he expresses his horror at entering France with a few English liabilities hanging over him, when he remembers that 'spoliation and repudiation have been popular in Paris for the last five months.

KENSINGTON A PORT.

WE understand that since the Serpentine has been opened as a navigable river for craft varying in tonnage from six stone to a couple of hundredweight, the project of connecting the narrow tongue of that river with the broad mouth of the Thames, and thus realising the magnificent idea of "Kensington a Port," is beginning to be entertained by several enthusiasts. The attempt to bring shipping into the middle of Warwick Square, and render the locality a miniature watering-place or fishing-suburb has, it is true, signally failed; for the canal having been intended to supply the railway with coals, and the railway having been constructed to take the superfluous traffic of the canal, these two concerns ended in the awful catastrophe of cutting one another's throats—the one requiring no coals, and the other having no traffic. It is, however, thought that the Serpentine may become a great naval station, and there is already a talk of placing an Admiral on the spot, with two war-punts at his disposal, and a skiff of two guns, or six pistols, to carry his flag, whenever he is on duty.

"A DANIEL! YEA, A DANIEL!"

WHILE every one else has puzzled himself in vain to find out what it is that really ruins Ireland, our friend the *Morning Post* has hit the right nail on the head. Indeed, a ninny-hammer may be sometimes quite as likely as any other hammer to succeed in doing so. Our contemporary informs us, that "imprudent marriages" are at the bottom of all Irish distress, Irish discontent, and Irish turbulence. The *Morning Post* thinks that matrimonial matches are as bad as any Lucifers for setting the country in a blaze, and he believes, no doubt, that impatience of the conjugal yoke causes the people to call out for a repeal of the Union. Never mind, JENKINS, try again. As a first attempt at political sagacity the experiment is at least respectable.

CLOTHES WITHOUT A TAILOR.

A MR. JOHN SATYR ORR, who calls himself a preacher—though what he is in the habit of preaching, except sedition, we do not know—is reported to have delivered a discourse to a mob on Clerkenwell Green the other evening, for pronouncing which homily he was rewarded by being taken to the station-house. The following is an extract from the reverend gentleman's sermon:—

"If a man sees another with two coats, has he not a right to take one of them?"

MR. ORR, like a sound philanthropist, teaches his disciples to relieve their wants by helping themselves. His advice, if followed, would procure, not only a gratuitous garment, but also, probably, free emigration. MR. ORR should register his coat for the million. It would be the cheapest of all possible wrap-rascals.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.



THE British Army is in an uproar. From the tallest grenadier to the minutest drummer-boy; from the featherweightiest of light-bobs, to the heaviest of field-officers, we are overwhelmed with remonstrance, repudiation, protestation, desperation, indignation, and insubordination, excited by the regulations of Infantry costume, just issued.

CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDES, of the *Queen's Yellows* (for example) writes in these pathetic terms:—

"MR. PUNCH, "Sir, As an old military man who has grown grey and corpulent in the service of his country, I am induced (though all communication through the public Press is unbecoming either Service on ordinary occasions) to rush into your columns, with a charge which, if justice be equivalent to tripling any given force, as asserted by SHAKESPEARE, must be irresistible. Our pay might have been cut down, and I should not have complained—though, what with Mess expenses and Kit, I find it hard to keep out of debt, as it is. Our allowances might have been docked; our feathers snipped; six inches might have been taken off our bearskin shakos; the adjutant's spurs might have been shortened; a few fathoms less gold lace on our full-fig uniforms I would have tolerated. Parades might have been cut down; marches abbreviated; the term of West India service diminished; barracks, if possible, made more uncomfortable; all these loppings and toppings we could have borne—I speak for myself and my brother officers—but we cannot submit, in silence, to the cur-tailing of our coat-tails. A sedentary life, which that of the officers of a marching regiment must be admitted to be, the absence of occupation, and the calming influence of routine, and country quarters, necessarily tend to the increase of flesh. We are, as a body, stout:—so much so indeed, that the description of us as 'the stout defenders of our native land,' must be familiar to all readers of newspapers. Yet our skirts are to be cut off, by an insidious movement of a certain distinguished personage upon our rear. The decent undress blue frock, which lent a grace to portliness, and a concealment to obesity, is to be discontinued, and we are henceforth, when not in full fig, to appear in *shell-jackets*! Do your readers know what a *shell-jacket* is? It is a scanty garment, barely reaching the waist! The humiliation it is calculated to produce among officers like myself, weighing fifteen stone, or upwards, is indescribable. As to marching at the head of one's company, from which position a full view of the officer's back is necessarily com-

manded, I apprehend that will, from the date of the execution of this order, be absolutely out of the question. It would be alike impossible to preserve self-respect among the officers, and subordination among the men.

"Under these circumstances, I call on you, Sir, as the friend of the soldier, to raise your powerful voice in defence of our tails—for it is in them, as in that of the rattle-snake, that our offensive power at present resides—and to explode this abominable shell-jacket.

"I am, Sir,
"Your apprehensive and afflicted reader,
"LAMBERT HEAVYSIDES,
"(Capt. HER MAJESTY'S YELLOWS.)"

"July 14th, 1848."

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THE SHELL-JACKET AND THE ARMY.

From LIEUTENANT TWENTYSTONE to MR. PUNCH.

"Canterbury, 25th July.
"LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT TWENTYSTONE (Fighting Onety-oneth), presents compliments to Editor of *Punch*, and I wish you would say something *spicy* about the new regulation about those infernal *shell jackets* which are to be worn by the whole of the British Army; and I am



much obliged to CAPTAIN BERNAL OSBORNE, for showing them up. Please Mr. Punch, to do likewise, for we regular take in a copy at our Mess.

"They say it is to prevent us from being picked off in action by the *Hottentots*, that the frock-coat is to be abolished; now I should like to know what reason is there that a black fellow should not pick me off in a shell-jacket as well as the frock, which becomes my *figger* pretty well.

"Whereas, in them shells, I really am so *corpulent* that I don't like to enter, at any rate to go out of, a room. At mess I sit with my napkin well covering me, and am always the last at table, so that I'm not seen much: but to order me about the streets in that dress, I say is monstrous, and a swindle, and I shall sell out if persisted in.

"In the frock-coat I'm still very well.

"And Miss BUSTLEBURY, the Prebend's daughter at Canterbury, thinks my *figger* is fine; but how am I to enter her mamma's drawing-room in a shell-jacket, situated as I am? It's all very well for the Duke and His Royal Highness, who are light-weights by nature; and I don't mind exposing myself before the enemy, as I showed at Meanee and Maharajpore; but to be called upon to expose myself in this way is too much for *ja*

"Your constant reader,

"FREDERICK TWENTYSTONE."

"P.S. Suppose the late GEORGE IV. had been alive—Would he have allowed us to be dressed in this painful manner?"

From LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL LEPPARD to MR. PUNCH.

"DEAR P.,

"Canterbury Barracks, 25th July.

"I belong to the Onety-oneth, (or Queen's own Slashers), and I want you to exercise your powerful influence against the shell-jacket system with which we are threatened. Those shell-jackets, Sir, will burst like bomb-shells on the British Army.

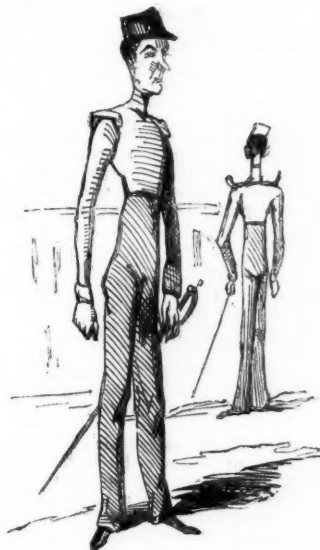
"You may have seen us occasionally in the costume; the most hideous, tight, narrow, mean, uncomfortable dress that ever was devised for a soldier. If you could see TWENTYSTONE of ours in his, you would own how monstrous the dress was, and that it was a shame to pack an English gentleman into such a shrunken rag. But if it is scarcely decent for the fat fellows, I know it is very ridiculous for us thin ones.

"Between ourselves, *Punch*, I am paying my addresses here to Miss BUSTLEBURY, MR. PREBEND BUSTLEBURY's daughter, and the charming girl has shown no little regard for me, and says that I become the frock-coat very well.



"Having it made rather fuller in the skirts than perhaps the regulation warrants, and padding the chest a trifle, I pass muster well enough with the girls—with the lovely BELLA BUSTLEBURY above all.

"But by Jove, Sir, what am I to do when my coat-tails are razed by the Horse Guards, and I have to go about in the shell-jacket—dare I present myself before Miss B.?"



"The very boys in the streets will laugh at me; and as for the girls, I fear there is one who would never recover the shock. Try and put a stop to the nuisance, and believe me, dear P.,

"Yours,
"CAMPBELL LEPPARD."

"P.S. I just send a sketch of LIEUTENANT TWENTYSTONE of ours, as he appears in his shell-jacket. I just wish you'd put him into *Punch*, so that Miss BUSTLEBURY might see him. And if you do, I will order six copies of your periodical."



The Weight of Windsor Castle.

We perceive from the reported Parliamentary debates, that COLONEL REID the other night presented a Petition from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Windsor, in favour of the Windsor Castle and Town Approaches Bill. We never before completely saw the force of the topographical fact, that the Castle commands the Town of Windsor.

A RUN FOR CHANGE.

OMNIBUSOLOGY has been subjected to many changes lately. It has been spared the dreadful disgrace of the barricades, to which omnibuses in Paris have been obliged to give the weight of their bodies. They have not assisted, as in other capitals, in driving Ministers from the seat of affairs. They have always stood up for everything fair, though it has sometimes been a puzzle for any one who has not regularly followed the ups and downs of the omnibuses to know precisely what the fare was. One week it would be stationary at threepence, another it would run up to fourpence, occasionally it would drop to twopence, till, with the number of changes the public mind became so agitated, that really we expected nothing less than that Mr. COCHRANE would call a public meeting to consider the propriety of overthrowing the Government, unless they put the public vehicles on a broader basis. The latest change has been in taking your silver and



keeping it; so, if a person wants Change for a Shilling, he is obliged to run a very long way before he can get it. No sooner is the money locked in the Conductor's hand, than the omnibus bolts, and the poor unhappy old gentleman is left in the middle of the road to follow the galloping "Civility," if he thinks the pursuit is worth the twopence, or threepence, or whatever the mighty defalcation may be. We advise all overland travellers beyond the age of forty, who are easily put out with a trifle, not to leave the steps before they have paid their fare, for it stands to reason that if a gentleman has any difference with an Omnibus Conductor, he must be left far behind him in the mud. Any intrepid sportsman who is fond of a splendid run can have one any day by getting out of an omnibus in the Strand, and giving the man sixpence. It is capital sport, and excessively cheap for the money, as the run takes place in the most crowded parts of the City. On Smithfield Market-day there is nothing like it.

IMPROVE YOUR WINES.

EVERY wine-drinker knows, or pretends to know—which is much the same—that Madeira is always the better for a few voyages to the East Indies. We have fortunately discovered a way of preventing the ruinous expense of these journeys, by merely substituting the words "Eastern Counties" for "East Indies;" and we beg to recommend the dispatching half-a-dozen bottles of "white" wine by the Eastern Counties Railway, to be forwarded from some station by coach, and we will take a bet that the generous liquor will make seven or eight gratuitous voyages at least, before it will terminate its itinerant career by delivery into the hands of the individual to whom it is directed. The Ongar coach is a great vehicle for this kind of improvement; and if anything once finds its way to the boot of that remarkable turn-out, there is an even chance that the article will travel twice a-day between Brentwood and Ongar for at least a fortnight.

Wine is happily improvable by this vagabondising career; but unfortunately fish is so completely out of its element in the front boot of a two-horse coach, that the sojourn of a salmon there for even a couple of days, brings no improvement to the ex-native of the deep; but, on the contrary, militates so much against him, that when weighed in his own scales the deficiency is obvious. We are afraid that

"Full many a salmon is bought to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the Ongar boot."

And we have, in fact, known an unfortunate jack to have lain there so long neglected, that he was as dry and as hard as a boot-jack when released from the boot to which the coachman's oblivion had abandoned him.

A very Knotty Point.

We understand that the opinion of the Attorney-General has been required by a celebrated tailor at the East-end, whether, in registering a Paletot, he will experience any difficulty under the Act for the Registration of Arms, supposing the garment offered for registration happen to have arms attached to it. We believe that objections have been made by the authorities at the Paletot Registration Office, on the ground we have stated, and particularly since it has been stated that these articles are intended to have a "killing effect" when the price reaches thirty shillings. Those Paletots at six-and-twenty are merely "stunners," but the regular assassins begin at a sovereign and a half, which is the "figure" at which a difference is made about the arms being registered.

FORTIFIED POLICEMEN.

THE Police have already received staffs; the next weapon put into their hands was a cutlass, and the next, it appears, is to be a sword. They are, also, to be instructed in the gentlemanly art of fencing. Bravo! Our brave Police will in time be made a perfect military force: in the event of a second NAPOLEON springing out of the ashes of the last French Revolution (the fortieth already, if we are not wrong), they may be sent abroad to assist at a second Waterloo. They might be called the London Blues. The regiments quartered in the metropolis will find the Police, in time, most dangerous rivals. Their bright cuirass will attract the eyes of many a sensitive cook; whilst their gay moustache, which is indispensable as a military appendage, will certainly tickle the fancies of all the romantic housemaids. A Field-Marshal will also be wanted

at their head. If so, we could point to an exalted personage, whose numerous campaigns certainly entitle him to that distinguished honour. We give the prophetic portrait of a Policeman as he will be armed, *cap-à-pie*, in a few years' time.

Doesn't he look ferocious? His very appearance is enough to disperse a mob of ten thousand peace and window breakers, and almost sufficient to strike envy, if not awe, into the stalwart hearts of the Special Constables.

He only wants spurs and an ALBERT Hat to complete his ferocity.



A LONDON POLICEMAN OF 1850.

The Prize Conundrum of the Season.

At our own private Conundrum Show, which we hold annually for our own encouragement, and for the pocketing of our own prizes by our own pre-eminence over our own efforts, as elicited by our own competition, we awarded, upon our own judgment, our own prize to our own sample of our own facetious ingenuity, which we give in our own words as follows:—

Q. What is the greatest abuse of all, that the country contains?

A. Quack medicine. Because it is the most undoubted *sine-cure*!

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NEWS FOR THE EXCURSIONISTS.



WE perceive by the advertisements, that the Excursionists are not to be neglected this year in consequence of the virtual blockade of the Continent against pleasure-seekers; but the steam-packet owners are beginning to

"Survey mankind with comprehensive view,
And manage trips to China and Peru."

which are being announced on a scale of unusual liberality. As our tourists cannot visit France and Italy with much prospect of amusement, it is suggested to convey them to Peking, the Arctic Circle, and a



few other distant localities, where it is hoped, instead of proceeding to the Continent, they may go further without faring worse, which is the usual penalty of proceeding to extremities.

There is a plan on foot—not to be carried out on foot, by the way—for chartering a steamer to all the four quarters of the world; and it is understood that half-an-hour will be allowed for landing at each of the four in succession. Refreshments will be ready for the arrival of the steamer, on the principle now adopted at the Railway Stations, and a policeman will be in attendance to preserve order among the natives.

SATISFACTORY TAXATION.

REALLY some honourable Member of the House of Commons ought to move for a return of the "Conscience Money" received yearly by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Scarcely a number of the *Times* has of late appeared that has not contained an acknowledgment from that Minister of the receipt of five, fifteen, or twenty pounds, on account of the income-tax and other taxes. We reckon that these sums amount, on a moderate calculation, to about £10 a day, or £3652 10s. a year—a treasure, one half of which would make many of our wives and children happy. The conscientiousness which can be thus particular in paying its taxes must be something very much more than "Oriental scrupulosity," and must be represented, if there is any truth

in Phrenology, by bumps as big as apple-dumplings. Such virtue might serve for a definition of the height of honesty. We are now also enabled to define the height of generosity. The *Times* lately astounded us by the following announcement:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from 'F.C.' the half of a note for £100, for the use of Government."

Actually and gratuitously to tip the Government is, we submit, the very perfection of munificence. We wish the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would tell us who F.C. is. We will not insinuate that he is a goose. May he not, however, be a decoy-duck? Well, be it so. We hope he will induce others to follow his example. Who knows but that Government is feeling its way towards establishing a great fiscal reform? It has long been desirable to devise a popular mode of raising the revenue. This is precisely what would be found in a system of voluntary taxation. We only want more F.C.'s, and the more, we may justly say, the merrier. How infinitely more pleasant it would be to be taxed to the extent of our inclination, than beyond that of our ability! Let Government, then, throw itself on the bounty of the country—previously placing itself in a condition to deserve it by a reduction of expenditure. We trust that at last there is "a good time coming," when we shall have the tax-gatherer going round with a hat, and with the gentle solicitation to bestow a trifle on the Exchequer.

LORD MORPETH TO HIS LOVE.

I WILL seek thee, though thou shunn'st me—though thou fliest, I'll pursue;

If as yet I may not clasp thee, I will keep thee still in view.

Yes; my bosom's cherish'd object, thou unkind one, thou shalt be, Though thy glance may be averted, and thy back be turn'd on me.

Tra la la!

As the wayfarer by night doth chase the wand'ring marshy fire, I will follow thee through moisture, I will follow thee through mire; Thou shalt lead me through the puddle, thou shalt lead me through the pool,

But no sludge shall damp my ardour, and no sluice my passion cool.

Tra la la!

Yes, through court and yard I'll course thee; through each alley, lane, and street,

I will woo thee till I've won thee to become indeed my Sweet:

Yes, my Queen of Cities, London, I'll ne'er cease to sue thee till

I've embraced thee in a Comprehensive Sanitary Bill.

Tra la la!

IRISH TACTICS.

MEAGHER of the Sword—who is so far akin to the sword that he knows how to cut away—gave some truly rational advice to the people a week or two ago; for he recommended them to imitate the lads of Limerick, who had first erected barricades and then taken them down again. The manoeuvre strongly reminds us of that of the

"—six thousand men,"

who, as the poet melodiously tells us,

"Marched up the hill and then marched down again."

We can fancy the poor Irish dupes setting to work to construct a barricade, and when it was complete setting to work to take it away, in conformity with the rebellious principle of undoing all that has been done, and setting a thing up for no other purpose than the gratification of knocking it down again. The Limerick Confederates have indeed given an example of sagacity to the rest of their fellow-countrymen, which MEAGHER of the Sword very naturally asks them to imitate. They have, no doubt, had the same truly Hibernian principle in view, of doing only to undo, when they got up a rebellion merely to get it down, and made an idol of SMITH O'BRIEN simply to dis-idolise him when he required their fidelity.

We should not be surprised if, in the event of an outbreak, they should practise on each other's heads, and act as policemen against themselves, by cracking the skulls of one another.

Military Changes.

THE present Commander-in-Chief has been ably represented by a pair of Wellington boots. The next, we are told, will be nicely taken off by a pair of Albert shoes.

DREADFUL SUPERSTITION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

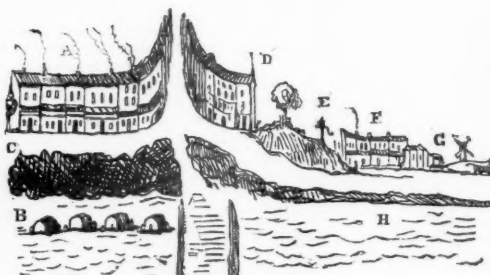
THERE is a Member in the House of Commons who really believes that MR. SMITH O'BRIEN is in possession of his senses. It is but right to state, however, that the gentleman who nourishes this belief is only a Protectionist. His friends have long been looking after him.

SKETCHES IN FRESH AND SALT WATER.

BY THE BUOY AT THE NORE.

Microscopic View of Southend.

- A The five Dwelling-Houses.
- B The four Bathing-Machines.
- C The Shrubbery, with a Maze.
- D Library and Tap.
- E The Pump.
- F Traps for Lodgers, not all of them yet laid.
- G The Post-office.
- H The Brackish Ocean.
- I The Pier without an End (the WELLSLEY LONG FOLK of the British Peerage). N.B. It is very curious, but it leads to property in the immediate neighbourhood of that nobleman.
- K Seats every half-mile, for the repose of exhausted travellers.



COCKNEY tourists must know that Sheerness and Southend are the two pillars of the Thames. Southend is a beautiful downy pillow, lying at the head of a lovely bed of oysters, which, with the shrimps, give the lazy incumbents that resort here the most delightful tuck in. Sheerness and Southend are both at the mouth of the Thames; so that if the mouths of rivers were furnished like those of men, Southend would be one of its front teeth.

To find it—which is no such easy voyage of discovery—you must start from London Bridge and take the first turning on the left. When you get there, anybody will direct you.

There are many peculiarities to be picked up at Southend. Its greatest is its size. It may boast of being not only the first watering-place in point of situation, but the first also in point of littleness; for, after all, it is very little bigger than a point. No point could be sufficiently small to express it on the map. It would be best described by being left out altogether. Its nearest size, I should say, would be that one which we often hear of, but rarely see, popularly called "next to nothing." To enjoy the town—to take it all in—you should look at it under a microscope. It would not make a bad subject for the oxyhydrogenic exhibition at the Polytechnic. Persons would be surprised at its magnitude, if it was only magnified about 5,000,000 times. You would scarcely believe it, but it has nearly as many bathing-machines as houses—that is to say, there are four of one, I think, and five of the other. The whole place might be packed comfortably, Library and all, in the Thames Tunnel, and leave room for a Bellevue Cottage and a Mount Pleasant to spare. It is a mere shrimp of a sea-town; Erith is a mighty lobster compared to it. If I had to describe Southend in any Guy's Geography, I should speak of it as:

"A fishing-town of ten souls, almost invisible to the naked eye, but which can be distinguished, on a very clear day, by the aid of one of DOLLOND's strongest telescopes."

I advise all travellers of weak sight, when they land, to call out "Waiter!" when a gentleman with a napkin will suddenly appear, and conduct them in safety to the Royal Hotel. At night the place is illuminated with a big lamp-post, that is seen for several hundred yards round. This beacon is lighted, regardless of gas, for the assistance of visitors, who otherwise would never be able to find the town again when once they had left it after dark. The postman passes the spot repeatedly without being aware of it, and letters are frequently carried back to London with the libellous inscription, "No such place to be found."

The inhabitants are so few, that there is a legend, that when they had occasion once to shout for the QUEEN, they were obliged to send over to Sheerness to "lend them half-a-dozen voices," before they could raise a single "Hip—hip—hurrah!"

The longest peculiarity of Southend is by far its pier. It is a good day's walk from one extremity to the other. A railway might be laid down, at a very trifling expense, if there was only traffic sufficient to pay for the coals that would necessarily be consumed to work the engines.

This pier is nearly the length of all the London Bridges put together: even then, I think, it would require the Houses of Parliament, or one of MR. ANSTET's speeches, to make up the difference. There ought to be a cab-stand at each terminus. Instances daily occur of a husband being at one end and a wife at the other, and their never seeing one another for hours. It may be for this reason that it is so often made a place of appointment with married couples; the distance lending (not the only distance that lending frequently leads to!) probably the greatest enchantment to the view. Woe to the traveller that is five minutes late for the steamboat! Unless

he has the Seven League Boots, he must stop at Southend another day. By-the-bye, they might easily establish an electric telegraph. I really pitied a poor servant, that was sent out "to tell master dinner was ready." Master, at the time, happened to be at the pier head. It was full two hours before that wearied maid returned!

Couldn't something be done to reduce this pier a few of its unfair proportions? I am aware with what reverence a peer is looked upon in England, but still this one might be cut down without going between the wind and anybody's nobility. It might be constructed on the principle of a telescope, to slide in and out, according as it was high or low water. This would come to the same thing in the end: it would only be several piers merged into one. I hope no one will accuse me of wishing to pull up or weaken one of the strongest institutions of our beloved country; for no one in his time has been more indebted to the pierage of England than myself, and the way in which I always cling to them must prove my attachment to such a national stronghold. Their value, I can tell you, is best proved in a storm.

Another peculiarity of Southend is its extreme quiet. This may partly arise from there being no one to make a noise; but I half suspect it is strictly forbidden for any one to laugh or cough. I certainly never heard a single sneeze the whole time I lodged there, and, as I missed the steamer exactly seven times, I was at that marine abode of silence exactly a week. I only got away at last by sleeping all night at the top of the pier, with a tarpauline (that had the strongest perfume of pitch I ever inhaled) for my counterpane, and a carpet-bag (that was full of boots, unfortunately) for my pillow. There is, however, a strong natural sleepiness that hangs over the five houses. The inhabitants, too, seemed as if they were practising to be somnambulists. I never heard them speak—I suppose they do occasionally—but they looked uncommonly like a set of deaf and dumb people that had come out to have a regular good holiday. I had occasion to whistle once, and ten windows were instantly thrown up to see what was the noise. The wind is the only thing that takes the liberty of making itself heard, and then it is only in the softest whispers. When the bells were ringing they reminded me of muffin-bells I have heard off London on a very foggy night. The crier came round; but, poor fellow, he must have had a sore throat, for I couldn't hear a word he mumbled. I sent him, the next morning, a box of voice lozenges, but in the afternoon he was no better, for he had to announce "A copy of last week's Times has just arrived," and it sounded more like the noise of a strong blue-bottle that was knocking his head against the window in the vain endeavour of getting through it, than any thing human or articulate. He tried to speak up when he saw me, but his words, from long habit probably, preferred remaining in his throat, and they certainly did. Not one of them stirred out that day. I doubt if Universal Suffrage even would give that man a voice.

There are more peculiarities about Southend. The Shrubbery is one; it is a stupendous maze, and beats Rosherville and Hampton Court hollow. It is constructed apparently to enable nurses to lose the young children in rusted to their charge. It may have another view, for I noticed that the bathing-machines were just opposite; if so, other sea-towns (Ramsgate for one) would preserve the "decencies of life" all the better if they took a leaf or two out of that Shrubbery. Another peculiarity is the salt water; every bucket, I believe, contains a whole grain of saline matter; but that grain must be a very homeopathic one,—so infinitesimal, that it must be a difficulty to see it, like the grain of sense which people who crowd a thousand in a steam-boat are said to possess. The next

peculiarity is the Library: it is half a conservatory, half a reading-room. It is thrown open for the genial culture of hot plants and novels. Everything in it looked forced—the *New Monthly Magazine* particularly so. Several leaves fell off as I touched it: the thing was so delicate it was evidently falling to pieces. I asked for *Vanity Fair*. The pretty attendant coloured, as if blushing for her answer, and stammered out, "She was very sorry: the book was objected to." Fancy *Amelia* objected to! Imagine gentle-hearted *Dobbin*, poor fellow, objected to!! I advise *TITMARSH* not to land at Southend. He will infallibly be pelted with undated eggs, and the most ancient oranges that can be picked up in the place. I didn't ask for another book. I made sure that the best would be "objected to," and the worst I only read on a railway or a steamboat, when I can get nothing else to read.

There is nothing very peculiar or startling about the Reading-Room, excepting that it takes in the *Morning Herald*.

After this discovery, I hurried away as quick as I could, and ran over the beautiful walks in the neighbourhood. Everything was lovely,—the harvest was going on—little donkey-chaises, filled with grand-mamas and young children, went laughing by—the old sun was setting in all his oriental splendour—the birds were singing their evening carols—but still I felt heavy and morose, and in the sort of humour to "object" to the best of everything. This Objective Mood continued the following morning, and after I had breakfasted, I found myself strongly "objecting" to Southend; though really it is full of the most pleasant peculiarities, and deserves being seen, if it is only for the novelty of the thing. It is the freshest little watering-place I ever ate

shrimps at—the very reverse of "fast,"—not a policeman in the place—some first-rate donkeys—and the inhabitants as yet uncontaminated by the marine stores of cheating and stealing. Southend is well worth seeing with a microscope.

THE SLANDERED ARMY TAILORS.

AFTER all, it appears that the Goose that invented the shell-jacket for officers, was not the Tailor's. "A Military Tailor," in a letter to the *Times*, thus vindicates the taste of his fraternity:—

"As to the tailors being blameable for the alterations that may occur, I deny the soft impeachment. They are tabooed at the Horse Guards; and the only tradesman who is ever consulted there, is not a tailor, which perhaps accounts for the incongruities that are committed."

We congratulate our ninth of a military man on the skill with which he plies the needle of sarcasm. We protest that we fear he will cut out our very selves. In a passage no less admirable for its aesthetics than its practicality, he proceeds:—

"Any tailor with correct notions of taste or utility, would not dress a stout man in a short jacket, or send a man of any size to Canada."

This perception of the Fit, in relation to the Fat, and of the Comfortable in connexion with the Chilly, is worthy of a transcendentalist. Our tailor—for he *shall* be our tailor—thus concludes, with a dignified burst of professional feeling:—

"No, Sir, I flatter myself that when the authorities condescend to consult the tailors and act on their advice, the officers of the army will no longer be the laughing-stock of the multitude, or the victims of a tasteless irresponsibility."

Bravo! We really sympathise with this good Knight of the Thimble in his jealousy for the fame of his Order. We admire his chivalry in defending it. For standing up thus gallantly for his cloth, we give him all credit, and when we employ him, we hope he will reciprocate our liberality.

Our Indian Arrivals.

By the last mail from India, we had consigned to us a small package of Puns from the Punjab. We beg to inform the person sending them, that as the carriage is charged by weight, we have refused to receive the puns, which are now upon the hands of MESSRS. PICKFORD; and though we understand from our Correspondent, that he has several times had these puns on the tip of his tongue, we do not feel ourselves strong enough to attempt to bear the burden.

Apology for Smith O'Brien.

THE COURAGE of MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, in slinking, under the fire of the police at Boulagh Common, among the cabbages in WIDOW CON-MACK's garden, may be questioned; but it is to be remembered that the hero, if he crept out of the way of the bullets, betrayed no fear of the slugs.

CONSOLATION FOR THE LOYAL.



In these days of dethronements and dis coronation it is really refreshing to be enabled to turn to MADAME TUSSAUD's, which is almost the only place in which Royalty can be met with in a satisfactory condition. In Baker Street, at least, the crowned heads of Europe are secure, and allegiance may be paid—together with one shilling, the price of admission—at the waxen courts of most of the sovereigns. MADAME TUSSAUD has not yet established Republicanism in her Bazaar, and we believe she even contemplates offering an asylum to some of the dethroned kings, for whom she will provide crowns and sceptres quite equal to the legitimate insignia, and robes superior to their own, on condition of their holding levees from ten till dusk, and drawing-rooms in the evening, with a military band, which MADAME TUSSAUD will provide from eight until eleven. The excellent POPE PIUS is much firmer on his sacerdotal music-stool in Baker Street, than on his pontifical chair at the Vatican. If there should be an extensive emigration of crowned heads, they will feel themselves thoroughly at home at MADAME TUSSAUD's establishment.

Smith O'Brien's War-Song.

COME, let's revolt!
Though fighting may prove folly, boys,
We won't be melancholy, boys,
We only have to bolt.
Pay back your wrongs—
The Saxon's base barbarity,
The insult of his charity—
With scythes, and pikes, and prongs.
Think on your need;
Revenge and plunder waiting us,
Bloodshed and pillage sating us,
If destined to succeed.
If we should fail—
Though they may overmatch us, boys,
Still they will have to catch us, boys,
When we have turned the tail.
Whate'er betide,
In case they shall have licked us, lads,
What Jury will convict us, lads,
Supposing we are tried?
One thing is clear—
The drop is out of season now,
They'll hardly hang for treason now:
JACK KETCH we need not fear.
Though the worst come,
Thanks to their weak humanity,
They will but soothe our vanity
With bloodless martyrdom.
On, then, brave PAT!
Fear not for our security;
If need be, of a surety,
We'll take good care of that.

Compliment to the Seditious.

Punch is desired by several influential members of the Aristocracy to present their compliments to the Physical Force Chartists, and to thank them for so engrossing the public mind with the fear of revolution, as to distract it from the pursuit of so-called moderate reform; such as any extension of the franchise, revision of taxation, interference with the Game Laws, abolition of sinecures, amendment of the law, reduction of expenditure, adjustment of Church property, or any other alteration in the established order of things. *Punch* has anything but pleasure in expressing his opinion that the persons in question are thoroughly deserving of the congratulation which he is requested to offer them.

"MURDER MOST FOUL, MOST," &c.

WE read of frightful cases of murder by persons who have belonged to Burial Societies. We begin to suspect that our Ministers must belong to some such Burial Institution, from the number of the little Bills they have done away with this Session. But Whigs have no feelings!



Smith. "WELL, BROWN! THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING STEWED UP IN A RAILWAY! EH?"

Brown (faintly). "OH—IM-MEASURABLY—SU-PER-IO-R."

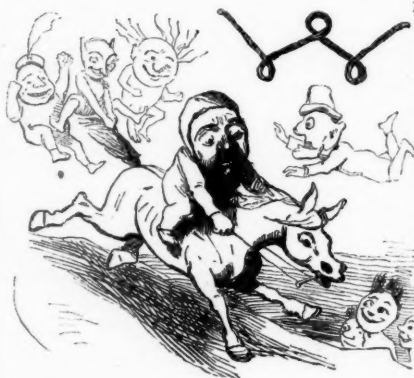
"HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER!"

THE felicity of the soldier, who, it was alleged, "lived on his pay, and spent half-a-crown out of sixpence a day," could have been nothing to the truly Elysian happiness of the Ensign in the Army, who, out of a diurnal stipend of five and threepence, manages to expend some six or seven hundred pounds per annum. We dare say it adds greatly to the bravery of the British soldier to be compelled to wade through an expense of many pounds, with such miserable odds in his favour as a few odd shillings. He must be pretty well accustomed to meet the enemy's charge—we mean his tailor's bill—with resources utterly unequal to the emergency; and in the battle he has to fight with his bills, he leaves them no alternative but to run, while he looks them in the face with marvellous audacity. How highly we ought to think of the Ensign's boldness when we find him putting his five and threepence a day against such a perfect volley of charges as the following:—

	s.	d.
Mess Dinner	2	6
Breakfast	1	0
Soldier Servant	0	3
Washing (economised by the constant buttoning up of the coat)	0	6
Subscription to Band	0	3½
Regimentals, Linen, Boots, and General Wardrobe	1	1½
	5	7½

Leaving an excess of 4½d. of expenditure over and above his income. A successful game at billiards with a more wealthy brother officer, or a fortunate bet *per diem* with a non-military friend, will easily supply the 4½d. constituting the deficiency in the Ensign's income; and there is always whist or *ecarté* to resort to, for the purpose of obtaining the requisite funds for extra music, alterations in uniform, guests at mess, damask table-cloths, German band-masters, French cooks, and other luxuries that are incidental to a crack regiment. There is nothing like training up our soldiery to face danger, by putting them in such a position that they are likely to be hardened against the most formidable of all encounters, the collision with an unsatisfied creditor. To give them five and three-pence a day, to meet six or seven hundred a year, is the surest method of teaching them to battle against odds of the most overwhelming character.

IRISH MILITARY TACTICS.



WE are certain the Battle of Boulagh will always be celebrated in military annals, for the entirely new description of tactics with which we have been made acquainted under the generalship of SMITH O'BRIEN. The magnificent idea of falling back upon a cabbage-bed, and covering the retreat with the cabbage-leaves, is quite worthy of a Celtic hero, and we only regret the operations were not upon a more extensive scale, so as to have afforded SMITH O'BRIEN a further opportunity for developing his novel system of strategy. We believe that his plan would have embraced the whole resources of the kitchen garden, had he been allowed wider scope for his manœuvres, and had he proceeded beyond the exploit of merely taking care of himself, by giving his companions the benefit of his precautionary measures. His own retreat into the cabbage-bed was understood to have been chiefly dictated by the hope that, having lost heart, he might succeed in finding heart among the vegetables that afforded him such timely shelter. He had purposed intrenching a portion of his followers in the trenches of some celery, and he contemplated planting his cavalry appropriately in a grove of horse-radish. A select cohort of Tipperary boys were to have lain in ambush in some gooseberry-bushes, in order that their courage might have been pricked up, and part of the force was to have bivouacked in a comfortable bed of parsley. The Saxon minions on their first approach

were to have been surprised from a mignonette-box, in which a few of SMITH O'BRIEN's immediate followers were to have been concealed, and the drums would have beat from the beet-root bed on the arrival of the enemy. Notwithstanding the failure of these admirable plans, the Retreat of the Kitchen-Garden will always be famous in history, and we should suggest, as a memento of the event, a companion picture to *Love among the Roses*, in the shape of a grand semi-historical and allegorical tableau, representing SMITH O'BRIEN as *War among the Cabbages*.

THE OFFICER'S TEAR.

BEFORE the glass he stood,
To take a last fond view
Of his person in his old undress
Regimental frock of blue;
He marked how soldier-like
The vestment did appear,
And this unhappy Officer
Could not restrain a tear.

"Could any coat on earth,"
Said he, "look half so well?
Must we change this graceful
uniform
For the unbecoming shell?
In that crustaceous garb,
Our type will be the snail;
The happier shell-fish weareth not
A coat without a tail."

"Besides, the change will cost
Full nigh a quarter's pay,
And the coat that scarce hath served
service seen,
We shall have to throw away;
Thus, treating us exactly like
Light-fingered gentry do,
Not only they cut off our tails,
But pick our pockets too."

His manly cheek was wet—
He put his hand behind,
And he felt the skirts of his surtout,
His handkerchief to find.
"Ah! where shall I stow this,
When they have shorn my rear?"
Exclaimed the mournful Officer,
As he wiped away a tear.

The Indignant Irishman.

IRISHMEN! The base Saxon asks in what way he has insulted us? Is it insulted? Hasn't he exempted us from income-tax, window-tax, carriage-tax, and servant-tax? Isn't that as much as to tell us that we have no incomes, windies, carriages, and domestic manials to bless ourselves? Isn't it trait in us with scorn and contempt, and castin a slur on the respectability and opulence of our iligant nation?



THE IRISH BOBADIL.

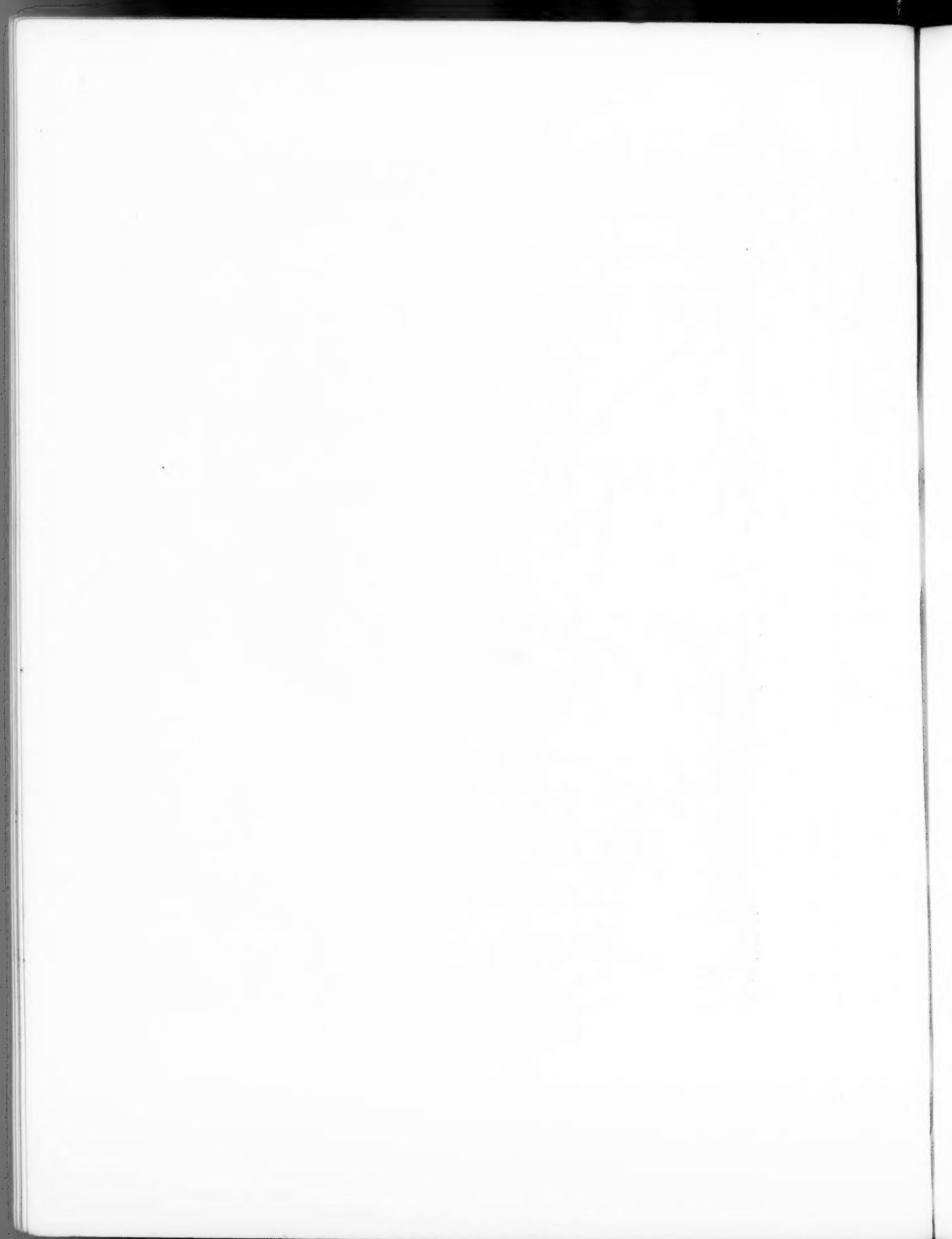
Bobadil (on this occasion) . . . By THE KING OF M-NST—R.

The Gulls . . . By TWO NOTORIOUS FELONS ABOUT TOWNS.

"The fact is this—that there are at present in occupation of our country some 40,000 armed men in the livery and service of England; and the question is—how best and soonest to kill and capture these 40,000 men."—*Vide "Times."*

"Bobadil. And how would I do it, think you? Why, thus, Sir. I would select nineteen more to myself. . . . This done, say the enemy were 40,000 strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us! Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty

score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentlemanlike carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword."—*Vide "Every Man in his Humour."*



DRAMATIC LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE.

"We understand that a party of gentlemen, connected with the business of Dramatic Authorship, have resolved on forming an Association for Insuring the Lives of all New Pieces, and guaranteeing a certain sum of money to those interested in their welfare, in the event of the new pieces becoming prematurely dead by getting unceremoniously damned. The object of the Association will be to protect the owners of this kind of property against loss and ruin, from accident, either by hissing, yawning, or other causes that are likely to prove fatal to a drama; and a graduated scale of premiums, commensurate with the risk incurred, has already been prepared. Translations will be considered doubly hazardous; and it has been determined by the Directors to grant no policy in favour of any piece in which the very dangerous practice of firing is carried on; for the constant fire that must be kept up in order to work this branch of the dramatic business with effect, is believed to be a source of continual danger, by which the whole thing may at any moment explode. It is in contemplation to establish a sort of brigade of *claqueurs* in connection with the Insurance Office, who will be instructed to give the alarm at the first symptom of danger, when all hands will be expected to go to work; and several engines belonging to the press will be attached to the Company, with the view of insuring all pieces insured in the office against untoward accidents.

In order to meet the views of individual actors or actresses interested in particular parts of a dramatic production, but regardless of its fate as a whole, calculations have been made by which an insurance may be effected on a single scene, or a single part, or in some cases even upon a single speech, if the success of a part may be thought to depend upon it. Blank verse may be insured in quantities of not less than a hundred lines, and in some instances jokes will be accepted for insurance; but the policy will be high in proportion to their age, and nothing more advanced in years than JOE MILLER can possibly be dealt with.

TROOPS AT EVERTON.

We have seen with considerable surprise the announcement of the formation of a camp at Everton. Our youthful feelings have experienced a severe shock from this startling intelligence. Everton is associated in our minds with everything sweet, and we shudder at the possibility of the Toffey districts being proclaimed.

There has been a rumour of a rising among the hard-bake population, and five hundred bullets, disguised as brandy-balls, have been seized by the police, as well as a million squibs, which upon having the outer coating sucked off from them, have turned out to be made of explosive materials. Something has been said about drilling in this quarter, and the formation of squares; but we have ascertained that the formation of squares is a very harmless practice, with reference to hard-bake, to which the process has been limited.

MODEL CLERKS.



THE LAWYER'S CLERK enters the office at nine, and leaves at eight. His only holiday is when he is sent into the country to serve a writ. He has a "fine bold hand," and can "fair copy" two brief sheets an hour. He does not throw up his salary because he is too proud to engross skins of parchment; on the contrary, he has a pair of false sleeves (like umbrella-cases) for the purpose. He knows exactly the legal price of everything, from a savage assault to a breach of promise of marriage. He is not fond of taxing, and is ready to cry if not allowed his "Letters and Messengers" every Term. His great delight in an action is to "get costs." He then shows the admirable system of "the office" by proving in how short a time a long bill can be made out, sent in, execution served, with the sheriff's sale, if not paid within a fortnight. He has no patience with people who come to beg for time—he is very sorry, he has but one duty to perform. That duty is invariably an appointment with the obsequious JOHN DOE, made by HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY at the Court of Exchequer, or some other place of amusement. He does not read novels during office hours, nor roast chestnuts, nor apples, nor act plays, nor toss for beer, nor learn "The Wolf," or any song, comic or dreary, when "the Governor" is out. His soul is in his master's pocket, and he always appeals, or has a rejoinder ready, or a new bill on the file, if the client can only afford it.

His cry, like DEMOSTHENES', is always "Action, action, action," and in his opinion the best reward a good action can have is a Chancery suit. He is cautious as he is zealous—keeps a copy of every letter, almost dislikes saying, "How d'ye do" without a witness, has a horror of giving promises on paper, and always tries to inflate 6s. 8d into the dimensions of 13s. 4d. He would blush to take any of the office paper home with him. He understands perfectly when a client has called to complain of delay; in which case, "MR. HOOKHAM has always just stepped out—he believes it is to move in your very suit." He takes but half-an-hour for his dinner, and only allows himself ten minutes for his tea. When he serves you with a writ, he hopes "you will not be offended—it is his most painful duty." The same with a distress: he throws a cloak of politeness over every step that gradually leads a man from a lawyer's office to the Queen's Bench. By half-starving, the strongest self-denial, little agencies from friends he has recommended to the office, and the Christmas Boxes of a long range of years, he saves a hundred pounds, and, working upon half salary in lieu of a premium, gets articles to his master. However, the County Courts have beggared a fine profession, and LORD BROUGHAM has so cut down the profits of the Law to scarcely a herring a-day, that he is obliged to come back and occupy the same stool he has grown grey upon during his clerkhood. He buries all ambition in his "pad," takes to copying after office hours, in order to gain a few pounds, when his fingers can no longer hold a pen, and ultimately resigns his desk to some young man, who, like himself, with a strong constitution, and probably a generous heart, sells himself to lose both, for the matter of eighteen shillings (and "a rise") as a LAWYER'S CLERK.

THE RAILWAY CLERK dresses smartly. He is a friend of a Director, or the cousin of a large Shareholder. Business with him is quite a secondary consideration. He opens his little trap-door five minutes before the train, and closes it the minute the clock has struck. He will take your money if you want a ticket, but mind, he is not answerable for any mistake. He has no time to count change, or answer questions about trains, or attend to stupid people who come inquiring about the persons who were killed by yesterday's accident. It is not his business. He cannot attend to every one at once, and he runs his diamond fingers through his rich, Macassared hair. It's really no fault of his if you lose the train—you ought to have come sooner; and then he whips off, with a very pretty penknife, a sharp corner that pains the symmetry of one of his filbert nails. What should he know about dogs?—you had better inquire at the luggage train. You can write to the newspapers by all means, if you like: the newspapers don't pay him. The parcels are not in his department—the porters perhaps can tell. He is very sorry he has no change for a five pound note—he has no doubt you can get it round the corner. He yawns all the morning—his eyes are only half open at eight o'clock, and his white waistcoat betrays his dreadful impatience to get to the Opera, as the time draws slowly towards the mail train. What he does between the dreary intervals, as we cannot peep over the walls of mahogany into the small circle of his duties, we cannot tell. On a Sunday, however, his usual amiability deserts him. His cambric shirt is beautifully smooth, but his temper is sadly ruffled. The Excursions upset him. The number of absurd questions annoy him. He wonders how people can be so foolish, and at last makes a resolution not to answer any more inquiries; and the Railway Clerk knows his own dignity too well not to keep it. He becomes as silent as a Government Surveyor's Report over a "Dreadful Collision." He only stares; but occasionally troubles himself to the utmost of his abilities to give a nod that may express "Yes" or "No," just as the person pleases. Beyond this, the Railway Clerk is as obliging as most Clerks, and he has this advantage, that he is very good-looking, and after coming out of an omnibus on a wet day, is quite pleasant to look at. In the heat of summer he looks cool—in the depths of winter he always appears warm and comfortable. He is really a pattern of politeness to ladies, and smiles most condescendingly to pretty girls, displaying his gallantry and white teeth in a thousand little ways. He was evidently intended by Nature as an ornament to a tea-party, or born to grace a pic-nic. The only pity is, that his friends ever made him a RAILWAY CLERK.



MENDICANCY IN THE CITY.

We observe that MESSRS. MILLS AND BOUSFIELD have been elected Sheriffs of London, but have refused to serve. We recommend the Civic Shrievalty to the attention of the Mendicity Society, since it goes begging.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF SMUGGLERS.



THE days of Romance are certainly as extinct as the deys of Algiers, and even smugglers have degenerated, from the WILL WATCHES of former times, to the lowest of itinerant Israelites. Smuggling has enlarged its area by the adoption of the common herd of area sneaks into its once gallant fraternity. Piracy has left the sea, familiarly known as "the blue, the fresh, the ever free," to settle on the scum of the literary world, and smuggling has been abandoned by the gallant, though lawless, sons of the ocean, to be taken up by the fraudulent crew of pedlars and hawkers, who look down into kitchens and up into attics, for the victims of a misplaced confidence. We recollect the time when a smuggler presented himself to our imagination as a magnificent villain, with black fringe for ringlets, a night-cap slashed with red worsted, like the chimney of the *City of Canterbury* steamboat, a belt of patent leather ten inches in breadth, a pistol in each hand, a pair in his girdle, and a sword in his mouth—to realise the ferocious allegory of "armed to the teeth"—and a white petticoat sown up the centre, by way of trousers, with a pair of pumps adorned by paste shoe-buckles, and equally adapted for skipping about in terrific combats or naval horn-pipes; for the smuggler was half Tar half Tar-tar in our early days, when T. P. COOKE and TERRY were the representatives of the British Navy at the Adelphi, and the Battle of Trafalgar might be seen every night at half-price, including a beautiful tableau of LORD NELSON dying in the arms of three supernumeraries, "expecting every man to do his duty," and execrating the carpenters, *sotto voce*, for not letting down the curtain in time to release him from his uncomfortable attitude.

The Smuggler is unhappily quite another creature now from what he was then, and his smuggling seems to consist of the very superfluous labour of importing as contraband those goods which are not liable to the smallest amount of duty. He will, for instance, be as mysterious over a palpably British worsted comforter, value 9d., as if he had unrolled it from the throat of an outlandish Mufli, swam with it in his mouth from the Eastern Archipelago to Wapping Old Stairs, and suffocated the custom-house officer by cramming it half-way down his throat in order to avoid the payment of duty.

If we are to put faith in the hawkers, every one of the craft is a smuggler in disguise, and every article they offer for sale has been landed from some distant port, in defiance of the coast guard, or by the bribery of all the custom-house authorities. The cheroot, cabbaged from an adjacent cabbage-garden, has been conveyed in a pencil-case all the way from Havannah, and the calico at 2½d. per yard, was stripped from the back of a dancing dervise, and pocketed by a Carib chief, who gave it to the hawker in exchange for a tenpenny-nail, a glass bead, a bottle of Bass's ale, and a kitchen-poker.

The handkerchief offered at half-a-crown, and perhaps pilfered from some rural hedge, in an adjoining village, is, if we are to believe the Hawker Smuggler, the identical handkerchief thrown last year by the Sultan to his favourite Sultana, and picked up by the party now in possession, who got into the Harem disguised as one of the eunuchs, for no other purpose than to select his stock of Eastern goods, in order to give an extensive choice to his British customers.

The splendid shawl at 2s. 9d. was the turban seized from the head of a turbaned Turk, who had been bonnetted first and robbed afterwards of his head-gear, when he had become too stupid and confused to protect himself; and the catskin muff was of course purchased of a Mufli, whose appetite for rum-shrub had enabled the hawker to effect an exchange on such terms that the muff might be "put in" at three half-crowns to an English purchaser.

We hope that the enlightenment we have given to the world on the subject of the Smuggled Goods Dodge will have its effect, and that the *parvenu* smugglers will find the police have such an eye to duty, that an effective drawback may be imposed upon the trade in alleged contraband.

MORE ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE Archæologists are at it again, and have been riding their hobbies, rolling about their barrows, tumbling over their tumuli, and rubbing up their monumental brasses, with more than their usual energy. We last heard of them at Lincoln, where they mounted a dead wall, and, sticking to it like bricks, declared it to be the relic of the "Old Mint of Lincoln." It is usually a sign of weakness to fly to the wall; but the Archæologists were in great force, and E. HAWKINS, Esq., "read a paper upon the wall;" his brother members sitting, of course, upon the wall to support and encourage him. He went into the wall brick by brick; dwelt forcibly on the buttress; revelled among the mortar; and hanging upon the coping with affectionate tenacity.

He followed the cement from the lime-kiln to the hod; he handled cleverly the clay that gave the material for the foundations; and then, taking a rapid glance at walls in general, he touched lightly on the Great Wall of China; passed gracefully over the walls of the Colosseum, and came playfully down upon Blackwall with a pun that shook the old wall of the Mint of Lincoln with the laughter of his audience. He then proceeded to a digression on wall-fruit, and went cleverly into the peach, which he laid open with such effect, that in his mouth the peach seemed to be a different thing from what it appeared before he set his tongue and his jaw in motion, to show what might be done with it.



After the paper on the wall was concluded—a paper by which, if walls have ears, the subject of the discourse must have been greatly edited—an energetic Archæologist insisted on reading a paper about "The family of the DYMCKES," which might have been very interesting if MR. and MRS. DYMCKE, or any of the little DYMCKES, had been there to hear it; but as this was not the case, the audience stole away by degrees, and the *savant* was for some time holding forth alone on "The family of the DYMCKES," until a rustic voice, exclaiming, "Holloa! you chap; come down off that there wall," induced him to look around, and led to his discovery of his loneliness. By way of gratifying the Archæologist, who had inquired if there was any barrow in the neighbourhood, he was wheeled home in what was supposed to be his favourite vehicle; and, his remonstrances being set down to the score of modesty, were of course wholly disregarded.

A Polite Inquiry.

THE Session is fast wearing out. Before it is completely threadbare, may we venture to ask, without wishing to be in the least impertinent, if LORD JOHN intends to do anything? Our friend, MRS. CHICK, unites with us in imploring him to "make an effort." She says she is sure he would soon get over his difficulties "if he, poor fellow, would only make an effort." We hope he will, but don't expect it.

THE IRISH ABD-EL-KADER.



LET us hope SMITH O'BRIEN will be taken before these remarks fall into the public hands, or rather get into the public eye: for if he is not captured, we shall begin to look upon SMITH O'BRIEN as a sort of ABD-EL-KADER whom everybody sees, but nobody seizes. Every day last week brought accounts of his having walked up to, parleyed with, and walked away from the very persons who were in pursuit of him, and to whom it never occurred that it would have been as well to have collared him at once, instead of indulging in small talk. The whole business has been beautifully Irish; for when SMITH O'BRIEN and the authorities have met, the latter have usually considered themselves the obliged parties by being allowed to go about their business; and the former has made quite a merit of civilly permitting them to depart without opposition. He has been walking up to officers and others, with pistols in his hand, and walking off again as coolly as possible, while on other occasions he has been equally potent, with no other weapon than a walking-stick. At one place he seems not merely to have deliberately bid his pursuers good bye, but to have helped himself to one of their horses in order to accelerate his departure, while the police quietly looked on and allowed him to evaporate.

We wonder that the Inspector did not send one of his men to call a cab for SMITH O'BRIEN, to convey him to the nearest railway station, and enable him to make good his retreat with the utmost speed; or fetch him a *Bradshaw*, that he might take his choice of routes, and select the one that would most effectually baffle his pursuers. One would think that the book of etiquette, rather than the Articles of War or the Government Proclamations, had been the guide adopted by the authorities in their dealings with MR. SMITH O'BRIEN: it has been a sort of "how d'ye do," and "good bye," between him and the soldiery, whenever they have come into each other's presence. A little dialogue has occasionally ensued, in the course of which the officer in command has given his word of honour that he has had no warrant to arrest SMITH O'BRIEN; and, after a few further exchanges of courtesies, the interview has usually ended by the parties walking off in opposite directions.

THE CHEAP SHIRT MARKET.

It is a golden rule, doubtless, to buy in the cheapest market. But the cheapest market is sometimes a foul place. The cheapest sugar is that which is slave-grown. The cheapest fire-irons are to be had at the marine store keeper's. The cheapest linen is purchased at the slop-shop—at what cost let us see. A recent police report in the *Times* informs us that, at Lambeth—

"EMMA MOUNSER, a wretched-looking woman, but who, from her manner, had evidently seen much better days, was brought up for final examination, before MR. NORTON, on the charge of unlawfully pawing seventeen shirts, the property of MESSRS. MOSSES and SON, Aldgate. . . . The prisoner did not deny pawing the shirts, but said she had been driven to the act by sheer necessity. Her husband, who was a printer, she said was out of employment, as well as her son and her daughter, and all, at this particular time, were dependent on the wretched pittance which she made by shirt-making."

It may seem a difficult task to feed four mouths with a needle, yet that of EMMA MOUNSER might have served as a fork to administer the food which it earned. MR. NORTON inquired of the accused—

"What were you paid for making these shirts?"

"Prisoner.—2s. 6d. a dozen, your Worship, or 2½d. apiece."

Now, to support herself and family at this rate, EMMA MOUNSER must have possessed the productiveness of a steam-engine, and even then her frame—albeit of iron—would have been overworked. But, the magistrate asking how much she had been able to earn a day at such work—

"The prisoner replied that the utmost she could do in the day was to make two shirts, and deducting from them the price of the thread, cotton, and needles, all of which she was to find herself, she could not make more than 4d. a day."

She was, then, required to make shirts, and, out of her destitution, to supply the thread. There was a certain monarch who obliged his subjects to make bricks, and gave them no straw. Is it necessary that we should mention this historical fact to MOSSES? But MOSSES, it must in fairness be remembered, is a seller as well as a buyer in the cheap market. A clerk in the Aldgate establishment was in attendance, and MR. NORTON demanded of him what were the prices of the shirts thus economically produced?—

"The person alluded to said the wholesale price was twelve shillings a dozen, or one shilling apiece."

So the work of each shirt costs 2½d., and the article sells at 1s.; the difference between which sums is 9½d., subject to a certain deduction

for materials. We are left to wonder what stuff such shirts are made of, and till we know we cannot tell what the vender gets, and are unable to say what he deserves. It is not, we are happy to say, our intention to deal with him, but with his customers. The clerk, to his foregoing statement, added that—

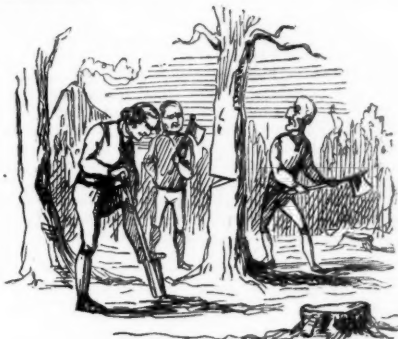
"The competition in such business was so great that his employers, MESSRS. MOSSES and SON, could not afford to pay more than the present rate."

It is the purchaser, therefore, rather than the seller of cheap shirts, that is the task-master, the PHARAOH, of such as EMMA MOUNSER. These are the gentlemen who save in linen, to the starvation, demoralisation, and destruction of needle-women. Such trifling considerations cannot be expected to arrest them in rushing to the Cheap Clothes Mart. It is, nevertheless, in their power to plunge into a yet lower depth of parsimony. The organisation of stinginess would enable them to procure shirts at prices still more ridiculous. By judicious combination they might grind the shirt-makers without the intervention of a middle-man. There was once a Society called the Dirty Shirt Club. Suppose they form an Association with that truly appropriate epithet. In the mean time, those who would unite comfort—of conscience as well as of back—with economy, will, perhaps, avoid the slop-shop, employ their own workwomen, and pay them decently; their shirts neither pinching them, nor they the shirt-maker.

EMIGRATION FOR THE UPPER CLASSES.



THE Lords have been complaining bitterly of having nothing to do in their own House, in consequence of the little work that has been cut out for them this Session by the Commons. LORD BROUGHAM has done his utmost to find a vent for his superfluous energy, and has been trying Legal Reform as a safety-valve, though without much effect, for he has been almost constantly on the fiz and fume without being able to go a-head by the aid of his vapour. We recommend their Lordships to try emigration, the great remedy of the day, which, during the recess, they might resort to very beneficially. They have been lately merely dummies in the game of life; but if they were to suit themselves with spades, they might turn up regular trumps in some distant colony. We do not recommend permanent expatriation to the peers; but after the *ennui* of this do-nothing Session, we are sure they might find both health and amusement abroad, in the exercise of a little manual labour.



APOLOGY FOR THE SHELL-JACKET.

MUCH as the shell-jacket may be objected to as a disfigurement to the British officer, it is, unquestionably, an excellent coat for action; as the wearer will certainly never show the enemy his back.

PARIS CLUBS IN LONDON.



ERILY, the Clubs may be abolished in Paris, but there's no shutting one's ears to the fact that they exist with equal fury in London. They have taken refuge in the coffee-shops, and the different *restaurants* about Leicester Square. Enter any of the *cafés*, where the long-beards most do congregate, and try to get through a newspaper. A hundred voices, each shouting its loudest, soon makes nonsense of the very best Leader. The noise completely ruins all attempt at reading. It is a perfect Babel *de Paris*. It gives you a faint notion what the National Assembly must be. Every Frenchman is talking at once. In vain is silence implored; the discussion still continues, and the arguments wax so warm, that you imagine every minute they can only be settled by blows. There is generally a representative of every class of opinion. HENRY V. (that never was, and never is to be) finds his champion in some closely-cropped enthusiast, and the *réactionnaires* prophesy all sorts of revolutions yet to come. Royalists, Legitimists, Bonapartists, all contribute to the din; and they talk so earnestly and confidently, that you are persuaded they must be, at least, GUIZOT, or LOUIS NAPOLEON, or JOINVILLE, in disguise. Communism even has its rabid oracles, and they are generally of the loudest. On one of our visits we heard one prophet declare that "all goods ought to be equally divided;" and certainly his system had one advantage, for, judging from his appearance, he could not possibly be a great sufferer by it himself. We involuntarily shifted our quarters to the other end of the room. His denunciations made us tremble for the safety of our breakfast; for we naturally expected that he would begin sharing our ham and eggs, and helping himself to half our tea, as a simple matter of right. He was very mild, however; a perfect DANTON in speech, but a gentle BÉRANGER in demeanour. He wished the room "*Bon jour*," with all the amiability of a "*bon enfant*," and walked out with his own umbrella.

There was one Republican who, we confess, somewhat alarmed us. We do not know whether he belonged to the Social Republic, or to the Democratic, or to the Red or White, Tricolor, Purple, Green, or to what particular shade of the numerous series of polychromatic Republics. Suffice it to say, he startled us by loudly asserting that—"All property was a theft." We had a sovereign at the time (we hope no one will think us proud) in our pocket, and felt very uneasy lest this mad disciple of MONS. PROUDHON should denounce us as a public robber. A certain panic was created, also, in the room. Coats were buttoned up, and several of the most timid asked very suddenly "what they had to pay." We did not linger long. The discussion was very interesting at first, from its peculiarity; but the novelty soon lost its charm when we discovered that two of the apostles entertained such very peculiar opinions. We left the place in safety, though the latter gentleman followed us down stairs, with no other intention, as we thought, than that of tearing the coat off our back, and carrying off our diamond pin, if only to prove his favourite theory that "all property was a theft." We are weak enough to confess we should not like to lodge in the same house with that man!

These discussions are continued, it seems, upon *une séance permanente*. We passed the *café* at 11 o'clock at night, and they were still speaking all together, in the same loud strain as when they spoilt our breakfast. Now we like to read the morning newspapers quietly by ourselves. It is the enjoyment with which we always open the day; but we defy any one to tell what the Funds are, or to make out a single word of last night's interesting debate, whilst fifty clamorous Frenchmen are throwing into your ears such horrible truths, as that all "goods ought to be equally divided," and that "property is nothing better than a theft." Admirable laws these, doubtless, for a nation of pickpockets, of which Newgate was the capital, but scarcely adapted for industrious persons, who have yet to learn that *meum* and *tuum* mean exactly the same thing, whether in French or in English. These wild *émigrés* of the Parisian Clubs should have a room to themselves. In the meantime, we only say, "Landlords, look to your spoons."

The King of Munster and the Coal-Hole.

THERE is something very remarkable in the affection evinced by SMITH O'BRIEN for coals and coal-holes, which have been associated, more or less, with the whole of his political career. If he should ever come to the throne of Munster, and wear the Irish crown, they will assuredly be nothing but black diamonds that will sparkle in his diadem. It would seem as if he was always looking amongst the coal-cellars for fuel to feed the flame of rebellion, from the time when he was let down as a martyr into the coal-hole of the Commons to the present moment,

when he is supposed to be sneaking about the coal-pits of Ballingarry, under the protection of the Irish Black-boys. As the would-be successor of GUY FAUX, SMITH O'BRIEN must feel himself at home in the cellar, though he does not much relish the determination of the Government to haul him over the coals.

PROSPECTS OF THE HARVEST.

WE have seen a great deal in the papers about the Harvest and the Crops; but, resolved upon using our own eyes and our own ears, without trusting to the ears of barley sent up to us as specimens, or relying on the chaff that reaches us by every post, we repaired to that extensive agricultural district, the Exeter Arcade, whose beadle is one of the most intelligent of tenant-farmers, and whose stacks raise their heads among the chimneys in the neighbourhood. We are happy to say that we found his crops in admirable order, and by the system of farming very high, which he invariably adopts—for he grows two pots of wheat in his garret window—he gives every possible chance to the style of cultivation in which he is conversant. We found a large portion of his ground laid down with barley, in the proportion of six beards to the stone—we mean the paving-stone—and we understand that the worthy fellow expects to realise such a crop as will insure him six successive jugs of barley-water during the whole of the six weeks now ensuing.



He has not yet commenced his usual autumnal thrashing, though he has been practising on the backs of the boys, out of whom he manages to thrash all the superfluous chaff with wonderful activity. He has some idea of converting the centre of his land into a sheep-walk, by accommodating one or two lambs with the right of promenade down the middle of his truly Arcadian retreat, where the animals will be allowed to graze upon the herbage, at the risk of grazing themselves against the iron gratings that skirt each side of the domain. We believe that he has not yet employed any regular bailiff on the farm, but several bailiffs have operated, from time to time, upon the property. The farmer-beadle was present at the Agricultural Meeting at York, where he excited the utmost admiration by exhibiting the simplest thrashing machine in the world, consisting of a single piece of cane, which can be worked by hand with the utmost facility. The Exeter Arcade beadle is looked upon, by the farmers generally throughout the country, as a great acquisition to their body, and he takes the chair every afternoon at the Catherine Street end of his property, to preside at any important meeting that may be got up on the spot, when he inculcates the great principles of progress by communicating solemnly the words "Move on," to his various auditors. The great object of his life is to give an impetus to everything, and his favourite phrase of "Now then! Look alive! Go-a-head!" is repeated at least a hundred times a day to the numerous wayfarers who loiter about his richly cultivated abode of agrarian industry.

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PUNCH IN THE EAST.



PUNCH has been arraigned in Upper Scinde by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHAW there commanding, before the 1st Bulotsh native battalion. We take the report from the *Telegraph and Courier*, Bombay paper.

The Colonel presents new colours to the Bulotshistan force. Having descanted on the "floral insignia" of the colours—(what were the field-of-battle flowers; heart's-ease or sword-lily?)—he snubs the utilitarian, who would no doubt go to battle with any colours that would wash. "I readily grant," says the Colonel, "that a pikestaff and less expensive drapery would serve the purpose equally well." No doubt: but that is no reason that a pocket-handkerchief, printed with the various heroism of Jack the Giant-killer, should take the place of floral insignia, sown with needles in a field of

silk. Carry out this miserable, cold economy, and the silver trumpets and drums of the Household troops might be sent to the crucible, and their places filled by tin horns. We are all interested in making the scenery and decorations of glory as fine as possible. The more show, the greater opposition of colour, the better. In fact, we yet hope to see the day—especially when we reflect upon the unceasing labours of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT for the advancement of the Army—when there will be raised a regiment, to be called "The QUEEN'S Light Harlequins." The uniform would be a great improvement on the present military "shell," because with Harlequin there is no saying where the pantaloons begin, and the jacket ends. However, this by the way. We are keeping LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHAW waiting; and—we are sure of it from his address to the Bulotsh battalion—the Colonel is worthy of all courtesy as a gentleman and a soldier. We feel a pleasant flutter of embarrassment as we proceed to republish the Colonel's words: but we are too patriotic to let our own besetting modesty interfere with the performance of a public duty. "One," says the Colonel—

"One whose wit is, to this moment, as brilliant as ever, after having ransacked all things, and used them up; he who is the chief choice spirit of the day, the magician who enchants every class from the noble to the peasant, and charms every age from the urchin to the aged man; he who, amid all his rich revelry in fun, seems to bear throughout it a charmed existence in the lofty tone of a morality which never falters, but is always sound; I say this dread potentate has arraigned these ceremonial of presentation at the bar of the age; and has cast upon them the desolating lava of his ridicule. But, how! by what keen sleight of sorcery has the mighty wizard achieved his spell? I will tell you; he has conjured up the assumption that soldiery and brigandage are mere synonyms; and, with this for his sufficiently spacious basis, he fails to see upon what score of propriety lovely woman should grace us with her august presence, and deign with her snow-white hands to commit the banner of war to the brave spirits who defend her in peace and purity!"

No, Colonel, no. Let *Punch* explain. He make true soldiery and brigandage "synonymous!" Never. May his grey goose-quill turn the whitest and most recreant feather, could he defile foolscap with such a thought! *Punch* takes off his hat, and bows—reverently bows—to the heroism, the endurance of human nature, tested in the terrible crucible of war. *Punch* honours the valour of the soldier; but *Punch* hopes for the day when all men of all nations will denounce MARS as a curse, and not cocker up the bully, dress him, fondle him, and call him all sorts of pretty sugared names, to make the Ogre of the world pass for its beneficent guardian spirit. *Punch* will continually use his ink where-with to water the olive; but whilst he does this, he will give all honour to the men who, in the field of carnage, gather the blood-stained laurel.

As for the "snow-white hands" of woman; bless them, if they must minister to glory, their best employment is to pick lint for the wounded, and not to pat "the dogs of war" to slaughter. If women are to present colours, and say pretty things of blood and rapine, talking of laurels, instead of good housewife sage and onions—why should they not serve at once? Why not raise a few battalions of Amazons? Why not have a regiment of "Connaught Doves," or "Coldstream Ducks?"

The editor of the *Telegraph* says, COLONEL SHAW'S "allusion to the satirical comments of *Punch* upon the presentation of colours, cannot fail to be appreciated." Very true. *Punch* appreciates them; and—we are sure the Colonel will confess as much—has duly chronicled them.

Instinct in Grouse.

ACCOUNTS from the Moors mention a curious phenomenon which has this year been observed among the grouse. The birds are seen everywhere continually clapping their wings. It has been suggested that they have been attacked with a disease of the nature of St. VITUS'S Dance; but the more probable opinion is, that by the singular movement they are expressing their joy at the unusual lateness of the Session.

"WHERE SHALL WE GO FOR THE SUMMER?"

A Domestic Eclogue.

MAMMA (*loquitur*).

THE Opera Subscription is over,
To our balls we can scarce find a comer,
'Tis time we were winging towards Dover—
But where shall we start for the summer?
To Paris what lady can go?
Not one of my girls, if I know, shall;
Democracy's shockingly low,
And Socialism is so unsocial.

Though the *Magazin Suisse* in its place is,
With its *nouveautés* dazzling the eye,
And VICTOIRE'S loves of bonnets and laces,
Which papas, though they grumble, must buy;
Who'd shop, in one's bargains to go
Snacks with scores, p'rhaps, of Communist holders?
And what is the use of *chapeaux*,
When one's head isn't safe on one's shoulders?

Then at Baden and Nassau the nation
In the mouth of the cannon is runnin',
For the bubble men call Reputation,
Not the bubble from out their own Brunnen,
Till e'en croupiers, to chorus "*La Gloire*,"
Leave the waltzes of STRAUSS and of LANNER,
And add gold to their old *rouge et noir*,
To make up the national banner.

There's Vienna *émeutes* every day,
Till the students find out what their want is;
And Bavaria is in a sad way
With the ex-king and MISS LOLA MONTES;
And, lest LOUIS should king it again,
For its liberties Munich afraid is,
What with those that he takes from the men,
And those that he takes with the ladies.

To the Nile one might dash off full tilt,
Tho' nought of its Hist'ry or Art one knows;
It's come out like a lion re-gilt,
Since that clever book of MISS MARTINEAU'S.
But alas! there's no hope to awaken
One's romance *à propos* of KING PHARAOH,
For Cholera the best rooms has taken
In every hotel of Grand Cairo!

There's Rome! It's quite shocking to think
That dear POPE, all "*pro publico bono*,"
If invited to eat or to drink
By his clergy, is forced to say "*No, no*."
While at Naples, who knows who's in power—
The King or the King's lazzaroni?
The ferment, they say, has turned sour
E'en the paste of their own macaroni.

Should one turn one's self somewhere near home—
For example, by tender Killarney—
Thro' that greenest of green isles to roam,
Where they've faith in Confederate blarney;
As you stroll along Dingle's sweet glade,
Or by the broad waters of Shannon,
P'rhaps you're pinked by a Celtic pike-blade,
Or picked off by a Sassenach cannon.

Bills are bad; barricades, though, are worse,
And tho' Chelt'nham may fleece, it don't frighten;
It's a comfort to think that one's purse
Is the one thing that bleeds, down at Brighton;
Besides, England's really pretty,
And we are no gadders, as some are,
So I think, though I own it's a pity,
We'll stay quiet at home, dears, this summer.

The Weakness of Rebels.

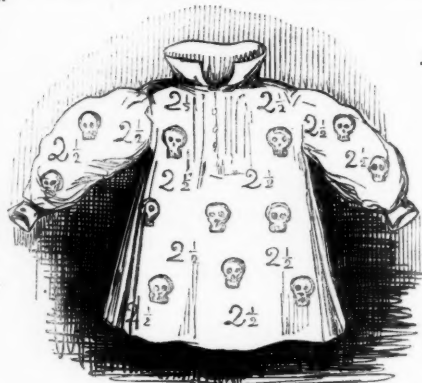
NOTWITHSTANDING all the pikes and muskets which have been discovered in Ireland, the tremendous failure of the rebellion in that country was owing to a deficiency in weapons. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;" and in this triple armoury were the Irish insurgents wanting. They committed the characteristic blunder of attempting to use their pikes without a handle.

"A SHROUD AS WELL AS A SHIRT."

MESSRS. MOSES AND SON have disclaimed the disgrace of being the employers of the unfortunate shirt-maker EMMA MOUNSER.

We are glad to find that kind-hearted THOMAS HOOD did not write the "Song of the Shirt" altogether in vain, since some of the task-masters of the poor needlewomen are alive to the discredit of paying 2½d. for ten hours' labour.

By the kindness of the pawnbroker we are enabled to furnish a pattern of the "Twopenny-ha'penny Shirt," which can be had ONLY (it is to be hoped) of MESSRS. HENRY EDWARD AND MORRIS MOSES of the Minories.



IRISH EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

TALKING OF Emigration, we should first think of supplying our possessions that are nearest home with hard-working labourers and industrious husbandmen, where their example might be of great benefit to the population, and their labour productive of the greatest value to the rich land. Why not, instead of sending our farmers to Australia and other parts, induce them to emigrate to Ireland, which really has the greatest need of them? We feel there is a great difficulty to be first surmounted, viz., the inducement; for no man, let him have ever so little to lose, likes naturally being shot! This, however, is the Government's consideration, and not ours. What Ireland wants is a body of men who will work, and to be freed from the burden of those who will not work. We propose, therefore, that for every Englishman who, by some inducement, is imported into Ireland, that two Irishmen, by the same potent charm, be exported. By this exchange the country would in time have a new population, and would eventually be happy. However, if our plan be adopted, we must stipulate that the Irishmen are not brought into England; for though we are very anxious to benefit them, still we are even more anxious not to injure ourselves. If there is the smallest difficulty about it, we prefer remaining as we are.

THE MONSTER SESSION.

MANY of the short-hand writers are beginning to suffer dreadfully from the nausea consequent upon attending this Long Session. The *Times* says it never had such a cruel time of it; the *Chronicle* declares it would not go through it again for anything; the *Herald* asserts that it is fairly knocked up; the *Post* only wishes that every Member may be subjected for once in his life to the same torture, and then they will know what it is; the *Daily News* has heard of the Inquisition, but doubts if it was ever so bad as the House of Commons; and the *Morning Advertiser* questions seriously if a night cabman's existence is not a much happier one than a reporter's.

We feel for all these poor fellows who work when we are comfortably in bed, in order to provide us with a paper the first thing in the morning, and hope that, with the help of a good holiday, they will soon recover from the fatigues and the injuries of this enervating Session. If ever men deserved pensions of their country, the Parliamentary Reporters of this year certainly merit that poor distinction, for no heroes can possibly have fought harder for one. LORD JOHN should, if he wishes to show the least sympathy for patient toil and suffering talent, present them each with £200 a year; only we fear there is very little hope for them unless they are related to one of the 1000 GREYS, or happen to know the butler of the DUKE OF BEDFORD, or can prove they have done nothing, and are fit for nothing; in which case, if there is a Lord or a Viscount amongst them, he will probably be sent as an Ambassador somewhere, at a handsome salary. This is all the best man can expect under a Whig Government—Nobility first—Ability last.

Houses Carefully Removed in Town or Country.

(To the Editor of Punch.)



EAR SIR,

"Belgravia, August 4th, 1848.

"I SEE by the *Illustrated News*—which I take in for the dear children, they are so fond of pictures—that it is possible to move a house—an entire house—at once. I am so glad of this, because it will save us the trouble of packing up this year when we go out of town. You must know, Sir, the trouble, the care, the anxiety there is, about August, in every household, previous to running down to Brighton, or going up the Rhine, or going to lovely Naples. There is seeing the chandeliers sewn up in muslin bags; there is looking to the gold frames being carefully silver-papered; there is covering the chairs; there are the fire-grates, the door-handles, the plate, the crockery, the bed-curtains, a thousand little domestic things, all of which have to be stowed away or protected before you can leave your house in peace and quietness. Now I am so charmed, so delighted, I cannot tell you, with this new invention, which takes your domicile clean up by the kitchen, and transports it, servants' bedrooms and all, to any spot you please. By this means you have the benefit of the sea air and the comforts of your own home at the same time; and you know, Sir, as the Poet says, 'there is no place like home.'

"Our drawing-room cost us at least £2000—green damask with gold fringe, and marqueterie tables—and the furniture of the lodging-house is so very so-so, that I am always afraid to sit down on a sofa for fear of spoiling my dress. The only thing we shall have to do, will be to give the order over night, and by the morning we shall be on the way to Brighton—in fact, I suppose if we took post horses, we should get there in time for breakfast. How nice! and there would be none of the apprehension of sleeping the first night in damp sheets, because we should occupy the same Arabian bedstead (ours is pink and satin with white lace) we reposed in the night previous. I will certainly do this—take my servants, cook, dishes, chimneys and all—only I am puzzled about one thing: I don't know the address of the man who contracts for this sort of thing, and the darling *Illustrated News* has forgotten to supply it, though I must say its picture of the removal is particularly pretty and interesting, and shows at one view how easy the thing is to do.

"I do not like asking for favours much, but if you could oblige me with the address of the Company which moves houses in town or country, I should esteem it a very great obligation; and if you could do it directly, you would oblige me still more, as I expect in a few days my uncle to come and visit us; and (*entre nous*) he is a very corpulent gentleman, and always brings his four daughters, lady's-maid, valet, and servant. You will feel, therefore, the additional weight of what I say.

"I remain, dear Sir, with the greatest gratitude for your charming *petite* publication, your constant reader—(whenever my husband brings a copy home.)

"ARABELLA BOLDER (*née* SMITH)."

SIBTHORP SERIOUS.

NOTHING less than KEELEY in *Romeo*, COMPTON in *Hamlet*, BEDFORD in *Mark Antony*, or WRIGHT in the melancholy *Jacques*, can bear comparison with the strange reality of SIBTHORP doing a bit of sentiment. Nevertheless, the thing has positively occurred, and the gallant son of MOMUS was caught in a piece of pa'hos, a few nights ago, on the subject of his bones, and their future resting-place. He expressed his determination, in the most solemn way, to deposit his *reliquie* with those of his ancestors; and he declared in effect, that where the remains of his forefathers may have been piled up into a venerable Pelion, his humble Ossa should be piled on the top of them. Though there are many changes to which the gallant SIBTHORP is indifferent, the receptacle for his bones is one of the few things he cannot persuade himself to make no bones about. We trust it may be long before SIBTHORP, who is always a source of pleasantry, shall degenerate into the very dry subject to which he must be reduced, before his *bona notabilia* can give rise to the discussion he has thought proper to originate.

Jenny Lind's Hospital.

THE seraphic JENNY has given—the receipts of her concert—the sum of £1776 15s. to the Committee of the Brompton Hospital, for the extension of the building. If the Committee do not call the Hospital after JENNY LIND's entire name, they cannot refuse to denominate the new part of the building—The Nightingale's Wing.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.

WE regret to observe that GENERAL WRANGEL is recommencing hostilities in Schleswig-Holstein. The General's name is ominous. We hope this GENERAL WRANGEL will not prove the precursor of a European war.

THE DEPUTATION MANIA.

THE Deputation Mania is on the increase, and the Ministers are being continually pestered with little parties of delegates who come to inquire why this, that, and the other, are not done or undone, to please certain parishes who think their will ought to be paramount. The increased efficiency of the Police Force has roused the slumbering lions of the Marylebone and other metropolitan vestries with remonstrances and demonstrations of various kinds, enlivened by occasional badgerings and bickerings at the Home Office. These gentlemen manage to mix up the Constitution, somehow or other, with every private grievance of their own; and they cannot see the addition of a halfpenny to their Police-rate without apprehending that the downfall of public liberty will be the consequence of the extra coppers for which they will be called upon.

The Home Secretary having failed to see any danger to the Crown or Constitution in the additional halfpenny, the delegates have vented their indignation on their own representatives, and in the excess of their ire, have threatened the Home Secretary that they will tell the Premier; and one irate gentleman wanted to tell the House of Commons at once, instead of telling the Minister in the first instance. In the meantime, the Government will, we hope, do what is right, with the assurance that so long as they do not attempt what is wrong, there will be no reason to apprehend the fumes and threats of a party of parochial blusterers, who happen to be patriots on this occasion, because they happen to be rate-payers.

MODEL CLERKS.—THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.*



THE GOVERNMENT CLERK is the most refined specimen. He has grown so mild by practice, that he never loses his temper. He knows his station better than to argue, or dispute, or contradict, or differ in opinion with any one. He has a sovereign remedy that protects him from all complaints, mild or virulent, and that is, deafness. Do what he will, he cannot hear. It is a great impediment that has never been cured, though very often tried. You must speak two or three times, and very loudly, too, before you can make him hear a single word. He has then a very indistinct notion of what

you want, and must read the account of last night's farce deliberately through, and look at himself in the glass, before he can arrive to a perfect comprehension that you are in want of anything. It is in fact in the art of putting a person off, that the Government Clerk is especially clever. He does this so politely, that, though offended, you are yet afraid to give explosion to your anger. "He will be with you in one instant," and he retires with a new coat into the next room to give audience to one of his tailors. "He shall be happy to attend upon you directly," and he finishes to his fellow-clerks a most curious incident that occurred to him last night at the Polish Ball. "Will you be kind enough to take a chair?" whilst he perfects a Sweep for the next St. Leger. You cannot possibly be rude with one who is so polite. At three o'clock he locks his desk, and commences his toilet. After that hour every one is most blandly requested to take the trouble to call again the following day. At four o'clock, as soon as the quarter before it strikes, he is to be seen on the water, or in Hyde Park, or on the top of an omnibus, so neatly attired, you never would suspect he had been doing a hard day's business. In fact, who can tell the papers he has diligently read, or the tender notes he has beautifully written; or the happy little bits of literature he has knocked off for *Punch*, or *Blackwood's Magazine*; or the numbers of "Don't love" and "Do love," he has strung together for gorgeous illuminated songs, if BALFE only likes to have them; or the quires of paper he has richly cartooned; or the endless quills he has cut into tooth-picks, or the countless variety of things, all requiring time, and some degree of ability, that a Government Clerk is expected to do when he gives his presence to his ungrateful country, from the very early hour of ten in the morning to as late an hour as four in the afternoon. Sometimes, also, he is a Dramatic author, that is to say, he translates

* EXPLANATION CLAUSE.—By it is understood, That whenever a Government Clerk is mentioned the words do not apply to those Gentlemen who get the least pay, but do all the work. —P.

French pieces, and it cannot be pleasant to be interrupted in the middle of a most impassioned scene, between a Countess and a sentimental barber's boy, merely to give a date, or to hand over the office copy of some dreary document. Hasn't he to keep himself clean too, all the while? for, call when you will, you always find the poor fellow busily employed in washing his hands, or combing his hair, or dusting his boots, or mending his nails. Before we laugh, we should really pause to consider whether there is any one who could do as many things so well in the same short space of time, as the GOVERNMENT CLERK.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.

THERE has been a good deal of surprise expressed that MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY should have found his way into Parliament; but the mystery was solved a few evenings ago by MR. WM. BROWN, who informed the House of Commons that the voters of Youghal always look out for a "good fat goose" at every election; and the conclusion is, that in MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY they found the very thing they are in the habit of looking for. If they required the "foolish bird" for its cackling qualities, we must confess the Youghal electors have had nothing to complain of in their new representative, who has kept up an almost uninterrupted cackle throughout the session. His goose-like attributes have also developed themselves in a propensity for sitting continually upon mare's-nests, and taking that odd bird URQUHART under his wing, with a pertinacity worthy of a better object. They have been egging each other on, from first to last, like a brace of *rare aves*—which, for the credit of Parliament, we are glad to say they have shown themselves.

THERE IS NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

WE long to see the picture of the *Happy Family* realised, viz., a Scotchman, Welshman, Englishman, and Irishman, all living comfortably and quietly in the same cage together. The thing is to be done—in fact, has almost been done before, only the Irishman will occasionally disturb the domestic peace, and insist upon being let out. The foolish fellow only knocks his head against the bars, and then he raises a wild cry about being an injured person, it never entering into his broken head that he has been the principal cause of the injury himself. However, we suppose he will get tame in time, and that before long we shall see the Englishman and the Irishman sitting on the same perch together, or playing, like kittens, with one another, whilst the Welshman and the Scotchman look on with brotherly tears in their eyes.

We would walk any day to Trafalgar Square to see this phenomenon of the *Happy Family*. It will be the greatest curiosity in London, and will even throw a grace round the National Gallery. It will be a beautiful sight—the first Wonder of the World. We only hope we may live long enough to see it.

The Head of the British Army.

MANY regiments have animals that walk always at their head. The Fusiliers has a beautiful Welsh goat; another regiment has a magnificent Indian elephant; and we forget the others. Might we suggest, to parade at the head of PRINCE ALBERT'S OWN, an animal that has lately presided over the changes and movements of the British Army—we mean "THE TAILOR'S GOOSE?" In fact, a couple might be quartered at the Horse Guards, under the arches, always kept ready for the heat of action.

PARLIAMENTARY MOTION.

MR. ——— to move for "a return of all the useless, idle, impertinent, and ridiculous speeches made during the present Session of Parliament, with the names of the speakers affixed." Should this return be granted, it is supposed that the document will be the most voluminous upon record.

A Joke for the End of the Season.

It is not at all surprising that the Grand Opera of MEYERBEER should have made such a hit at Covent Garden; for it stands to reason, or in other words, it is as plain as the nose upon our own face, that the Huge-nose (Huguenots) should be the greatest feature of the season. Since the days of OVIDIUS NASO, or OVID with the Nose, we have met with no *Opera* equal to the *Opera* we have named, in aptitude for leading the public by the facial prominence implied in the title of the *Hugue-nots*.

Family Quarrels.

IRELAND strikes us as being the Prodigal Son of England, always going astray, then coming back, repenting, and being forgiven. JOHN BULL may occasionally have been a harsh parent, but we are sure the old fellow means well. It is too bad to see father and son at daggers drawn in this way. When will Ireland be a good boy, and learn to remain quiet at home?



Lover. "SWEET GIRL—LET ME, HERE—AWAY FROM THE BUSY HUM OF MEN—AND WHERE NO MORTAL EYE CAN SEE US—DECLARE THAT PASSION WHICH—WHICH—"

Lady. "THERE! FOR GOODNESS SAKE GET UP, MR. TOMKINS, AND DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—JUST CONSIDER ALL THE TELESCOPES FROM THE PARADE!!"

SISTERS OF MISERY.

THE attention of Nursery Governesses is requested to the subjoined, from the *Times*:—

WANTED, in a Gentleman's family, a *Lady*, who can be well recommended as **NURSERY GOVERNESS**. She must be fond of children, clever with her needle, active, intelligent, and good-tempered in the discharge of her duties. *No salary will be given.* Travelling expenses and washing paid, with every domestic comfort. Address, stating age, to R. L., Mr. —, Dundee.

Punch herewith proposes himself as private secretary to all Sisters of Misery; being desirous of writing for them a form of reply to all invitations animated by the like spirit that crawls in the above.

(Copy of Answer.)

"SIR,—Having a comfortable patrimony, and acknowledging that high and elevating necessity of our nature, that compels the heart to love something, I should feel myself selected by the happiest fortune, did you think me worthy of fulfilling the serious, and no less delicious duties of Nursery Governess to your interesting children (number no consequence).

"If I have any emotion in excess, it is that of the love of children; a quality, perhaps, only second to that of plain and ornamental needlework. My activity never permits me to have a moment's leisure; and my good temper, from the time of my infancy, has passed into a family proverb.

"You state, Sir, and I admire the frankness—that 'no salary will be given.' I can fully understand, Sir, that the delightful privilege of dwelling under your roof, and enjoying the pure moral atmosphere of your hearth, must far exceed any value to be awarded by the coined dross of this selfish world. How happy am I that, possessing a sufficient competence of my own, I may give myself up heart, and soul, and pocket, to the formation of the minds of your children, and to the daily execution of your needlework. Deign, Sir, to consider my application with the most favourable grace; and, supplicating an answer,

"I remain your obedient and anxious servant.

"P.S. Pray do not pay the postage of your letter. I shall esteem it as a touching earnest of your friendship, if you will allow me to pay the twopence."

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

ONCE on a time a fire broke out at the end of a long street, and crept up—up—up, eating away the houses as none but such a devouring element would have had the impudence to do.

There was a cry of "Send for the engines!" But the occupier of the middle house was a great opponent of Centralisation, and he stood on his threshold with a bucket in one hand, and a garden squirt in the other, and he exclaimed—

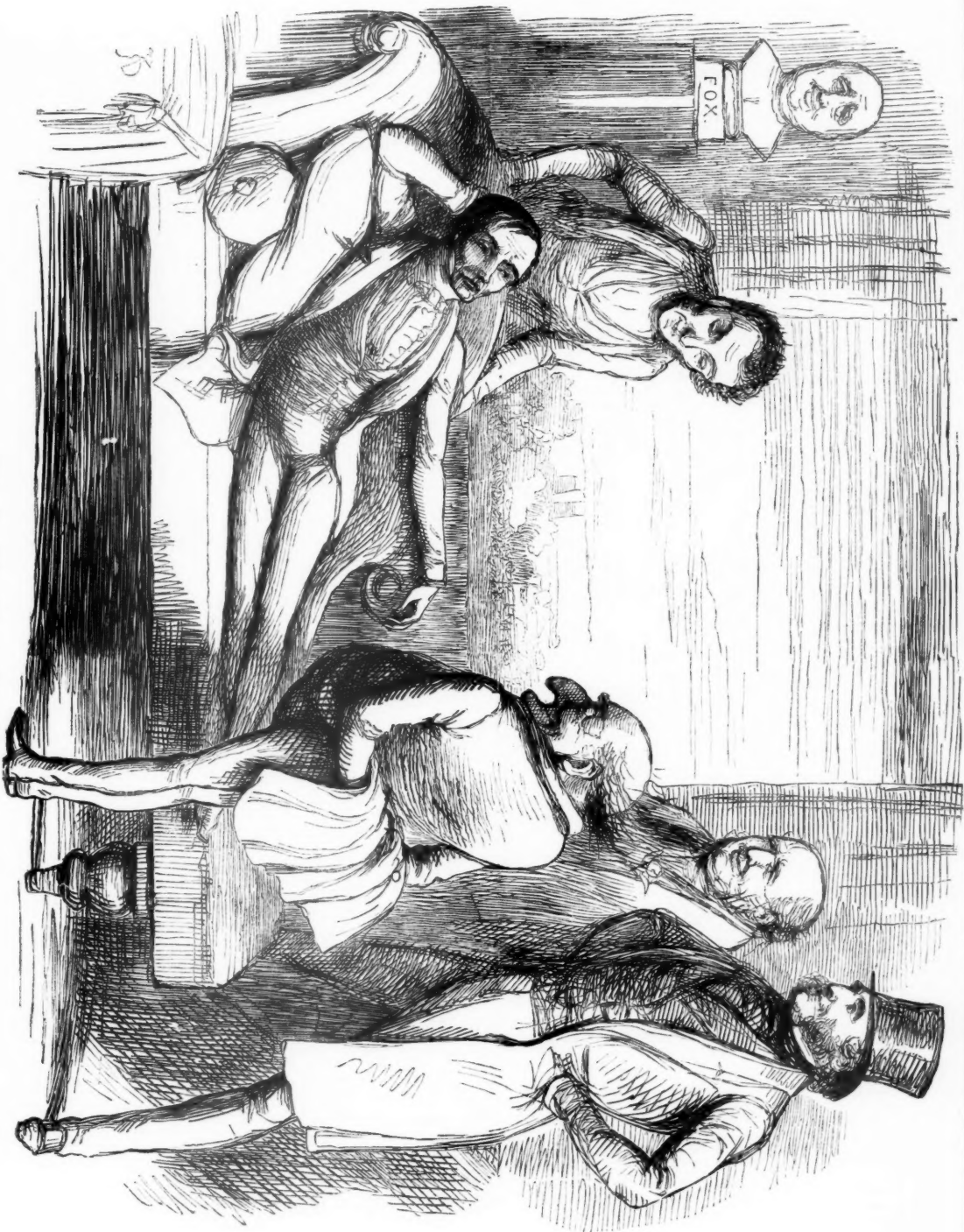
"Send for the engines! No such thing. All the engines come from the Central Station; and Centralisation is a great mischief. Let every man get his bucket and squirt, and put out the fire for himself. That's Self-Government!"

And so he was burnt to death, manfully squirting to the last moment.

Once on a time there was a man in a fever, and in his delirium he insisted on having a bottle of port per diem. The doctor said it would finish him; but his nurse was an advocate for Self-Government, and she pooh-poohed the doctor, and the patient crept to the cellaret and got his bottle of rough old port, and uncorked it with his trembling hands, and set it to his mouth and floored it manfully, and died an hour afterwards; and his nurse glorified Self-Government exceedingly, as she tied his chin up.

Once on a time Cholera rose from his marsh-bed in the East, and stalked westwards, killing his thousands and tens of thousands as he passed along. The feast was spread for him in stagnant ditches, and reeking cesspools, and filthy dwellings, and wherever these were, he fared abundantly; but where these were not, he starved.

And wise men who saw this, said "Let us not spread the table for Cholera amongst us. Let us drain, and cleanse, and sweep, and whitewash." But the people, who did not see it, grumbled at this, and would not set hand to the work. And certain wiseacres stood by and said, "Nay, we know a spell to keep off Cholera;" and they spelled their spell, and it was, to repeat many times over "Self-Government, Self-Government, Self-Government!" And Cholera chuckled when he heard the spell—for he knew those wiseacres of old.



USED UP.

Mr. P. Really, my Lord, you ought to make an effort, and do something for Ireland, which is in a very unsatisfactory state.

Ld. J. R. Oh, there's nothing in it.

Mr. P. You should try a modification of the Church, colonisation, or cultivation of the waste lands.

Ld. J. R. There's nothing in them.

Ld. G. B. What will you do for the West Indian distress?

Ld. J. R. There's nothing in it.

Sir R. Ing. You should keep the diplomatic relations with Rome.

Ld. J. R. A bugbear. There's nothing in it.

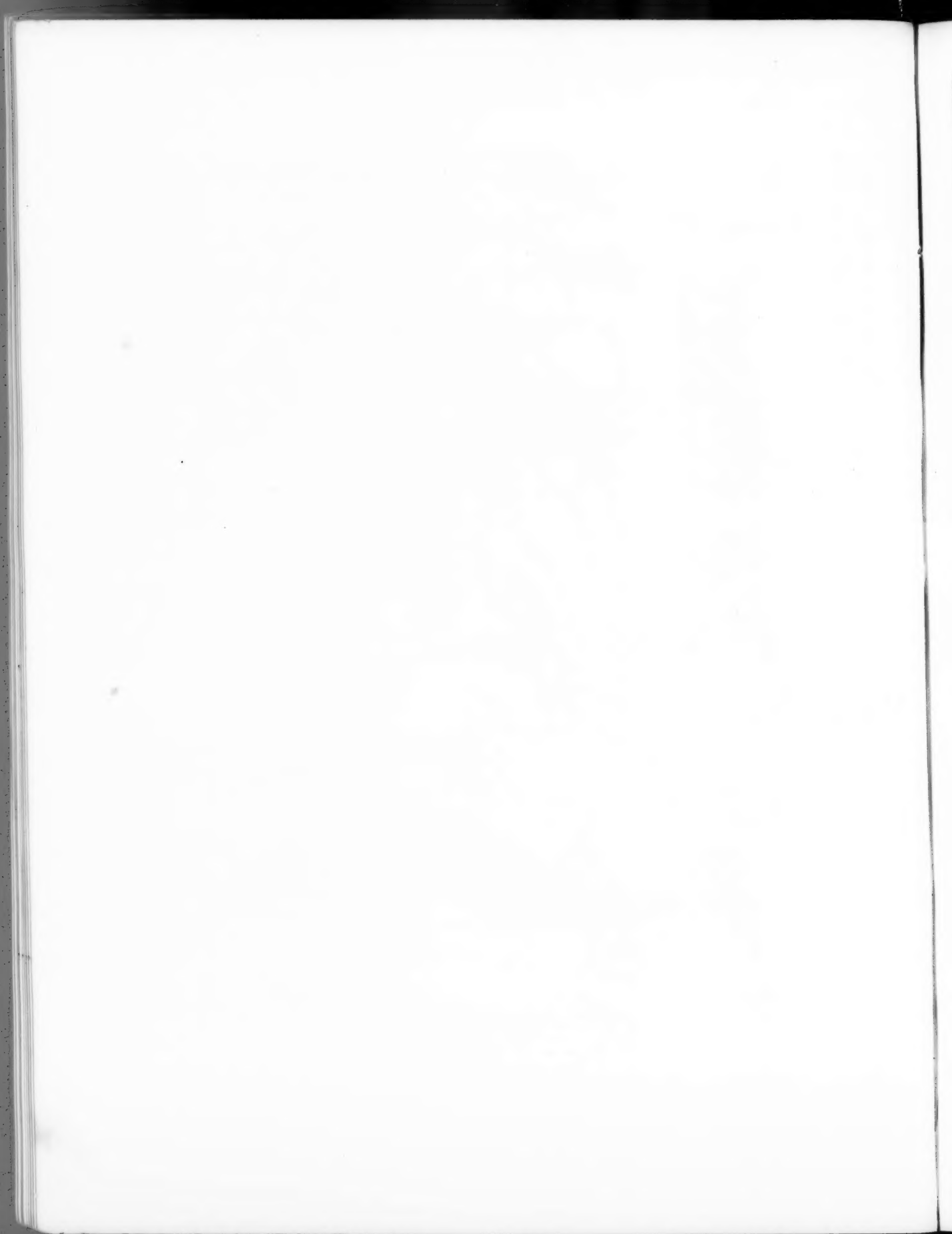
Mr. Cobd. What about the new Reform movement?

Ld. J. R. (yawns). Oh, we don't want it! If we did, we should

have it. Besides, I know how such cries are raised: I have done it myself. A few gentlemen meet; talk a little; pass resolutions, and the thing is got up. I can assure you there's nothing in it.

Mr. J. P. But what do you think of the Session for 1848?

Ld. J. R. Oh! decidedly nothing in it. Leave me alone. You bore me.



THE BATTLE OF THE OYSTERS.

WHEN the little boys poke an oyster-shell under our noses, with a request that we will shell out, and a plea that it is only once a-year, we little think how important it is that Oyster-day in London should be only an annual. We have heard of the Battle of the Constitution being fought in the Registration Courts, but it is mere child's play compared with the Battle of the Oysters, as fought on the 4th of August at Billingsgate. There is nothing in the history of the onslaughts made upon the indigenous tribes by foreign invaders that is half so fierce as the attack upon the natives on the anniversary of Oyster-day. The superstition prevailing in London, that nobody can be lucky all the year unless he devours a dozen or so of the favourite crustacea on the first day of their coming in, necessitates the supply of some millions of the case-hardened fish; and as they can only be bought in one contracted spot, no wonder that the contest is one of inveterate bitterness and desperate ferocity. The simultaneous rush of fishmongers' carts towards the point whence the spoil must be taken, resembles the rapid whirling of the Roman war-chariots, which ADAMS, in his *Antiquities*, and BARRY, in his *Circus*, have combined to impress upon our memories.

Every fishmonger in London sends a vehicle to the scene; and as the horses are driven furiously to the attack, the approach of the cavalry affords a magnificent spectacle of equestrian eagerness, stimulated by human energy. Every combatant seems to reverse the view of ancient PISTOL, who looked upon the world as his oyster, and to see in every oyster a world for which everything must be jeopardised. When we witness in the evening the mountains of shells reared into grottoes, or strewn along the thoroughfares, turning every street, for the time being, into a sort of sea-shore, without any sea; when we witness this peaceful sight, we little think of the fearful encounters amid which these oysters have been sacked. We, at an awful sacrifice, paraphrase the words of the poet:—

"Fish on whom the town has fed,
Oysters o'er whose gory bed
Many a British nose hath bled,
Hit by one, two, three,
Who would for an oyster—spread
Butter fresh and fancy bread,
Run the risk of broken head?
Why! the more fool he!"

Mercy among the fishmongering tribes is a quality utterly unknown; and it has been well remarked by SMITH, in his *Joca Seria sine Punctu*, (a work at present unpublished), that the Shellfish dealers are imbued with the habitual Shellfishness that their calling is likely to generate in their minds.

THE BREAK-DOWN ON THE BALLOT.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MY DEAR LORD,

IN the debate on MR. H. BERKELEY'S resolution in favour of the Ballot, you are reported thus to have expressed yourself in opposition to it:—

"I can understand, indeed, that an argument might be used, running somewhat in this manner—and if you introduce your principle of secrecy into the right of voting, I do not know but such an argument might have its force and effect—that it would be better that juries should not be subject to intimidation in the discharge of their duties; that the judge, to give the full opportunity for deciding justly and impartially, should not become obnoxious to public censure, and therefore trial at law should be secret."

Very well, my Lord. And if juries, in their vocation as grocers or cheesemongers, were actually exposed to loss of customers, and if judges did really lose their employment by giving verdicts and passing sentences according to their consciences, then, doubtless, trial at law should be secret. Do you mean to say that such is the fact as regards voters? Do you mean to say that such is not the fact as regards voters? Will you pretend that the cases are similar? Excuse me, my dear Lord, but I really must beg you to take your choice between the bouncer and the blunder. Which will you admit that you have outraged—truth or logic?

Next, dear LORD JOHN, I find you represented as objecting to the proposal of the Ballot, for being unaccompanied by a plan for the Extension of the Suffrage, and as saying:—

"So this one-seventh of the adult male population of the kingdom is to be endowed with what the constitution of Venice enjoyed, a secret and despotic power over all the affairs of the realm."

But, my good Finality LORD JOHN, whose fault is it, I beseech you, that no scheme has been proposed for the Extension of the Suffrage—that the constituency of the kingdom includes but one-seventh of adult Englishmen? Does this sin lie at MR. BERKELEY'S door, or at the gate of the Treasury, and at the portal of a certain domicile in Richmond Park?

Lastly, after having objected to the Ballot on the score of secrecy, I am informed that you assert:—

"I believe that if persons took the pains to find out the vote that was given, it

would always be discovered, and that it never could be disguised; and therefore there would be always some kind of influence used at elections."

So you maintain the Ballot to be mischievous on account of its secrecy, and useless because that secrecy is impossible. You support your point by a mis-statement and a false analogy, and clench your reasoning by a contradiction in terms. Your fallacies remind me of PHARAOH'S kine; for your lean arguments eat up your plump assertions. No wonder the House affirmed the principle of the Ballot, after hearing your objections to it. Congratulating you on having thus attained your minority,

I remain, your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

THE PARLIAMENTARY HARVEST OF ONE SHEAF.



Mr. Bull. "WELL, JOHN, WHAT OF THE HARVEST?"

John. "OH, MR. BULL, WE'VE AN AVERAGE CROP."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

WE are happy to see the practice of sending sums anonymously, in the shape of Conscience Money, becoming somewhat general. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is continually getting the half of a bank-note from some penitent, who, in his day, has done—what England expects every man to do now and then—the Duty.

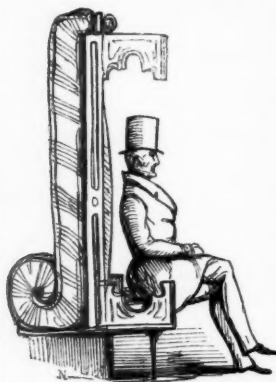
We shall be glad to find this system applied more generally, and it would give us unalloyed pleasure to hear of cash dropping into the public coffers from the overburdened consciences and plethoric purses of some of the holders of snug sinecures. Unfortunately the consciences of people of this class are not very troublesome, and we hardly know how to work upon them, unless the Treasury were allowed to put into commission a few ghosts, regularly rigged out in sheets and stilts, to intercept the sinecurists on their way home after receiving their un-earned salaries. Something of the kind might answer very well behind the door of the Court of Chancery, to alarm the scruples of the door-keeper; but unfortunately the keeper never goes near the door, and therefore is never in a position to be pounced upon.

As a proof of something like returning conscience among certain literary depredators, we may mention the fact that we have received several hundred ideas, jokes, and articles of a miscellaneous description, forwarded to us by persons who had tried to convert them to their own use by pilfering and slightly disguising them, but who had disgracefully failed in the experiment.

Some curious instances of Conscience Money, returned in the shape of fees disgorged by attorneys, and sent back to their victimised clients, have also been reported to us; but these cases are of such an apocryphal nature that we cannot believe them until we have had experience of their reality. When MR. BRIEFLESS sends us back the guinea we gave him for the opinion that has been overruled twice, at a cost of 240 guineas, and established three times, at an expense of £570 14s. 2d., and "a friendly suit" that amicably eased us of £86 18s., we shall begin to put some faith in the rumour that conscience is beginning to find its way at last into the forensic profession.

A LETTER FROM A SLEEPY MEMBER.

"MR. PUNCH, "Bellamy's, Friday, August 11th, 1848.
 "Sir, I rise—I mean sit—to address you, Sir, on a subject involving, in a great degree, the comfort and happiness of a considerable portion of that Honourable House, of which I have the honour to be a Member; need I say, I refer to the House of Commons? Sir, when I



THE SOMNOLIFER IN THE MORNING.

tell you that it is my custom, as it is also the custom of many other gentlemen in that Honourable House, to take a few glasses of wine at dinner—I say, Sir, when I state that fact to you, I am sure you will not be surprised, nor will your numerous readers be surprised to hear, that not unfrequently during the speeches of MR. ANSTEY and other Honourable Gentlemen, whose long-windedness and long-wordiness render them the terror of HER MAJESTY'S faithful Commons in Parliament assembled—I say, Sir, that you will not be surprised to hear that not unfrequently I find, as other Honourable Members of that Honourable House also find, it impossible to keep our eyes and ears open, and that we sometimes detect ourselves in the arms of MR. MORPHEUS, which is synonymous to finding ourselves in the hands of MR. ANSTEY. (*Hear, hear, and a laugh*). Now, Sir, as sleeping upon benches is highly conducive to cramp, rheumatism, and pins-and-needles, what I desire is, to obtain leave to bring in a Bill to enable Members of Parliament to provide their own seats in the House as well as out of it (*Hear! and a very small laugh*). I have, Sir, at great personal trouble, and I will say, at great pecuniary sacrifice, constructed, by the aid of my upholsterer, a machine, which, after much mental anxiety, both upon my own part and on the part of my upholsterer, I have determined to designate, 'THE SOMNOLIFER; or, THE HOUSE OF COMMONS MADE EASY.' By the sketches, Sir, which accompany this bill—I mean this letter—you will perceive how admirably 'The Somnolifer' is calculated for the purposes for which I (and in justice I will add), my upholsterer designed it.



THE SOMNOLIFER IN THE EVENING.

"Lend, Sir, your powerful aid—powerful because deserved—deserved because—because; (*Here the Honourable Member becomes illegible*)—lend that aid to support a measure and a machine so conducive to the ease of the Members of that Honourable House, of which I have the honour to form an integral but an unworthy part.

"Then may we exclaim, Sir, in the words of SIR ROBERT PEEL—

"Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi."

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"A SLEEPY MEMBER."

COURT-MARTIAL.

THE soldier's frock-coat has been called up before a Court-martial, presided over by LIEUT.-COLONEL STULTZ, assisted by GENERAL DOUDNEY, ENSIGN MOSES, and several other distinguished officers. The offence the frock-coat has given is not distinctly known, but it was stated that an example was wanted to strike terror into the British Army, and accordingly, the coat was sentenced to receive a dozen rounds. The culprit was instantly tied up by the arms to the Alberts. When he was cut down the rounds had been given with such precision, that the poor coat was wasted away almost to a mere jacket, and presented so sad a spectacle that it made the stoutest turn and tremble. He was immediately carried to the tailors' board, and restoratives applied, but it is not expected that he will survive much longer. He has evidently been cut off in his prime, and will be universally regretted, as he was a very great favourite amongst all bodies, wherever a military coat was seen.



The Delightful Process of Dressing in a Bathing Machine.

THE LADY CORONETS OF WESTMINSTER.



THE days of chivalry are gone; and MR. H. BERKELEY may be said to have spoken the funeral oration of the deceased. His assault upon the female Coronets (Coronets are of both sexes) of Westminster in his Ballot resolution, was distinguished by a fierceness that makes *Punch* blush for the gallantry of the Commons. To think that an M.P., in human shape, should speak thus of woman; lovely, gentle, darling woman!—

"In the course of the day before the election six carriages drew up at this tradesman's door, each with a coronet on the panels. From these carriages descended parties of ladies, and there was no cajolery or artifice to which they did not resort in order to induce him to vote for CAPTAIN ROUS. In conclusion, they worried the poor man so much—"

In short, they left the man no voice, driving off with his plumper as banditti would ride off with a traveller's portmanteau. Such, at least, is the ungallant inference of MR. BERKELEY; and we very much regret, for the honour of Parliament assembled, that no Member had the chivalry to question it. "Cajolery," "artifice," applied to female Coronets! Endeavouring to speak in the injured spirit of the accused, "We should very much like to know what the honourable gentleman means? It's like his impudence! A lady can't shake hands with a butcher, or kiss his baby, or declare what a dear good-looking woman his wife is, or merely give her private opinion that CAPTAIN ROUS is a darling of a sailor, and one who ought to be voted for, and if he isn't, that the tradesman refusing shall never send in another farthing's-worth of goods; no, not if there was not another butcher in all Westminster: a lady, for the most innocent motives, can only just hint so much as this, for the good of the country, assailed as it is in Church and State—as the dear Bishop of Canea says, with tears in his eyes—a lady, making an effort with herself to protect our Institutions, has only to smile, or laugh, or frown, or scold a wretch of a voter, as the case may be, and up gets a gentleman in the House of Commons—(and what that House of Commons can be made of, to sit quiet and listen to such things, it's more than she can tell)—and talks of 'cajolery,' and 'artifice,' and 'worrying!' Well, she never! The lady only wishes she was a man—that's all!"

For our own part, we think it would have been more straightforward in MR. BERKELEY to have brought in a Bill making it felony for any lady to canvas a voter, unless the said lady should—as in the days of our great-grandmothers—wear a mask and register herself as not being under two-and-forty. This, we take it, would have put down the abuse once and for ever.

THE MAN OF THE SWORD.—Many people have inquired, What is MR. MEAGHER of the Sword? We answer, that he is the Flat of the Sword.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S LAMENT;

OR, PUTTING THE BILLS TO BED.

Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep,
 Though COBDEN chafe, and BRIGHT upbraid
 O'er measures marred, and men o'erpaid;
 Though Borough bribery grow apace,
 And Ireland bare rebellion's face.
 Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep.

When out of office, I began
 To play the part of "Coming Man;"
 I told the glorious bead-roll o'er
 Of Radical Reforms in store;
 But now I see, if they're to be,
 'Tis thanks to some one else, not me.
 Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep.

Lie still, my Poor Law Bills, awhile
 On BULLER's amply furnished file,
 Nor get us, as your elders did,
 Into a fix—nay, Fate forbid;
 But yet I fear, another year
 Will find our paupers still as dear.
 Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep.

We haven't pass'd—but soon we will,
 I hope, our Navigation Bill;
 The Colonies are in a fume,
 And sore I'm work'd by JOSEPH HUME;
 But if he knew all I've to do,
 He'd wonder any work's got through.
 Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep.

And Public Health Bill, MORPETH's care,
 'Tis true ye're somewhat thin and bare;
 But none can say ye didn't show
 Our wish to please both friend and foe;
 And after all, it doth befall
 That we've pleased nobody at all.
 Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep.

Farewell, farewell, thou sorest year
 That ever bored a Ministere!
 Too well, from all around I see
 What my short epitaph would be,
 (If I should walk my official chalk!)—
 "Too little Work and too much Talk!"
 Below my Bills, lie still and sleep;
 Until next Session ye must keep.

Suspension Acts.

It was a question in the *Assemblée Nationale* whether MR. PROUDHON's speech should be reported. By this it would seem that the suppression of a Member's speech is evidently a great punishment. It would have a great effect in the House of Commons, we think, if several Members were punished in this way. We should like it to be applied to MR. ANSTEE—for hitherto only the House and the nation have been punished with his speeches. By the bye, if LORD JOHN were to suspend the printing of the debates, it is a question whether more business would not be transacted? The Habeas Corpus Act should be enforced against the body of reporters. As yet, so little has been done, that we think this Session might with justice be called the "SUSPENSION SESSION."

The North-Western Engine-Drivers.

THERE is a little disagreement between these useful functionaries and their employers, the latter charging the former with a desire to drive a very hard bargain as well as a tender, and the former implying that the latter are illustrating the old saying with reference to a certain old gentleman driving when needs must, which is alleged to be the case in consequence of the resignation of the experienced servants. Considering the very powerful engine both parties have in their hands, we hope they will have the good sense to prevent any further collision; and though we cannot recommend, in railway matters, the system of meeting each other half-way, we hope that they will lose as little time as possible in getting into a train of settlement.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

A FEW evenings ago, as a gentleman named JOHN RUSSELL was quietly seated on his bench—thinking of nothing—he was assaulted by a person named BERKELEY, who, with others, carried him off his feet, and—as GULLIVER was jammed into a marrow-bone—stuck him hard and fast in a ballot-box. Happily, no injury was committed upon the worthy gentleman; but there is every reason to believe that his assailants, animated by their late success, contemplate a renewal of their violence.



JACK IN THE (BALLOT) BOX.

IMPROMPTU IMMORTALITY.

THE Widow CORMACK must, in future, take her place by the side of LORD BYRON, and exclaim, with the poet peer, or peerless poet—"I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." The gentleman jumping up into the air with the explosive force of a quack pill, and shrieking out convulsively, "Ha! ha! ha! cured in an instant!" undergoes a tedious process compared to the celerity with which the Widow CORMACK attained a sudden renown, that would justify the frantic shout of, "Ho! ho! he! he! he! immortal in a twinkling." She went to bed one night, and waking, found herself in the pages of history, the police in her cupboards, and SMITH O'BRIEN in her cabbage-bed. She had retired with her children into the arms of MORPHEUS, and tumbled directly into the hands of the Constabulary; while the King of Munster had dropped in among some of the growing greens of Green Erin, in the Widow's kitchen-garden. She who had been nothing but "a poor lone widow" over night, found herself at such a premium in the morning, that her cabbages were being cabbaged by the crowd as curiosities, and she got a letter by an early post, from a theatrical manager, offering her her own terms, for herself and family to appear between the first and second pieces, with a bunch of the original cabbages in their hands, as a sample of the King of Munster's hiding-place. Notoriety was never before achieved at such short notice, for the mantle of Fame has fallen upon the Widow CORMACK and her family, as rapidly as if Fame kept a lot of mantles on hand, ready made, after the manner of the dealers in the tribe of paletots which fit everybody by fitting nobody, and hang as loosely on the natural shape, as any *lusus naturæ* that modern tastelessness has been permitted to thrust upon society.

EXTREME DELICACY.



Exquisite in Cab. "AW—BE KIND ENOUGH, IF YOU PLEASE, TO FETCH—AW—AN—AW—UM-BRELLAW AND HOLD IT OV-AW ME WHILE I—AW—GET OUT."

Cheap Noise for the Navy.

MR. HUME, the other evening, in the House of Commons, gave notice of his intention to ask the Government for an account of the expenses of gunpowder used for Salutes. To blow the money of the nation away into expansive gases, is literally to fling it to the winds. The cash of the country ought not to be converted into fulminating gold and silver. We therefore coincide with MR. HUME in objecting to these expensive explosions. We do grudge an outlay of the precious metals for the mere purpose of making a noise in honour of illustrious personages. That end would be answered equally well by sheet-iron, the material for producing mock-thunder not to be distinguished from real. This would be din enough for any manifestation of respect or loyalty; and therefore we suggest that, as a substitute for powder, mimic thunder should be added to the rattlings of the Royal Navy.

The Ne Puff Ultra.

A FORMIDABLE placard, in letters long enough to show the length to which puffing may go, has been paraded round London for some weeks past, with the startling catch-line of "BILE! BILE! BILE!" A mad wag of our acquaintance, who has two Commissions of Lunacy out against him on two separate puns, has just been found guilty of a third, in the shape of a declaration, that on seeing the words "BILE! BILE! BILE!" intruded upon the public gaze, he felt his blood "BILE, BILE, BILE" in the most tumultuous and extraordinary manner.

SHAKSPEARE BIRCHED.

AN unfortunate individual, who thus writes himself down, "W. J. BIRCH, M. A., New Inn Hall, Oxon," has been guilty of begetting a book called *An Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakspeare*. This benighted BIRCH calls up SHAKSPEARE, and accuses him of Infidelity. He had not the proper notions of immortality, says BIRCH; and—to the great delight of his own charitable soul—he proves, at least in the belief of the possessors, the existence of no such for other people. MARLOW is at once written down an Atheist; and, indeed, other playhouse folks are turned inside out, as BIRCH would turn out one of his old gloves. Several of our contemporaries have abused BIRCH at length; the more simple they. We should as soon think of arguing with a reasoner who, for fault of human wit, used ancient eggs. A BIRCH, however, insults SHAKSPEARE; we would punish him, and in this fashion:—We would turn him adrift in a washing-tub upon the Avon; and whereas BIRCH has thrown his dirt at the Swan, he should be piloted by congenial geese. After this, we would have it most significantly proved to BIRCH that he deserved nothing short of himself.

Work and Wages for Parliament.

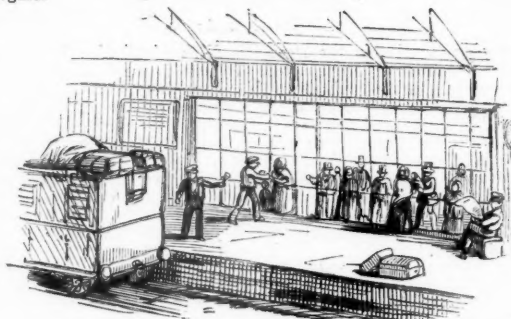
LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in spite of the lamentations of COLONEL SIBTHORP at losing his holiday, has induced the House of Commons to resolve to sit on Wednesdays. We do not wish to interfere with the business of MR. CANTELO, but we would suggest that the cushions of the Members should be stuffed with eggs, so that something might be hatched with all this sitting. It is clear that if there were less standing and talking in the House, there would not be so much sitting and doing nothing. We are fast veering round to that point of the Charter which requires the payment of Members of Parliament; only, to insure the work for the wages, we would have them paid by the job or the measure.

As Good as a Play.

THE *Morning Post*, reporting a "marriage in high life," which took place last week at St. George's, Hanover Square, informs us, after describing the bride's clothes, that "the ceremony was beautifully performed by the REV. MR. CAMPBELL." Good gracious! what does our fashionable contemporary mean? Does he consider the Marriage-service to be a tragedy or a melodrama? or does he look upon it in the light of a genteel comedy?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

We have received two or three letters from some unreasonable Third Class People, complaining that at the London and North Western Railway "their friends were excluded from the platform, whilst those of the First and Second Class Passengers were allowed to remain." Quite right! If Third Class Passengers were not rendered as uncomfortable as possible, there is no knowing what would be the consequence to the receipts of the Company. If a Third Class Carriage was not made to be "replete with every inconvenience," who would ride in a Second Class Carriage, which is very little better? We think the Directors are perfectly right in maintaining the exclusive system; but to silence the grumblers, we would advise them to adopt the annexed plan of an iron grating, which was suggested to us by a visit to Newgate.



PROPOSED WAITING-ROOM FOR THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS.

"BRAG'S A GOOD SOLDIER."—Officers have generally been in the practice of bragging about their cloth. If they keep cutting it down into shell-jackets, they will soon have very little cloth left to brag about.

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OUR PROROGATION SPEECH.



WHEN Parliament opens, it is generally with a Speech from the QUEEN; it ought to close with a Speech from *Punch*. There would be a propriety about this arrangement. It would be pleasantly typical of the Royal Promise and Ridiculous Performance of the present Ministry. So to our Speech:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You assembled on Thursday the 19th of November; you are about to separate this present Saturday, the 19th of August. You perceive this gives nine months of work—that is, talk. In eight of these nine months you have passed twenty-six Acts, of which all but nine were Acts of course. To bring about these nine Acts you have talked 4810 pages of HANSARD.

About twice that quantity of talk has escaped unprinted. The Country appreciates your services. She acknowledges your readiness to devote your last breaths to her advantage. All she asks is the halfpennyworth of work to this intolerable quantity of words.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

You met early; you are separating late. You were called together mainly for three objects. Measures were to be recommended to your consideration for advancing the social condition of Ireland; for modifying the Navigation Laws; and improving the Public Health. Towards the first of these objects you have contributed an Arms Bill, a Crown and Government Security Bill, and a Bill for suspending Habeas Corpus; towards the second you have contributed nothing; towards the third, not exactly nothing, but next to it. You have, besides this, passed a Sugar Bill, which has the great merit of dissatisfying everybody; you have thrown away a million and a half in the shape of a loan to Irish landlords, and a half-million in that of an advance to West India Planters. You have also emasculated the Public Health Bill, and passed a measure on the subject which cannot do much harm, and may do a little good.

When I turn from what you have done, to what you have left undone, I am struck by a great contrast. You may congratulate yourselves on having abundance of work cut out for the year.

I have given directions that Estimates of all that is to be done "next Session" should be made out, and laid before Ministers. I expect that it will astonish them.

I remark with pain, that you have got into a habit of laughing at very serious things; such as Chartism and Irish Rebellion. I am desirous that you should leave this to me. I will find out the absurdities of both: you have to deal with the serious side of these facts. FEARGUS O'CONNOR may be a very absurd person, and SMITH O'BRIEN very contemptible; but Chartism is, nevertheless, rife among English working men, and disaffection among the peasantry of Ireland. I look with confidence to see you grave on both these subjects for the future.

I am preparing measures for limiting the speeches of honourable Members; I trust that the time is not far distant when honourable Members who have nothing to say, will not think it necessary to take up so much time in saying it.

Gentlemen, your Session has extended over a time marked by marvellous events, and full of great suffering on the part of the Working Classes of the Empire. You do not seem to have appreciated the one, and you have done nothing to alleviate the other. It is a gratifying proof of the stability of our Institutions that they have resisted all convulsions without any help from HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, who have tested the Constitution, as railway bridges are tested, by putting on it a much heavier weight of incapacity than it is ever likely to be required to bear on ordinary occasions.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to bid you all good bye, on the conclusion of a Session unexampled for the greatness of its promise and the smallness of its performance—the Spanish Giant of Sessions, as far as words go; and their TOM THUMB, as far as work.

The Value of Ridicule.

If the Irish Rebellion had only broken out six months ago, what a deal of bloodshed might have been saved! for there is no doubt the result would have cast such intense ridicule upon the very name of Revolution, that no State would have had the courage to attempt one after the Hibernian failure.

RATHER UNSATISFACTORY.

THE *Court Circular* is certainly not the place in which we are in the habit of looking for our light reading, nor do we expect to find it in any of those moving accidents by flood and field which form the elements of romance; but we do occasionally get hold of a paragraph in it that (as the Reviewers have it when their amiable criticism is charged as an advertisement) "will repay perusal." We found in Wednesday's Number of that water-gruelly work a few lines that raised a smile, and as we estimate every smile at threepence—we will pay that price to any one who can manage to call up a risible illumination into our countenance—we may allow that the *Court Circular* has for once "repaid perusal." The following is the paragraph, whose value as a ludicrous irritant may not at first sight appear:—

"CAPTAIN DENHAM, R.N., F.R.S., had interviews at the Board of Trade and Admiralty yesterday with his reports and diagrams respecting the recent steam-vessel accidents in the Irish Sea and Gulf of Finland."

A closer examination of the sentence will, however, show its purport to be that CAPTAIN DENHAM has had an interview with his own reports and diagrams. Why he should have made the Admiralty the place of rendezvous between himself and his own productions does not appear, and the thing is almost as absurd as an amateur punster making an appointment with one of his own jokes to meet him at the *Punch* Office, or COLONEL SIBTHORP arranging an interview with himself on Waterloo Bridge. CAPTAIN DENHAM's *tête-à-tête* with his own diagrams at the Boards of Trade and Admiralty must have been one of the dullest and most unsatisfactory *rencontres* that ever occurred, or the wag who writes the *Court Circular* must have come to the fearful determination of "having his joke." If this is really the case, the thing must be stopped at once; for though we can tolerate mere imbecility, its union with attempted facetiousness is too terrible to allow us to see it realised. The Centaur is not a more frightful combination than the junction of waggery with the solemn dullness of the *Court Circular*, and we have determined therefore not to tolerate the attempt of our contemporary to place upon the body of the donkey the head of the buffoon.

The Rural Grumbler.

ZEE here what comes o' your Vree Trade
In cattle voreigneerin!
Them Garman sheep there, I'm a'fraid,
Wun't pay me for the shearin.
They've got the zmall-pox, all the vlock,
And arter that who'll ate 'em?
And I, to zave my 'toter stock,
Must go and vac-ci-nate 'em.

Ah! these baint like the good old times
When we enjoyed Purtection;
Now beasties vetch'd from voreign climes
Brings over here infection.
Great cry did BRIGHT and COBDEN raise,
We countryfolk to put on:
Here's precious little wool, I zays,
And terrible bad mutton.

But there—'tis true things might be wuss—
Misfortuns will befall us;
And voreigners—for all the fuss
We made—don't quite forestall us.
And corn and cattle, arter all,
In price don't greatly tumble;
Zo p'raps you'll zay we han't no call
Zo very much to grumble.

Shocking Accident to Mr. Urquhart.

WE are sorry to record a terrific accident which has befallen MR. URQUHART, M.P. On Wednesday last week, in the House of Commons, the Honourable Member attempted to move a heavy resolution, condemnatory of the anti-slave trade policy of Ministers in the East. This incautious movement brought down upon him LORD PALMERSTON, who, falling upon him with tremendous weight, literally crushed him to atoms. We cannot say that the unfortunate gentleman lies in a dangerous state, for he is completely smashed, and the vital spark being politically extinct, he is incapable of doing mischief to anybody.

THE HORSE FOR OUR MONEY.

In the list of the horses at Egham races, we observed a steed named "Death's Antagonist." This is just the animal on which a man would choose to ride for his life.



to have the handling of. We could scarcely expect our old friend PHŒBUS ever to shine again if he should really execute the awful duty said to be imposed upon him at Paris.



PHŒBUS AT HIDE AND SEEK.

It is notorious that during the whole of last week the Sun was keeping out of the way, and we have at length discovered the cause of this alarming act of Solar bankruptcy. The truth is, that the celebrated firm of PHŒBUS and Sun was quite unable to answer the demands we hear have lately been made upon it in Paris to take Photographic Portraits of the 900 Members of the National Assembly. There is something awful in the task of running through 900 noses, filling in 1800 eyes—some of the noses are of course hooks, to match the eyes—and biting in some 32,400 teeth, belonging to the Members of the National Assembly.

We do not wonder at the Sun having proved *non est inventus* for the past week, when such were the labours assigned to it. Even the greatest of all luminaries, ourselves, would feel a little put out if such a task as this were to be imposed upon us. Imagine the horror of having to take the impression of all the miscellaneous snubs, pugs, and other proboscis prominences of 900 Republican representatives, to say nothing of the other features that diverge from the 900 great scenters that the Sun is

Hope for the Potatoes.

THE *Manchester Courier* says that a potato-grower near Warrington, on examining his crop a short time ago, "found it in every direction seriously affected; ten days afterwards, on examining it, all trace of the disease had disappeared, and the plants were looking healthy." We are glad to find the potato disease manifesting itself in a milder form. It thus appears, that when potatoes are out of sorts they may be suffering merely from a slight cold—caught, perhaps, from lying in a damp bed—or some other temporary indisposition. When, therefore, those valuable tubers chance to look poorly, we trust that they will not in all cases be given up in despair.

APHORISM FOR PARLIAMENT.—Miscellaneous Estimates engender desultory observations.

Punch's Popular Phrases and Sayings.

THE English language is known to be a delicious jumble of some half-dozen tongues, of which, like the tongue of the half-boot, the tongue of the buffalo, or the tongue of the British female, it is difficult to get at the end. Language has been called the criterion of a nation's health—though we don't see why—and it may therefore be said that a country, like a patient, has only to put the tongue out to enable us to judge of the condition of either. It is true that there is much power in language; and, though DEMOSTHENES failed in his celebrated boxing-match with the Grecian prize-fighter, the orator used to say, "Wouldn't I have given him a licking though, if I had depended on my tongue!" The English tongue is very ancient; and we think we may hazard the observation, that the tongue of every country, though not of such remote extraction, must always be a little older than its teeth. With these preliminary sentences, we proceed to consider some of those old phrases which time has rendered familiar; and without going back to WYNNYN DE WORD, whose wordiness always sets us winking, we will look at the original meaning of some of those sayings, our familiarity with which has almost degenerated into contempt. We will commence, rather appropriately, by seizing the bullock by his capital excrescences, and,

I.—Taking the Bull by the Horns.

This operation enjoys a much larger reputation for wisdom than it deserves, inasmuch as it is very doubtful policy to attempt to bully a bull, by treating him in this unceremonious manner.

II.—He put his Nose out of Joint.

This saying is about as absurd as the other; for everybody knows that everybody's nose is utterly without joints, and cannot therefore be put out of a condition it has never enjoyed.

III.—Money makes the Mare to go.

There is a semblance of truth in this observation, if we may be allowed to sacrifice its orthography; for money may be said to make the Mayor to go, to a certain extent, by keeping things going at the Mansion House. In an equestrian sense, the saying is perfectly monstrous, for there are some mares that will not go for any money, if you put them up to auction, on the one hand, or put them into harness on the other.

These afford only a small specimen of the nonsense inscribed in old sayings; but *ex tribus discite omnes*, is the reply we make to those who would ask for a more extensive sample.

A Hint from Houdin.

WE understand that LORD JOHN RUSSELL applied to the celebrated HOUDIN for the loan of the empty bottle out of which he so miraculously extracts all sorts of good things, in order that the Whig Premier may take a lesson in the art of obtaining a constant surplus from a perpetual deficiency. MONSIEUR HOUDIN obligingly submitted the bottle to the Premier's inspection, who saw, as usual, "nothing in it."

THE CHARTIST HEROES.

ONE of the vagabonds who was concerned in the late scheme to blow out all the gas-lights in London at a single gust, and empty the Thames, the New River, and every other source from which London is supplied with water, by merely boring a hole in the main—one of these scoundrels was discovered to have an old coal-scuttle round him in the place of a shirt, by way of armour. Another scamp had got a couple of coffee-pots, by way of greaves for his legs; a third had got a pair of pepper-boxes for gauntlets. Another of the asinine villains had got a dripping-pan by way of waistcoat; and we only wish he had got the benefit of a thorough basting from the appropriate spoon. One of the delegates was found with his head entangled in a potato-strainer that he had been trying on as a helmet.

The precipitancy of the Chartists in arming themselves with tin-kettles a little too early, has sent them all to pot, rather before their time. The individual who sported a tea-kettle for a stomacher, had a natural tendency to spout; and when he declared his blood was boiling, he was no doubt thinking of his own hard case.

Arson Extraordinary.

WE are sorry to have to record an alarming and rather atrocious instance of arson, committed by a contemporary whom we have hitherto been in the habit of regarding as decidedly respectable. The case to which we allude is the entire burning of the city of Milan by the *Daily News*. This fearful conflagration occurred at the commencement of last week, and appears to have originated in the folly of some wickedly-disposed individual, who threw up a lighted straw for the purpose of seeing which way the wind blew. Happily, some dampers were speedily applied, in the shape of wet blankets, from the printing-presses of some other Journals, and the fire was extinguished, but not until Milan had been in ashes for at least half-an-hour, when the conflagration turned out to be nothing more than a column of the ordinary newspaper smoke.

The Heavy Blow, and Great Discouragement.

PARLIAMENT is still in the hands of the ventilator and the architect, and it seems likely to deserve at last the title of

"The House that braved, a thousand years,
The BARRY and the breeze."

JOHN BULL may certainly say of the money granted for DR. REM's experiments, as *Othello* did or "all his fond love" for *Desdemona*,

"I give it to the winds—'tis gone."

Arms Found Here.

SOME Irish patriots intend convening a public meeting to take into consideration the propriety of immediately changing the Irish emblem. Out of compliment to their leader, the national insignia are for the future to be, "The Rose, the Thistle, and the CABBAGE."

LATEST FROM THE CONTINENT.



SOME days ago the following letter was sent to us by MR. ALDERMAN SWILBY, whose son, MR. S. GUTTLER SWILBY, is travelling on the Continent with his tutor, the REV. J. CORKER, chaplain to the Alderman when Lord Mayor. It contains the latest continental news, and does credit to a young gentleman who is only eighteen years of age, as a fond parent says, and already weighs eighteen stone.

"Frankfort, Aug. 9, 1848.

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"Agreeable to the wishes of yourself and dear Mamma, I take up my pen to give you

some idea of my travels on the Continent, as far as I have yet been.

"The little basket of Ham-sangwidges and Sherry was a great comfort to me on the journey to Dover. They served to console me after taking leave of my dear Mar, and kept my spirits up very well. We arrived without accident at the Shipp Inn in time for supper.

"MR. BIRMINGHAM has some of the best Maderia ever drank in my life; if you come this way for the holidays, ask for it, and thank your dear SAM for pointing you out a good thing. MR. CORKER liked it too very much, and we wiled away the hours till bed-time drinking it, and to the health of my dearest parents.

"The packet sett of so dewid erly there was no time to ave anything comfortable for breakfast; we therefore only ad some coffy and biskits, and went on board the Ostend boat.

"It blew very fresh, and MR. C. was quite overcome. But the sea hair gives me always an appetite, and I had a good foring breakfast of ham and eggs, and a glass of Coniac, which kept me all right; and I didn't wake until we were in Ostend Arbour, by which time MR. C. began too to look up.

"This town is very ugly to look at, but strongly fortified, and has oysters all the year round. Aving to wait for the train, I thought our best amusement would be to try a few dozen of their famous natives, which we did so. But law bless you Pa, there no such great things after all. Many and many time after the play have we ad bushels of as good fish, as well as to lunch, in my dear native city of London. Porter they charge 1s. 8d. per bottle, which you must allow is rather heavy.

"The country all the way to Brussels is as flat and green as our billiard-table at Camberwell—the towns quite old and ugly. They sell fruit along the road; we ad some—plumbs sower, cherries ditto, apricots so so, cost one frank. At all the Stations they were drinking beer which I had some, but o lor! Pa! such sower stuff! Why they wouldn't drink it in our servant's hall!

"Brussels is a clean town. We got in just in time for dinner at the Hotel de Suede—as handsome, comfortable, well kept an Inn as ever you saw. Dinner not like us, but famous, all except the soup, which is very shy, and made me think of my dearest Ma and the Shipp and Turtle with tears in my eyes.

"Fish is served after roast meat in this Popish country; and Puddn comes in the middle of dinner, about the fourteenth dish; which surprized and disappointed me a good deal, for I wished twice of it, and was obliged to go on agin quite fresh at the remaining things. I had twenty-nine different things: MR. C. was obliged to cry pickavvy at the twenty-third or so—and he did look so red! We went and took something warm at a caffy near the Opera, where we went afterwards, and fell asleep with the fategues of the day. I never much cared about that singing.

"Next day we set off for a watering-place called Spa, pronounced Spore here—a little bit of a quiet place, where there's what they call mineral springs. But the best thing I found here was some little cray-fish, that ain't much bigger than a good Brighton prawn, but they are full of flavoiur and you can eat no end of 'em. I wish I could see dear Ma with a plateful before her. They certainly are both crisp and juicy.

"We were at a most comfortable Inn, the Hotel de Paybaw as it is pronounced. I remarked the ladies at the table d'hôte used their knives to their vegetables and things, and I like the practice very much.

"Ax-la-Chapelle is another bath or bang where the dinners are by no means bad. Game is here in plenty; and if you go to the Grand Monarch Inn you will get there a kind of Salat, which, upon my conscience, is the best thing I ever ate in that way. We went to a ball at

the Rooms, but there was no supper, and I didn't care for staying dawdling about and seeing the stupid dancing.

"I had a shy at the famous gambling tables: and neither lost nor won. As my dear Par gives me as much money as ever I want, what do I care about winning anybody else's? It was much better surely to come home to a quiet supper than to bother yourself at that stupid dancing or gambling.

"What I have particularly remarked on the Continent is there capital way of doing potatoes—sometimes brown—sometimes in white sauce—sometimes in salad which is capitle. I'll dress one when I come home for my dear sisters and Ma.

"The railroads has tunnels just like ours: and in every train there's a carriage express for smoaking—with little tin-boxes to put your cigar-ashes into, and every think convenient. There is plenty of what they call restorations at the stations, by which they mean places where you may lunch and have refreshment. I will say for eating and drinking these Germans are people after my own heart.

"As there was a steamer to Coblenz setting off just after the rail, we only drove through the town of Cologne, and that was quite enough, for it is an ugly old-fashioned place: and got on board for the three o'clock boat.

"Would you believe they had all dined already on board the boat? which disappointed both me and MR. C. very much, for there is no place where you can see the manners and customs of a people so well as where they are dining, and we were forced to put up with just a beef-steak—(it's not a reglar beefsteak on the Continent such as you git at dear Joe's—only the undercut of the sirloin) and made out a wretched disappointing dinner as best we could. It was rather showery, and so we played at chess, and had a nap in the cabbin, and reached Coblenz at ten at night—time for supper though, trust your SAM for that. Wild bore very good. Trout's ditto; call them Forellens here. Rudesheimer rather sower, must take something to correct it afterwards.

"Up in the morning at five, and off per boat to Mayence, where the famous Ham comes from. Couldn't sleep all night though: beds small: people walking about. When we got on board took coffy, and went and had a good snooze in the cabbin again. Didn't wake till ten, when, as I heard, we had passed all the pretty part of the Rhine, and it couldn't be helped, (and as for me, give me a good sleep before all your lanships). We had a meat and egg breakfast, and got to Mayence at one o'clock.

"They kept us waiting at the train two hours, and then we came on to Frankfort to our Correspondent, MR. SCHILDKROT, who had a handsome dinner ready to receive

"Your affectionate Son,

"SAMUEL GUTTLER SWILBY."

UNDER THE ROSE; OR, BRITANNIA TO THE POPE.

(Supposed to be sung by SIR ROBERT INGLIS.)

Come to the garden bower,
Come where the violet blows,
And honeysuckle grows,
With every pretty flower:
There will I treat with thee,
All so clandestinely,
Under the Rose.

There will we plight our troth,
Our mutual minds disclose,
As everybody knows
Is needful to us both;
Though for appearance sake,
We must arrangements make,
Under the Rose.

Of Irish schools and sees,
And little things like those,
Where the carnation glows
We'll sit and talk at ease;
Among the pinks and cloves,
O'er which the brisk bee roves,
Under the Rose.

That I ignore thy power
The world must needs suppose;
And we must pass for foes:
Yet will we, many an hour,
Among the tulip beds
Togeth'er lay our heads,
Under the Rose.

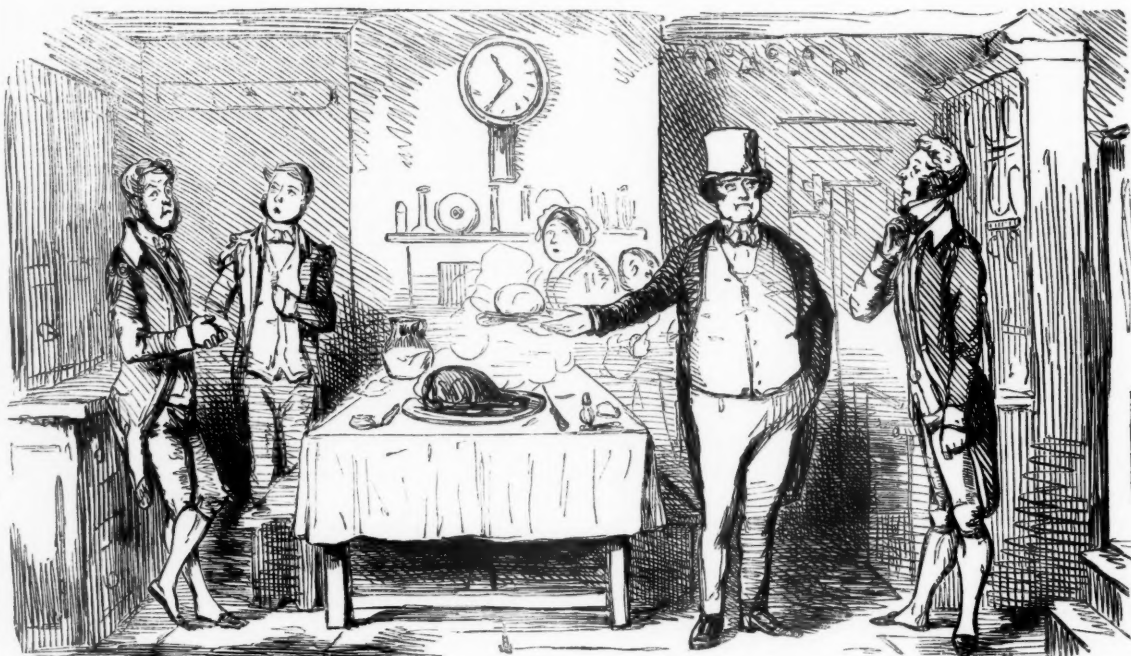
The Late Weather.

"I HAVE no coppers, my good man," said a gentleman, "but I'll remember you, one of these fine days."—"Long life to your honour!" exclaimed the crossing-sweeper. "Sure enough, I'm eternally indebted to you." The gentleman was so well pleased with this answer, that he tried the same promise at the next crossing he came to. "One of these fine days, mon!" repeated the crossing-sweeper, who happened to be a Scotchman. "Weel, I dinna mind, if you'll allow me interest."

Female Poltroonery.

WE perceive that at the late Meeting of the British Association at Swansea, a DR. EDWARD SHUNCK read a report on colouring matters, the length of which drove most of the ladies away. We were aware of the proneness of ladies to timidity; but, judging from their partiality for gay ribbons and smart bonnets, we were not prepared to expect that they would have thus deserted their colours.

FLUNKEIANA.



Master of the House.—"Now, PRAY WHAT IS IT YOU COMPLAIN OF? IS NOT A ROAST LEG OF MUTTON, WITH PLENTY OF PUDDING, VEGETABLES, AND BEER, A SUBSTANTIAL DINNER ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

Flunkey.—"Oh! SUBSTANTIAL ENOUGH, NO DOUBT, SIR; BUT IT REALLY IS A QUIZZEEN THAT—AW—ME AND THE OTHER GENTLEMEN HAS NOT BIN ACCUSTOMED TO. IT'S VERY CORSE—VERY CORSE INDEED, SIR!!"

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.



CONCEIVE what a matter of pain it is to us that we cannot devote one whole Number, at least, to a report of the doings of this itinerant body! Perhaps Antiquity never went upon the tramp for so useful an end; so many of the members "rubbing" up their brass to glisten in the eyes of an illumina'ed generation. Perhaps the luncheons—for it would seem that antiquarians ate by double-entry, taking two luncheons where common ignorance is content with one—were among the most useful additions to the science of Antiquarianism. The Cheshire cheese produced on these occasions, was very old indeed; one distinguished Archæologist proved the descent, in a right curl, of the mites from the mites of the "toasted cheese" celebrated in song as the cheese that made the Welshman's mouth like unto a mouse-trap. The beeswing in the port was shown—by means of a microscope—to have belonged to the bees of Hybla; one Professor boldly buzzing the bottle in proof of it. The ham-sandwiches were descended from the Plantagenet boar; and a noble round of corned beef claimed for its ancestor the first bull of POPE INNOCENT. We merely allude to these matters, as showing that even in the leisure of refecton, the members by no means forgot what was due to science.

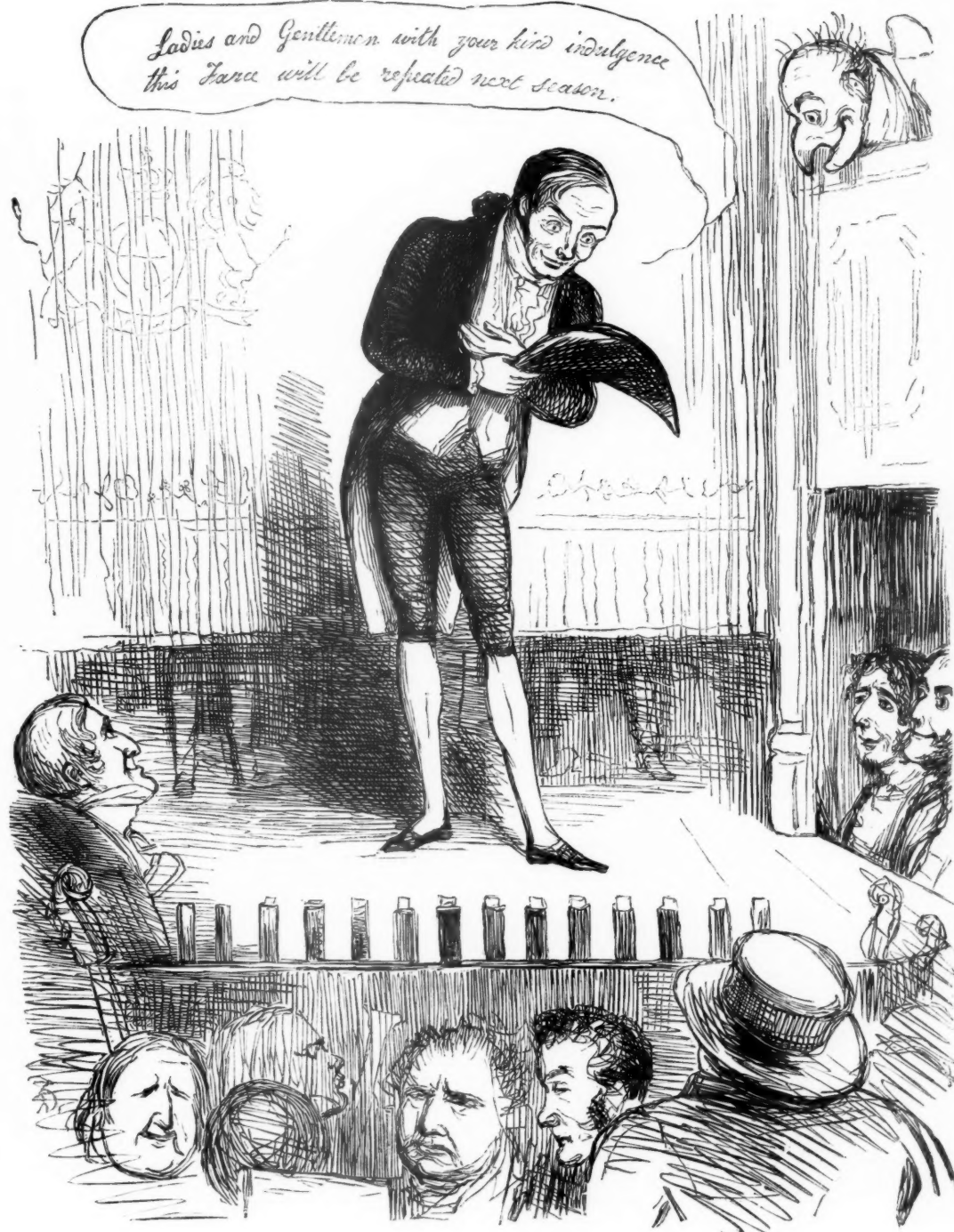
Did we pretend to give any kind of description of all the papers, how gladly would we linger on "The Chalk Deposit that Secured the first Figures of the National Debt!" How dally with MR. PLANCHÉ'S contribution "On the Early Knee-buckles of the Primitive Highlanders!" But we must not expatiate; no, we can only give a few brief notes from MR. ARDEN'S Paper on the "Mummy of an Egyptian Cat," exhumed for the occasion from the mummy pits of Thebes. When we reflect that the Association—national in its objects—travelled to Worcester to instruct the natives in the antiquarian wealth of the locality, we may ask, why travel with a Cat from Egypt? But we put no such query. And for this reason: let our Archæologist do what he will, there can be no doubt he can advance an excellent argument for it.

MR. ARDEN unrolled the Cat, to the breathless attention of a crowded room. The most ancient inhabitant of Worcester does not recollect so many old women brought together upon any one occasion. "Egypt," said the learned Professor, "might be called the Paradise of Cats. It was well known that the Egyptians held the Cow in reverence: and for this reason, for the milk which the animals supplied to the Cats. Above the great Cat-mummy-pit of Thebes was written in the picture language of the olden time, this sentence—'Egypt expects every Cat to catch her mouse;' a sentence," said the learned Professor—"not that he wished to allude to politics—a sentence that might be transferred even to the offices of Downing Street. He, however, would not be led from Science by party. It was plain—from indisputable marks known to the Professor—that the stock of the Cat before them had come in with the Shepherd Kings; that it passed from the hands of Isis to the lap of OSIRIS; then appeared in Heliopolis, passed on to El-Karnac, came down the Cydnus with CLEOPATRA in her barge, and on her death, the individual specimen that the Professor had had the honour of unrolling before the assembled intelligence of Worcester, had become the property of a fortune-teller in Thebes, and died in her service. There could be no doubt that from the Cat in question descended Puss-in-Boots and Puss-in-the-Corner." Several hearty rounds of applause rewarded the research of the lecturer; every-body feeling that a mummy from Egypt was a subject quite at home in the county of Worcestershire.

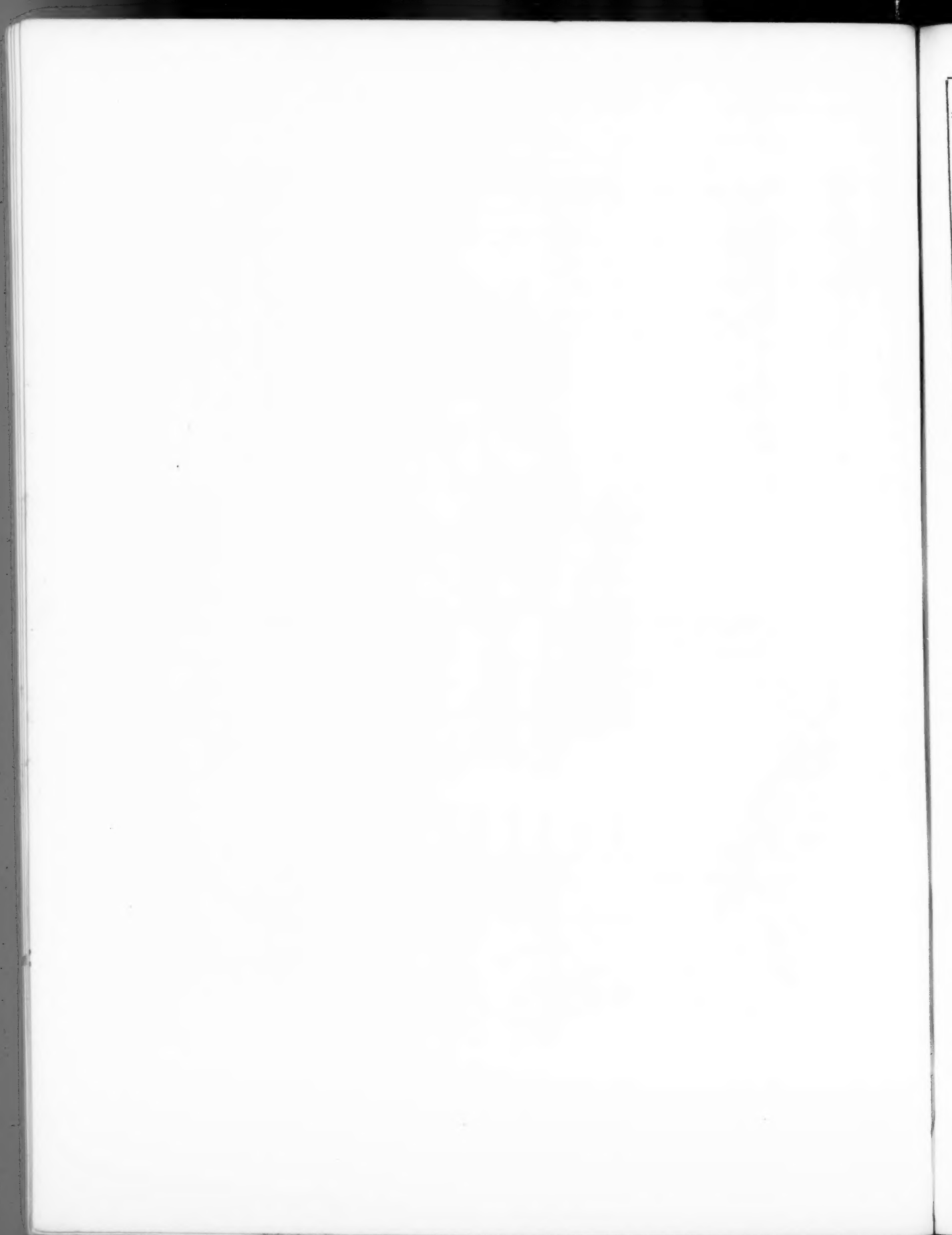
The Association next day proceeded to Malvern for a practical inquiry into the antiquity of the springs that supply the lymph for the cold-water cure. When our reporter quitted, the President and several Professors were left in a siiz-bath, and MR. ARDEN himself swathed in one of DOCTOR GULLY'S wet sheets.

PAYNE'S POST-PRESERVER.

MR. PAYNE has invented a valuable process for the preservation of wood from fire, insects, and decay. WOOD will feel additionally grateful to MR. PAYNE if he will devise any means of preserving him in the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.



"THE FARCE" OF THE SESSION.



SKETCHES IN FRESH AND SALT WATER.

BY THE BUOY AT THE NORE.



BEFORE landing at Ramsgate it will do your heart good—if the weather has not been too rough—to look up at the long line of happy faces that is drawn along the pier, purposely to see you come in. They are all smiling; some are welcoming friends, some are recognising old acquaintances, whilst here and there a young wife is flourishing a cambric handkerchief, which a gentleman on board returns with a most excited stick. It is easy to see he is the husband, for the young lady takes a live baby from the arms of a fat nurse, and holds it up to him. The delight of the gentleman knows no bounds.

He makes all sorts of ugly faces, claps his hands, smacks his lips, as if he longed to kiss something, and indulges in a variety of chuckles pronounceable only by frantic papas. The baby, however, is very ungrateful, for it does nothing but scream, and has to be carried away, at last, by the fat nurse.

The scene is very different in the morning. The bustle is sometimes amusing; a band-box thrown from the pier occasionally creates a laugh when a wig flies out of it, but the faces of those both going and remaining seem much more likely to cry than to laugh. The husband goes away quite sullen, kisses his darling "Ducky," as if he were about to be launched into eternity instead of the *Duchess of Kent*, scarcely notices the baby, and has to jump on the paddle-box to save his passage. How different his sensations when he arrived, even though he had the week's housekeeping money in his cheque-book!

In walking through the bow-windowed streets of Ramsgate, nothing strikes a person so much as the open-door and open-window life the inhabitants—I mean the lodgers—lead. Any one could walk into the passage and help himself to whichever hat or coat he pleased, or elope with the best hoop, or spade, or trap, his juvenile fancy chose to play with. Families pick their shrimps and mend their stockings in public, quite unabashed by the public eye, and seem quite proud to lay before the noses of the hungry multitude every dish of their three courses and dessert. The sight is agreeable enough before dinner—for Englishmen never look so pleasant as when they are eating and drinking—but it has its inconveniences when one has already dined; and you wonder, on glancing at a plate almost breaking with the load of meat, currant-jelly, and vegetables, "how persons can eat so." The hospitality, too, I am ashamed to say, exists all inside. I was never once asked to step in and take a snack, or even as much as stopped with the inquiry if I would have a glass of wine? How the poor beggars endure it, I don't know. The torture of TANTALUS must be a feast to it.

Talking of beggars, Ramsgate is surely their Paradise. The numbers that have embarked in the trade quite beggars belief. The item of "Charities," every week, in the domestic bills, must be something fearful. It really says a great deal for the ladies, but a great deal more for their husbands; for it is evident that every penny that comes out of the lady's reticule, is at least twopence out of the gentleman's pocket. These beggars are not restricted to Englishmen, but take in every shade of foreigners, from the German who looks as if he came from Saffron Hill, down to the Italian boys, those young imps of darkness, who seem as if they washed in blacking, and who, since WARREN is in my mouth, cannot circulate less, I am sure, than *Ten Thousand a Year*.

Perhaps, however, the musicians beat the beggars in numbers. Never was hurdy-gurdyism carried to such a loud extent. You are pulled up at every corner by a wandering band, who immediately commence an overture for a penny; and sometimes you are stopped short in the middle of a narrow street, and obliged to stop till the trombone has pulled in "its linked sweetness long drawn out," before you are able to pass. You certainly have too much bad music at Ramsgate, and not any of the good. This superabundance of discord may account for the "Green-baize Band" being so little supported that, when it performs on the parade, it is obliged to write upon its music-stand, "Supported by voluntary contributions." This is most beggarly for the rich Isle of Thanet.

The street cries, also, are another crying evil, which, if it only cried half so loudly for redress as it does for "Muffins," would not be tolerated a single minute. They begin crying at eight o'clock. It is then "Live Mackerel!" At nine it is "Fresh H-eels!" At noon you are surfeited for hours with "Plum, Seed, and Pound-cake." After that comes the "Sweet-stuff," which, at the sound of a bell, you are told

"Only one penny an ounce is the price,
If you taste them but once, you'll want more, they're so nice."

After the "Sweet-stuff" come the "Fine Fresh Shrimps" which were not sold yesterday; and these are succeeded by a round of "Nice Muffins," with which crisis you are sent to bed, to sleep if you can.

The only escape from these continual cries is a bathing-machine. For

myself, I am naturally very fond of bathing, but I must say I do not like it under a powerful array of telescopes. Now the bathing at Ramsgate is on the sands. The ladies congregate there of a morning, and there is generally a band of music. The scene is very pretty; and really, if the sea was not there, and the band would play a little better, you might fancy yourself in Kensington Gardens. To complete the delusion, dirty chairs are let out at a penny a-piece. The ladies generally have a penn'orth, and the result is, that the whole surface of the beach is covered with the most lovely bonnets and parasols. There they sit till luncheon calls them away, or some Cockney horseman puts them suddenly to flight. Some have a game at needlework, others at Berlin wool, a few perform CANUTE in defiance of wet feet, and the remainder hold the last fashionable novel in their hands, but still every one of them are looking intently at the sea, and several of them—it's the naked truth—looking through telescopes! I wished to bathe, but I had not the courage—I mean the impudence. The next morning the concourse was even greater. I threw up the sea in despair. Imagine a wide amphitheatre of chairs—a group of bathing-machines right opposite—and not more than four yards of water to divide the two—imagine this, and you have the delicacy of Ramsgate brought at one view before you. I quite admired one old lady, who used to turn her back every morning upon the sea, and all that was in it.

The sand, I need not tell you, is very soft. It is curious to notice how the weight of people acts upon the legs of the different chairs. One corpulent gentleman kept sinking and sinking, till his knees were far above his head, and he would have sunk altogether perhaps, if he had not been extricated in time; for the old fellow was so fat that he could not rise without the assistance of two people.

I send you a curious cartoon I found on the sands. It is a very good specimen of the drawing about these parts. I was told that it was the production of a young lady only eight years old.

I saw such a picture of a selfish man at Ramsgate! He was sitting on the trunk of a tree, eating a pine-apple, all by himself! Some five or six little boys were grouped round him, staring with eyes that plainly said, "Oh! give us a bit." Slice after slice disappeared, they still kept watching, but not a bit did he give to any one of them. That man ate a whole pine—no, I make a mistake, he threw away the stalk.

The Marquee is a large tent on a mound one foot high. Occasionally a big wave rushes in, and carries off a newspaper to the Goodwin Sands. It is worth while being in the Marquee, not when the ocean enters, but when the newsman bursts in with the morning papers. The whole room immediately rushes at him, and if he did not throw the papers into the middle of the room, and quickly run away, he would infallibly be torn to pieces. It is a tragedy in half a minute.

The most curious thing to be seen at Ramsgate is the Gothic house on the Parade. It belongs, I was informed, to MR. PUGIN, the architect. Report speaks most highly of the courtesy of this gentleman in showing his rooms to strangers, and speaks still more highly of the perfect taste with which every article of domestic use has been bent, kitchen pokers included, to the caprices of Gothic ornament. I had a private view through one of the windows, which happened, in accordance with the law of this place, to be open. It was the Study, and such a study for a gentleman, so handsome, and yet so comfortable, I never before beheld. Everything, of course, was Gothic, and I was quite surprised at the luxurious, rich effect. A person was sitting inside: I expected to see him Gothic also, but he was dressed like any other gentleman. I could not help noticing, whilst prosecuting my *Paul Pry* view, (which I hope MR. PUGIN, in the same friendly view, will overlook,) that the Gothic paper and curtains bore the motto "*En avant*." Now, situated as the House is, not more than six small feet from the sea, it will never do for the walls to be moved with this spirit, for if they do attempt to go "*En avant*," the house most assuredly goes over the Cliff. By the bye, does the motto quite keep pace with the style of architecture the house is evidently built to revive? It strikes me that in running after the Gothic, the motto ought rather to be "*En arriere*." However, I hope the house will neither go backwards nor forwards, but will always maintain just the same place in the estimation of those who are lucky enough to see it,—even if, like myself, it is only through an open window.

A great number of people visit Ramsgate for its beautiful sea, its snooth sands (when weeded of the bathing-machines), and its quiet wa'ks, and stroll about, not so much for amusement as for health. A



proof of this may be seen in the long row of easy chairs that are drawn out, like a cabstand—only the horses are men—on the cliff near the



Clifton Baths, all waiting for a fare. On a warm day (when there is one) there is not a chair left.

The great attraction is the Library, where hundreds resort of an evening to hear "One, two, three, four, five, six," shuffled about in all manner of ways, to induce young people to invest their shillings in sweepstakes. The noise of the dice is accompanied by the perpetual grumbling of a dull piano, which is stopt every now and then for the humming of a love-song. One singer, "from the Nobility's Concerts," (that great Conservatory for all musical plants,) was very popular, for he was encored, sometimes twice, sometimes three times. Was it his voice? It could not be, for directly he mounted the platform, the ladies would exclaim, "There's that horrid Mr. JONES again!" Was it his style of singing? I doubt it, for the young men would only laugh during an interminable roudade, and cry out "Beautiful!" and "Bravo!" in the most good-humoured manner. However, JONES's popularity and his encores went on increasing every night, till the Librarian called aside the recognised leader at Ramsgate of the young gents' fashions (he is in the Guards), and said to him imploringly, "My dear Sir, pray do not applaud and encore Mr. JONES so, every evening. I cannot tell you how conceited he has grown. It was only this morning he insisted upon an increase of salary; besides, I cannot tell you, my dear Sir, how the encores interfere with the raffling." The applause suddenly ceased that evening, and the next day JONES was told that "his services were no longer required." Poor JONES! He would have been singing "Those lovely eyes" now, if he had never been encored. He fell a victim to the fun of the Guards. I wish him better luck—that is to say, less of it—elsewhere.

Ramsgate lights up beautifully. Seen from the water it is like a little Vauxhall, without any of the rain. From the Sion Hill the town looks like one of the views that "cover an area of 10,000 square yards of canvas," which we have so often admired at the Surrey Zoological. When the gas is turned on, and there is "a light in every laughing"



A DESIGN FOR THE NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL

window and lamp, the illusion is perfect. You expect every minute to see the fireworks spring up into the air, and make sure that the Genius of BRITANNIA, holding a medallion of the Royal Family on the tip of her trident, will presently advance out of the harbour, and splutter its rockets about in all directions, whilst JULIEN, seated on KING GEORGE'S Column, directs an explosive crash of music that subsides as soon as the Roman candles are nearly burnt out, into a cry of "Hats off," and a soft bar of "God Save the Queen."

Then comes the silence and the darkness; and now, after giving one loud "Va-ri-e-ty," as is always customary when the fireworks are over, I wish Ramsgate "a very good night," and will run home, as it is high time, I am sure, for all little Buoy's to be in bed.

"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE."—The bed of glory in Ireland is a cabbage-bed.—*The Cove of Cork.*

A Special Irish Jury.

We find it related among the Irish intelligence in the *Times*, that on the late trial of JOHN MARTIN, the Jury put a question to the Court, commencing with the following curious hypothesis:—

"Suppose that the prisoner had no criminal intent when he committed the crime of felony, either on the 24th of June or the 21st of July."

As if any man could commit a crime without a criminal intent! Surely no importation of cattle from Ireland ever included so magnificent a bull as this!



The Great Tom (Noddy) of Lincoln.

FORCE OF STATISTICS.

OUR old friends of the British Association for the Advancement of Science are at it again, and the Statistical Section is coming out with unusual strength, to an extent that would induce us to believe of some of the members, that

"They lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

It is astonishing what Statistics may be made to do by a judicious and artist-like grouping of the figures; for though they appear to begin with a limited application to one subject, there is no end to the mass of topics that may be dragged in collaterally on all sides. A few facts on mendicancy, introduced by one of the members, became the cue for an elaborate calculation of how many meals had been given to Irish beggars in the last twenty years; and this was very near leading to a division of the meals into mouthfuls, with a table showing the number of teeth, subtracting the molars and taking out the canine, employed in the mastication of these twenty years' returns of meals.

Returns were also threatened of the whole number of mealy-mouthed Irish mendicants within the same period; and an analytical catalogue, distinguishing mere gruel from grub in its ordinary acceptation, and showing the numbers of those who had wanted grub merely to assist them in the process of grubbing on. This led to an elaborate disquisition on potatoes, in which the parings were compared on the principle of *pares paribus*, and the result showed that when two potatoes had been stripped of their jackets, they were so very unlike each other, that they could only be said to be pared but not matched.

The great utility of this kind of research and calculation is so very obvious, that we need not point out the value of the labours of our scientific friends, whose large returns have been ill-naturedly said to be productive of very small profits indeed.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.—You will learn the best period for Grouse, by watching the House of Commons. You may be sure, the very moment Parliament closes, that the Game's up.

A HANDSOME OFFER TO LORD JOHN.

MY DEAR RUSSELL, 85, Fleet Street, Aug. 22.



I PERCEIVE that LORD MINTO, your estimable father-in-law, has brought in his bill of travelling expenses to Rome, Naples, and Sicily—a journey patriotically undertaken for the abiding good of the empire—a little bill to the amount of £2000. The sum, even for a nobleman and a MINTO, is rather large; but then, possibly his Lordship—for the better dignity of the English name—was very liberal to boots and waiters.

Now, my dear Lord, your guide, philosopher, and friend, *Punch*, feels that he has some private business to transact somewhere upon the continent. And being desirous of combining public patriotism with personal affairs—he, *Punch*, will have no objection to undertake any little mission for the Whig Government,

by which he may be enabled to lessen—or rather entirely to cover—the travelling expenses of himself, Mrs. JUDITHA PUNCH, and family.

Be it understood, my Lord, *Punch* places himself entirely in your hands. So that you send him a sufficient letter of credit, you may send him to any part of Europe—(Russia always excepted, *Punch* having no desire to catch weasels in Siberia)—any part in which the affairs of this country may be a little out of order, demanding a delicate hand in the diplomatic art of dove-tailing.

My dear Lord, let us take a glance at the map of Europe. I do feel that I might do something in Paris—(JUDITHA, who has never been there, and is at this moment at my side, sewing on a shirt-button, says “she is sure of it”)—I do think that the country would feel the benefit of any dinner I might be empowered to give to CITIZEN CAVAIGNAC at the Trois Frères. It is my opinion that I could employ, say a couple of hours after dinner, in a manner that would serve the interest of England—at least in my own person—in the article of French wines. And then for our iron; I do think that, sheathing the sword, I could induce the French Ministry to take a knife and fork.

Leaving Paris, it strikes me that something very beneficial to our interests might be effected in Belgium. At all events I feel that I could pass, say three days, very well at the Court of LEOPOLD. With our present prospect of a limited harvest, it is wise, is it politic, to leave the question of the tariff unsettled in the matter of Brussels sprouts?

I am told that the discipline of the railway service throughout Prussia and Austria is worthy the attention of an observing mind, with a view to a probable improvement of the railways of England. It may not be generally known to the people of Great Britain, that—in Germany—the trains start to the sound of a trumpet, and not to the ring of a bell. Now, my dear Lord, as I have no objection to take a few of the German cities—(JUDITHA will now consent to visit Vienna, “the dear Emperor,” as she says—poor woman!—“having gone back to make it respectable.”)—as I have no objection to Frankfort, Berlin, Dresden, and so forth, I think a settlement—once and for ever—of the Bell and Trumpet Question, would be a considerable boon to the Railway interest—(and you know its strength in the House)—bringing a harvest of gratitude to any Minister.

However, should your Lordship see nothing to be done in Germany, surely myself and family may be made very useful in Italy. I shall be very happy to go into the thick of the Austrian garrison (my wife and daughters are delighted at the notion) in Milan or elsewhere. Again, an advantageous visit might be made to Genoa—(JUDITHA having resolved upon a plum-coloured velvet for next winter)—for it is now pretty well known that Mr. ABERCROMBIE has lamentably failed. My patriotic advice therefore is very brief—Try *Punch*.

Leaving Milan and Genoa, I feel that the country could lose nothing were I to put up for a fortnight or so at Florence. I have no doubt that I might pick up something useful in the galleries there, for our National Wigwam in Trafalgar Square. However, should it be thought otherwise, I will push on for Naples; and (having taken a bath of rose-water before and after the interview) confer with his Perjury the King. It must, however, be distinctly understood, my Lord, that, on no account, I am to be expected to dine with him.

In the present feverish state of our lucifer trade, I may venture to suggest a visit to Sicily, with the view of taking stock of the sulphur of Etna. My daughter JUDITHA (a promising but timid artist) is quite prepared to illustrate her papa's report with a water-colour of the crater.

Rome, of course, we must see. It is not for me to brag of the private friendship of His Holiness the POPE; but if MINTO has failed (and, indeed, my Lord, such is the general impression), it is only that *Punch* might triumph. Pio Nono has a yearning love for my Italian origin, and will not consent to take the hand of SIR ROBERT INGLIS but from the hand of *Punch*. To serve my country, I should have had no objection to become resident Ambassador at Rome. But, alas! what would Fleet Street do without me?

And now, my Lord, as I must leave England for a few weeks—(for here we are upon the threshold of September)—dispose of myself and family as you will. I don't know that I should even object to Turkey; though JUDITHA insists, for safety sake, on lodgings at the British Embassy.

My Lord, I am aware that—in this application—I suffer under disadvantages. I am not in the Peerage; my name is neither HOWARD nor STANLEY—names expressly made to denote a race of politicians—it is simply *Punch*. I have, nevertheless, one recommendation—I'll go very cheap; I'll travel at “an alarming sacrifice.” MINTO sends in a bill for £2000. *Punch* will go for half the sum. Yes; for £1000 *Punch* feels that—for a month, say a month—he can, in himself and family, support the credit of England abroad, and smuggle a few things to cut a dash with at home.

I remain, my Lord, yours with esteem (and carpet-bag).

JOHN BULL.

P.S. Please send an early answer. Because, in the unlooked-for event of Government refusing to pay my expenses to Rome, I shall be compelled to go at my own cost to Herne Bay.

A Simile.

LEDRU ROLLIN, defending his conduct in the Chamber of Representatives, said,—
“Je monte sur le Calvaire, pour sauver la République.”

We read, LEDRU, that there were three

Who perished upon Calvary.

The one—but stay, that Name Divine

Thou wouldst not couple, sure, with thine;

And convict knaves the other two—

Blasphemer, which of these are you?

THE “UNITY OF RACE” MOVEMENT.

To Mr. *Punch*.

“SIR,

“I WISH you would do something to put a stop to that ridiculous movement towards “Unity of Race,” wherein half the people of Europe are going to loggerheads. In Schleswig-Holstein there are the Scandinavian and Teutonic elements of the population, as they are called, quarrelling and cutting each others' throats. In another direction, the Slavonic breed is longing to be at the Teutons. The Austrian and Italian folks are at variance, and even the Neapolitans must needs fall out with the Sicilians. It is unnecessary to mention the wrong-headed Celts in Ireland, burning with envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness towards the Saxons. By and bye, I suppose the fingers of Highland and Lowland Scotch will itch for internecine war. Why can't they fuse? Why can't they mingle? Why can't they put their horses together? I declare, Mr. *Punch*, that this mania for asserting Unity of Race puts me in bodily fear. When I examine the composition of my own anatomy, what do I find? Why, that I am partly Ancient Briton, with a cross of the Roman, a good deal of the Saxon, a spice of the Dane, a bit of the Norman, and a touch of the Lombard and the Fleming into the bargain.

“If this madness should prove contagious, who knows but that a squabble will arise between my constituent atoms? The Belgian, Lombard, and Danish particles of my blood will separate from each other; my Saxon muscles will detach themselves from my Norman bones; and there will be a breach between my ancient British forehead and my Roman nose. The consequence will be, that I shall go to pieces, or fall a victim to spontaneous combustion. Pray arrest this nonsensical Unity of Race movement if you can. If you cannot, at least endeavour to give it a right direction. Just remind the contending nations of the fact that they are all descended from ADAM; and persuade them to amalgamate in one common stock on the strength of it.

“Your constant reader,

“JOHN BULL.”

MURAL CONTRAST.

THE two placards last week of the *Ladies' Newspaper* and the *Sunday Times* looked very oddly side by side on the walls:—

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS

BY

COUNT D'ORSAY.

HORRIBLE DESIGNS

OF

THE CHARTISTS.

As we prefer the Beautiful at all times to the Horrible, we must say the Count's Designs are very far superior of the two.

HORSES v. MEN.—The “Stable Mind” never was so strong (and let us hope never will be again) as when a sum of £70,000 was voted for the QUEEN'S Stables.

TALKING BY TELEGRAPH.



Not content with the wonders the Electric Telegraph performs—not satisfied with its facility in announcing outbreaks—aye, and making them also, now and then—it has been proposed to apply its powers to the operations of every-day life, and to carry on ordinary conversation by means of the Electric Telegraph. We have heard of a singer's voice being rather wiry at times; but there will be something very trying in the perpetual twang of the new mode of small-talk that is recommended to us. The coffee-houses have, we are

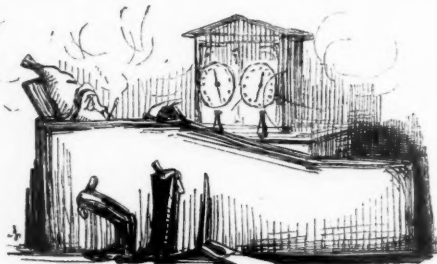
told, in many instances superseded the old bells by the new apparatus; and instead of the cries down the spout, of "Two of greens," "One of capers," "Three of boiled beef—no fat," "Six small muttons—two under-done—three, no gravy—one knuckle," the orders are communicated by the more elegant medium of the Electric Telegraph. We

should not be surprised to hear of HER MAJESTY having resolved to deliver her Speech by Electric Telegraph, in order to spare herself the trouble of a personal interview with her Parliament; and though the dial-plate of the machine would not be such a pleasing object as that disc of sunshine, the countenance of Royalty, we think there would be something gained in sparing the QUEEN the bore of a very tiresome ceremony, in which she is annually obliged to participate.

We should be glad to see the speakers in the House of Commons limited to the use of the machine, which would prevent the other Members from being overwhelmed by the drowsiness which the soporific qualities of tone and style will induce, while at all events there would be something electric in the affair to compensate for the absence of the *feu sacré* that poets celebrate.

It has been suggested, also, that this new method of being able to "Give your orders, gentlemen," when it does not happen that the "waiter's in the room," will enable "nervous men who dislike servants" to do without these necessary evils. We have heard of old women so nervous they might be "knocked down with a feather," but we never yet saw an individual of the male sex, whose sensitiveness threw him into alarm at the sight of a housemaid, or who became aspen-like in his bearing in the presence of a cook, a nurse, or any other female appendage to our domestic establishments.

It may be all very well to call for what you want by Electric Telegraph, but we are puzzled to know how the articles are to be conveyed by scientific or mechanical means, so as to dispense with the presence of menials.



Correspondence by Electric Telegraph will be a luxury, no doubt, and it will be convenient to trouble a friend with a few lines by simply putting in motion the lines of wire which are to supersede the pens of

steel, and throw the inks and over, among the relics of the past that modern ingenuity repudiates. We hope that our novelists will not begin the practice of writing by this process, for their descriptions do not need the addition of the telegraphic wire to add to their usually wire-drawn character.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.



Horse-Guard. "Now, you boy! you MUSTN'T HANG ABOUT HERE."

Boy. "OH! YES, MR. HANGABOUT. I SUPPOSE I MAY SET MY WATCH BY YOUR CLOCK, AS WELL AS ANY OTHER GENT."

CRUEL IMPOSITION.



WE have received a Round Robin from several distinguished members of the canine species. They complain, and we think somewhat justly, of a most decided cheat that has been practised upon their faithful body for years.

We should advise them to put their complaints into the shape of a petition, and get it presented to the Clerk of the Weather by the talented Member for Berkshire. We cannot extract their communication at full length, but the following is the principal growl contained in it:—

"We, the undersigned, do raise our heads and voices against the insult, and evident absurdity, and gross libel, thrown, like a big stone, at our respectable body by the old proverb that says, 'Every dog has his day.' We maintain that, for the last three or four summers, not a single one of us has had anything like a day, which, by the warmest imagination, could be called a 'dog-day.' The so-called 'dog-days' have just expired, and it would puzzle the most cunning dog to decide, whether more rain has not fallen during that short period than ever since Vauxhall opened its dripping doors for the benefit of umbrella-makers. It must be sensible to any one who puts his hand out of window, that the fine weather, during which the above saying first grew and was gathered into a proverb, has long since left the English barometer, and that the dog-days, like the days of chivalry, and the Deys of Algiers, and several other days, have irretrievably gone—and no one knows where. In justice to us, the best friends of man, it is but fair, since the weather is so foul, that the above proverb should be altered into 'No dog has his day, excepting it be a wet one.'"

[Here follow the signatures, or rather scratches of every kind of dog, though we miss the friendly paw of the Newfoundland; but this may be from his well-known partiality to "take the water" at all times. We hope the poor dogs will be allowed a fine day or two some time between this and Christmas.]

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LETTERS TO A NOBLEMAN VISITING IRELAND.



BY the time this affectionate letter reaches your Lordship, you will have had an opportunity of personally inspecting that beautiful Island of Ireland, which occupies us so much, and which we all love so. I also have had the good fortune to see it, and have my own sentiments regarding it, sentiments which I will gladly confide to your Lordship's private ear, and which I have no doubt will become general in England before long, however unpopular they may at present be.

"However, you are at head quarters, and can get at the actual truth about Ireland from the people themselves. Indeed, I don't know anything so easy to get at in Ireland. I should say if there was any one virtue which characterised the people, a love of truth was that merit. You may, if you like, rely upon every single word that every single Irishman tells you, and placing implicit credit in their statements, the task of governing them will become both easy and pleasant. It was by a steady perseverance in the truth, and a skillful arrangement of facts, that the great O'CONNELL attained his influence over his enlightened countrymen. But why enlarge on this? You yourself, my Lord, knew, and were fond of that great man. You gave his sons places, made himself offers of preferment; and when by a combination of misfortunes he was locked up in gaol, your party nobly aided in letting him out of prison.

"You will find the respected Roman Catholic clergymen distinguished for straight-forwardness and candour. Their conduct throughout the late disturbances has been frank and manly: I protest, for instance, I know nothing more amiable than the interposition of the Tuam clergy *à propos* of the late great rebellion. Modesty, Truth, and Charity figure in every line of their composition.

"Rest assured, the heart of Ireland is sound and true towards your Gracious Majesty—hence we implore, we intreat, nay, we most humbly beg—'no blood;' and as ministers of religion, whose sacred duty it is to inculcate peace and good will amongst men, we further beg to assure your Majesty that the concession of the prayer of this our petition shall be an additional stimulant to us to uphold the laws, and to secure, even at the sacrifice of our lives, the stability of that throne which is so happily occupied by your Most Gracious Majesty."

"No, no, 'no blood;' their Reverences can't bear it: and our government must forego its known desire for shedding it. No, 'no blood;' let those good folks rescue the lambs from the butcher. 'Even at the sacrifice of their lives' they will be loyal. See with what generous openness they speak—without *arrière-pensée*. They will be loyal, whatever you can do. Though you were to shoot half of them (and you know you have some notion of the kind), the rest would sing '*Domine salvum*.' No, no blood; restrain your appetite for it, too truculent and sanguinary statesman!

"I would suggest a little more than a mere forbearance of revenge—I would conciliate. I would have the officer broke, for example, of whom MR. MAHER complained for having drilled in his grounds, and dared to protect his property, at Thurles. I would have the policemen shot who fired upon those honest fellows at Boulagh Common. Compensations ought to be given to the innocent victims who fell there. And something handsome should be done for the leaders, under whom the people 'declined to act.' Send the young gentlemen of Pim's out of gaol, with leave to wear their uniforms behind the counter; let the colonels and field-officers of the (so called) rebel army retire on half-pay—but no blood. Odds butchers and shambles! No blood. If we English have a fault, it is that love of murder—and on whom do we practise it? On a most innocent, simple, loyal, jury-loving, truth-telling, pike-bating, pistol-loathing, blunderbuss-dreading people, that never harboured a thought of evil.

"I propose that the Irish Chartists, who are doing us the favour to assist our native-bred patriots with their counsels and their valour, should also be handsomely provided for. By heavens, Sir, I see no end to the benefits which a union with them confers upon our country!

"During your visit, and as there is no food, in Ireland to last the people beyond January, I hope you will call the Irish gentry together, and get from them a round statement of the sum which they would like us to pay for the next year's maintenance of their people. There is nothing like having a fair statement of accounts. Let it be well understood in England that we are to support the Irish for the next ten, twenty, hundred years, (for indeed there is no end to the prospect), because then we shall know how to cut our coats according to our cloths, and apportion our rations to the number of feeders. If for the rest of my working days I am to have the inestimable pleasure of receiving a

grateful and agreeable Irishman every day at my dinner, let me know, so that means may be got ready to accommodate this charming boarder.

"Repeal the Union, indeed! Restore the Heptarchy! Let it be well understood that we will never part from the Irish, and that we are prepared to feed them for ever and ever. No, Sir; we won't part with the Emerald Gem of the Western Wave, which now forms the brightest Jewel of the British Crown.

"By the way, in personally inspecting it, your Lordship will remember how, eighty years since, LORD CHATHAM declared the North American Colonies to be the most elegant ornaments of the diadem in question; and that our utter national smash and annihilation would ensue, if we lost those appendages.

"Now it is certain that in spite of the above prophecy, the English empire is not a bit the less handsome, splendid, or valuable, although these Colonies are taken from it: that it is a thousand times more pleasant and profitable to us to trade with the United States, than to bully the North American Provinces; and that if we had thrashed MR. WASHINGTON utterly, as any general of common brains might have done a score of times, hanged him and MR. FRANKLIN, and kept the other brightest jewel to the present day, we should have been by no means so well off as we are at this moment of time.

"Suppose anybody were to offer us back Normandy and Picardy, which undoubtedly were ours once, and which, with the whole of France indeed, belonged to HER MAJESTY's grandfather, as we read upon the coins of the first forty years of his reign—would we take them as presents? We had rather not. It would be thank you for nothing—a gift of bawling republicans, pauper peasants, desert towns trees of liberty, and the like, would be of no earthly use to our Sovereign or her dominions. We can get as much good from the French people as ever we got from them, and can land from steamers and barter for brandy, &c., without having a Union Jack floating from Calais steeple.

"If it should appear to your Lordship that the country you are visiting is likewise a foreign nation, (and some think that LORD LYNCHBURST, when he said as much, never said a truer word in his life), you will possibly calculate the value of the province, and make your own reflections regarding it. Could we buy corn or beasts, with HER MAJESTY's Irish Parliament sitting in College Green? Would we buy pigs out of a ship with a green flag at her stern? Do we want more from any man than leave to trade with him fairly? Suppose us administratively out of Ireland—does anybody still advance that frantic assertion, viz., that some other nation would join with it? Would any nation want to take that place? get any strength or good out of it? go partnership with that bankrupt? If the French wanted to invade us, it is not for want of men that they don't do so. They have men enough. Boulogne is nearer to England than Kingstown. But the world begins to know the vulgar truth, that trading is better than fighting, and that the plunder of all England would not be so good as the leaving it alone. You might cook the British goose, and get one juicy meal from it; but it is better to let it lay eggs. This bugaboo of barbaric conspiracy surely may be scouted now-a-days. Nobody wants to invade us. Only savages practise that kind of intercourse; and why speculate upon such projects on the part of our neighbours? Pie! it is a want of confidence in an enlightened people, and an intelligent and benevolent priesthood.

"I wish the Irishman every possible freedom and prosperity. I will give him sixpence with all the pleasure in life; but in exchange for a fair sixpennyworth of wheat, pork or butter. Last year I gave him money out of my pocket, and was cursed for my pains. I will do so no more: never more. I prefer a quiet life, and have my own kindred to help out of my superfluity. I say, in these hard times you have no right to say to us, 'Keep your house, your servants, your family, and your Irishman.' Why am I to keep an Irishman? He threatens me as he clutches my bread; he hates and insults me as I try to do him good. Isn't work scarce enough and life hard, but that every Englishman, in addition to his own burthens, is to have this howling, cursing Irish beggar on his back? What has reduced him to this state is not the question: what fault of ours or of his own, what clumsy tyranny of the State, what stealthy priestly inquisition, what coarse cruelty and insolence of landlords, what native failings—virtues even (for it seems to me as if the Irish virtues are, like their faults, quite different to ours)—have helped the degradation of this fatal people, what faults of our fathers' or theirs, have produced this woful state, is not the question. But there it is. There is your Irishman as you have made him under English laws, English landlords, English juries, English press, English Parliaments. His English landlord is beggared; he uses your English press as an incentive to rebellion, and as a means for teaching the pike and vitriol exercise; he adulterates your English jury-box with perjury; he evades your English laws with lies, or combats them with murder. Do you intend to alter our English institutions for his benefit, or to continue the *not*-governing him under our own? Are we to go on for ever in our present condition, we paying and grumbling, he cursing and starving? Have any laws, opinions, conquests, bargains of our forefathers a right to bind us to this monstrous calamity? As well say that we had no right to repeal the Test Acts or to change the representation of the country. Fancy our system going on for ever

as it now is. Fancy our persisting in governing Celts by Saxon laws, and that horrible figure of Irish beggary and ruin follows the march of our history into the future, hangs on in piteous chains and rags, preventing our progress—it is frightful to look at. Ah, Sir, the Whigs are enlightened statesmen, and Mr. Fox was a great man—but you who have got the Whig recipes and medicine-box, and are Doctor-in-Chief of the three kingdoms, say, on your honour and conscience, is there any drug, pill, or compound which can set your Irish patient right?

"Your Lordship's very humble Servant,
"HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR."

OUT FOR A DAY AND IN FOR A NIGHT.



We have heard a good deal of the beauty of the Blenheim breed; but we cannot say much for the Blenheim breeding, if we are to judge of it from the specimen exhibited by that surly dog, the Cerberus of the establishment. A correspondent of the *Times* has given a striking picture of his escape from imprisonment, which he ran the risk of encountering upon his refusal to pay the demand that was made upon him by that insatiable Ogre in plush breeches. It will be desirable never to go unaccompanied to this abode of flunkeyian extortion and insolence; for if the black-mail of half-a-crown per head is not paid, incarceration—perhaps solitary incarceration—will be the doom of the unhappy traveller.

If this should occur, the fate of the unfortunate will resemble that of the banished noble in the melodrama, who is "discovered" as the curtain goes up, sitting in a complete suit of fetters, with a jug on one side, and a canvas loaf on the other, declaring that for fourteen long years, "these"—meaning the pitcher and the tea-cake—"have been his only friends—his only sustenance." We hope that when the subject of imprisonment comes before Parliament, some attention will be paid to the question whether imprisonment by the Blenheim porter should be retained in our list of punishments.

One Shower's Enough at a Time.

We laughed at the French for making ditches merely to fill them up again, yet we have seen just as great an absurdity in the streets of London. All last week, watering-carts, when it was pouring the most multitudinous cats and dogs, were quietly going up and down our principal thoroughfares. The more it rained, the more industrious they were. Never before was the water laid on London at such an awful rate! The gutters were working double tides. We think the English watering-carts beat the French ditches in absurdity, hollow.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

On the Committee of Supply there was passed a vote of £3400 for the expenses of the Commissioners for Digesting the Criminal Law. We hope that so costly a specific will be found to have effectually aided the Commissioners' digestion.

THE SALE OF THE SEASON.



FORESEEN as well as unforeseen causes have led to the sale of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM's effects at Stowe. It is not generally known that MR. DUNUP has been compelled to stow it, and endure the humiliation of a sale by auction on his premises. It is sad to reflect that a number of objects, brought together with the greatest ingenuity—for how he got the tradespeople to send the articles in is really surprising—should be in a few days disseised, and that the hammer should scatter abroad what the ninny-hammers—we mean the creditors—have contributed.

The sale has, however, excited the greatest interest, and we will briefly mention a few of the lots that were the subjects of the most active competition.

Lot 9. Five pots of *antico giallo*, or ancient jelly, which has been preserved from—or rather over—the kitchen-fire, in the year 1842. This lot was eagerly sought for until it was ultimately knocked down by the negligence of one of the porters.

Lot 14. MR. DUNUP's shaving tazza, representing PRINCE ALBERT in tin, with the alphabet in relief all round his hat, and a similar tazza to match, representing HER MAJESTY in the same precious metal, with the figures from 1 to 10 surrounding her head by way of a diadem. This lot was bought for a celebrated hard-bake house in the City.

Lot 26. A rare old MS., consisting of a promissory note for six pounds ten shillings, which, according to a tradition of rather doubtful authority, had actually been paid on the day it was due, by an ancestor of MR. DUNUP. This lot was purchased for eightpence, by the Trustees of the Houndsditch Museum.

Lot 80. One of the identical Italian-irons that the Italians, when they threw off their irons, were supposed to have got rid of. This lot was purchased for the Pope, by POPE, the Kensington carrier, at the rate of ninepence a hundred weight.

Lot 94. MR. DUNUP's favourite horse, upon which he used to give an airing to all his linen. This lot was nearly the cause of bringing the sale to a stand-still, for the horse could not be got to go at any price.

Lot 98. An easy chair, used by MR. DUNUP when in easy circumstances, but subsequently in the possession of the Sheriff of Middlesex. This lot, which was ultimately purchased for a mere song by a celebrated vocalist, concluded the day's proceedings.

The following Conditions of Sale were attached to the printed Catalogue, and we add them as a curiosity, almost equal in value to some of the *objets* included among MR. DUNUP's property.

Conditions of Sale.

- 1st. Every purchaser to become the buyer, and the Auctioneer to do every bidder's bidding.
- 2nd. If a dispute should arise between two or more bidders, and before the Lot is knocked down, one of them should knock the other down, the property will be withdrawn from competition.
- 3rd. Every Lot to be taken as it stands, unless it be a chair or table without legs, when it must be taken notwithstanding.
- 4th. If after an article has been sold, it should be found that there is no such article in the Sale, half the Deposit will be returned to the purchaser, after deducting from the other half the Auctioneer's Commission, amounting to 40 per cent., and 60 per cent. for preliminary, intermediate, and subsequent expenses.
- 5th. The Lots must be cleared by the purchasers, but if the Lots cannot be found, and confusion should arise, the room will be cleared by the police, in a summary manner.

MORPHEUS AMONG THE MEMBERS.

In vain does the House of Commons attempt to turn night into day. Exhausted Nature asserts herself, and when debates are protracted till past midnight, honourable gentlemen fall asleep. We expect ere long to read in the reports that—

"MR. ANSTY would appeal to the Noble Lord, the Member for London.
"LORD JOHN RUSSELL begged the honourable gentleman's pardon. What did he say? He was very sorry—he really couldn't help it—but the fact was, he had been fast asleep."

And then we shall have the Speaker calling, "Come, wake up, gentlemen, wake up!" and MR. BROTHERTON observing that the Dustman has come, or MR. DISRAELI parodying SHAKESPEARE, and crying

"Members to bed; 'tis almost fairy time."

Such will be the unseemly results that will necessarily ensue from our senators persevering in their dissipated determination that "they won't go home till morning."

A HARMLESS BLADE.—Of what use has MR. MEAGHER's sword been to him? He seems to have done nothing with it but—cut his stick.

FLUNKEIANA.



Flunkey. "HOW DARE YOU BRING ME A STEEL FORK, SIR?"

"MILKING THE BULL."



HIS is generally considered to be a hopeless process, a synonym, in fact, for labour in vain. But there is one Bull, JOHN BULL, who can be milked without trouble, and to the great profit of all who like to apply themselves to his well-stored udder.

The Committee of Supply brings out curious evidence of the quantity this patient animal produces of that cream of the milk of human kindness, which mantles in the pale of society—we mean money—and of the odd ways in which the nutritious product is distributed. There is hardly a country in Europe but furnishes its calves to suck this great, good-humoured Bull. The distressed Poles drain to the tune of an annual £10,000. St. Domingo sufferers, and Corsican emigrants (Who the deuce can they be?) absorb their dribble of £4400. The KING OF THE BELGIANS is "a regular suck" to the amount of we don't know how many hundreds or thousands, for travelling expenses. This item accounts for the extraordinary propensity to gadding about which we have noticed in this monarch, who ought to contest the title of Railway King with MR. HUDSON. It turns out that JOHN BULL pays his fares: it appears to us that he ought to go further and fare worse, before we pay another farthing for his railway and steamboat tickets.

Besides, there is the King of Abyssinia, who comes in for a drop of comfort, in the shape of £400 for presents, this year. This is too bad! As if JOHN BULL had not already European pulls enough on him, they must go to the interior of Africa for black leeches to bleed the poor overwrought old fellow with. The worst of it is, that this poor dear old Bull, with all his stupidity, is the best tempered of horned cattle. He would willingly meet all the demands upon him from calves of his own seed, breed, and generation. These surround his pen, meagre and melancholious, their bones showing through their hides, lowing for the milk that they see carted off by pailfuls to feed Polish, and Belgian, and Corsican, and Abyssinian, and—ARROWSMITH only knows what outlandish cattle!

JOHN BULL won't stand it any longer. If he is to be milked, let it be to fatten the fruit of his own goodly loins.

"DEEP REGRET" OF THE "MORNING POST."



THE *Morning Post* is the conscience-keeper of high life. It is the happy privilege of that journal to feel with the acutest sensibility any domestic accident that may occur at the West-End. Its heart-strings are bound up with the heart of the *haut ton*, and if a Duke has the vapours, JENKINS, in sympathetic duty bound, is terribly out of sorts. We all remember the agony of the *Post* upon a certain runaway match. It felt the indiscretion as something personal. As BARRY CORNWALL somewhere says:—

"——— that single fault
Went blushing down a line of *Posts*!"

We never expected our contemporary to hold up his powdered head again; but, he took heart! the match was pardoned by the parties interested, and the *Post* did not go into mourning. However, a few days since, the *Post* was again plunged into grief by a "painful occurrence" in high life:—

"We hear, with deep regret that a lady of high rank, both by birth and marriage, has within the last few days mysteriously absented herself from the residence of her noble husband, in consequence, as it is supposed, of distressing domestic disagreements. A variety of details have reached us, but, in deference to the feelings of all concerned, we refrain from mentioning them in the present state of the unfortunate circumstances."

The deference is very touching—extremely delicate. JENKINS pokes his nose into a family circle, proclaims to the world—"Oh yes, oh yes! a domestic disagreement—lady absented herself from her husband—variety of details—feelings," &c. &c., and then, with the resolution of a martyr, resolves that, for the present, not another word shall escape him. We think it impossible for even JENKINS—for PAN is *not* dead)—to maintain a more dignified politeness.

IRISH UNANIMITY.

UNANIMITY in Ireland seems to consist in differing. This should be taken into account when a jury returns a verdict; and when the foreman states that the jury cannot agree, the judge should take it for granted that they are perfectly unanimous, and convict or acquit the prisoner accordingly.

"RIGHT ABOUT" ST. STEPHEN'S!

GET you gone! Turn out! Depart! Go along with you! Tramp! Start!
Close your Session—and a pretty one you've passed!
Vanish! Toddle! There's the door!—what you should have done before,
Go about your business, Gentlemen, at last.

Stop though—ere you disappear, it is well that you should hear
Just a word or two that I have got to say,
As the spokesman of the nation, of intense disapprobation
Of the mode in which you've thrown your time away.

You a house of legislators? Bah! a pack of idle praters,
Do you call yourselves a Parliament? What, you?
You a Parliament? A flam, a deceit, imposture, sham,
An unqualified unmitigated "do!"

After full nine months' gestation, in the way of legislation,
Is there any thing to which you've given birth?
Yes—the Sanitary Act—mutilated, clipp'd, and hack'd,
Nothing else of any consequence on Earth.

Ah! you well may feel ashamed of that measure mauled and maimed,
Of that inefficient, miserable Bill,
Which has left its work half undone in permitting noisome London,
Filthy City, to continue filthy still.

Scarce one movement of progression have you made this blessed Session,
Scarce a single pledge or promise have you kept;
Not one expectation answer'd, and for all I find in HANSARD,
It appears that you might just as well have slept.

Your attention, 'twas expected, would be first of all directed
To the question of the Currency, for one;

You refer'd it to Committee, which concluded—'twas a pity,
But unfortunately nothing could be done.

Then your next great end of meeting was some remedy for treating
Ireland's complicated evils to invent;
And your course has been reversion to the system of coercion,
Of repressing, not removing, discontent.

After Ireland and its shindies came the state of the West Indies,
Where our colonists are likely to go smash;
It was trusted that your cares would have settled their affairs;
I believe you've settled nothing but their hash.

Your interminable jaws on the Navigation Laws,
Which I understood that you were to amend,
Are postponed, and I may say, that's the Irish kind of way
That your sage deliberations mostly end.

What's the reason? Talk and chatter, always foreign to the matter,
Recrimination, disputation loose,
Whilst irrelevant discussion, upon Eastern or on Russian
Questions, URQUHART and his ANSTY introduce.

Talk of gagging Chartist spouters! Gag your own—those out-and-outers
Who five mortal hours stand raving at a pull;
What you want's another BURKE, to stop mouths that hinder work,
To the detriment and damage of JOHN BULL.

Well, your palaver's finish'd, with taxation undiminish'd,
On the other hand you've added to the Debt:
Now, when you have ponder'd duly on the question, tell me, truly,
Don't you think you are a very pretty set?

But enough! Decamp! Be quick, ere I help you with a kick!
Take away that bauble, yonder, of a mace!
Since old NOLL compelled the Rump with indignity to stump,
Never Senate was dismissed with such disgrace.

PLAYHOUSE PROSPECTS.



INGULAR reports are flying about the drawing-rooms of England that the English Drama is to rise refreshed and strengthened for a long run. The QUEEN herself proposes to take SHAKESPEARE by the hand, and lift him on his legs again. This is very commendable;

and the noble influence of high example will of course be felt throughout high places. Not that we should despair of the vitality of the Drama, even were it not nursed—as BARON said—on the knees of Royalty, and fed with daintiest patronage in Windsor Castle. Nevertheless, that the QUEEN, even at a somewhat late hour, should order a theatre to be built in her palace, that she may hold a review of the players, is a very grateful self-assertion, on her part, against the folks who accuse the House of Hanover of a coldness of the heart towards the Drama and letters in general.

We understand that levies are to be made upon the various theatres, that they may send their best tragedy, their best light comedy, their best broad farce; in fact, a sample of every quality. Thus, it is not improbable that even the acknowledged heroine of Domestic Tragedy may spasmodically twirl her mop in the countenance of Royalty! The stage-management devolves upon MR. CHARLES KEAN, who, it is whispered, will be knighted (for six nights only) for the occasion. The audience will, of course, be very select, very distinguished, though orders (especially of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle) will be admitted.

Having spoken of the Theatre Royal Windsor Castle, let us descend to the regular houses. The Haymarket—the Adelphi Inimitables having withdrawn—is to be thoroughly trimmed up and burnished. It has, however, been suggested that, just to sweeten the house from such nastiness as the burlesque of *Norma*, it would be as well to burn two or three copies of *The Critic* and the *Beggar's Opera*, to cleanse the boards from the contagious properties that may otherwise hang about them. MR. PAUL BEDFORD's white gown we would have burnt in the Old Bailey, as some expiation for the offence committed upon the gentle creatures born to petticoats. There are, it is said, to be new artistic developments and new faces at the Haymarket, with new plays (not from JEFFS' of the Burlington). MR. CHARLES KEAN is to make a dash at Comedy, and has been already measured for a pair of handsome socks. MRS. C. KEAN, who sheds grace and gentleness upon merest common-place, will, it is whispered, now and then play in little pieces. MISS ADDISON—the *Sabrina* fair of the New River—will hold up her

"pearled wrists" alike in serious Play and Comedy. JAMES WALLACE has expressly laid in a lasting stock of good health and spirits wherewith to act and "manage." FARREN retires for a while to Madeira, where, it is said, he has purchased a magnificent orangery and vineyards; (at least, this is the report, though only our friend the *Observer* knows if it be really true or not).

We have not heard whether the Lyceum is to be newly decorated. We should think not. They will not attempt to paint the lily. And for pieces, in our worst greediness we can only hope for as good fare as we had last year; better (of its kind) it cannot be.

The Princess's—there is circumstantial evidence of the fact—will open with new decorative splendour, and with pieces of alarming interest. For we have it upon the best authority that, only last week, 2lbs. of rose-pink, and one whole book of Dutch metal, were sent in to the painting-room, and a bundle of French plays from MR. JEFFS, to the private sanctuary of the "spirited and indefatigable proprietor."

There are fitful whisperings of the proposed doings of a distinguished Bard at Covent Garden; but we will not blow the trumpet of idle rumour. We must, however, take proper notice of a cruel expression of barbarity, employed by the creature in human form who drew up the last annual Drury Lane Report. Poor JULIEN (flayed and bleeding from the Philistines) has left the Court of Bankruptcy with nothing but honour. And what is the aspiration of the Committee? Listen—

"The Committee expresses a hope that M. JULIEN will persevere in his endeavours to render Drury Lane a means by which the Drama may once more be restored to it."

Now, this properly translated, runs as follows:—"The Committee express a hope that as soon as M. JULIEN shall be covered with a new skin, he will persevere in his endeavours to be once more flayed alive."

Take Care of your Pockets.

WE take the following from the papers:—

"The rumour that Stowe will be bought for the PRINCE OF WALES gains ground. The Inspector of Palaces has made a minute examination of the Mansion."

Well, we can only end as we began—"Take Care of your Pockets."

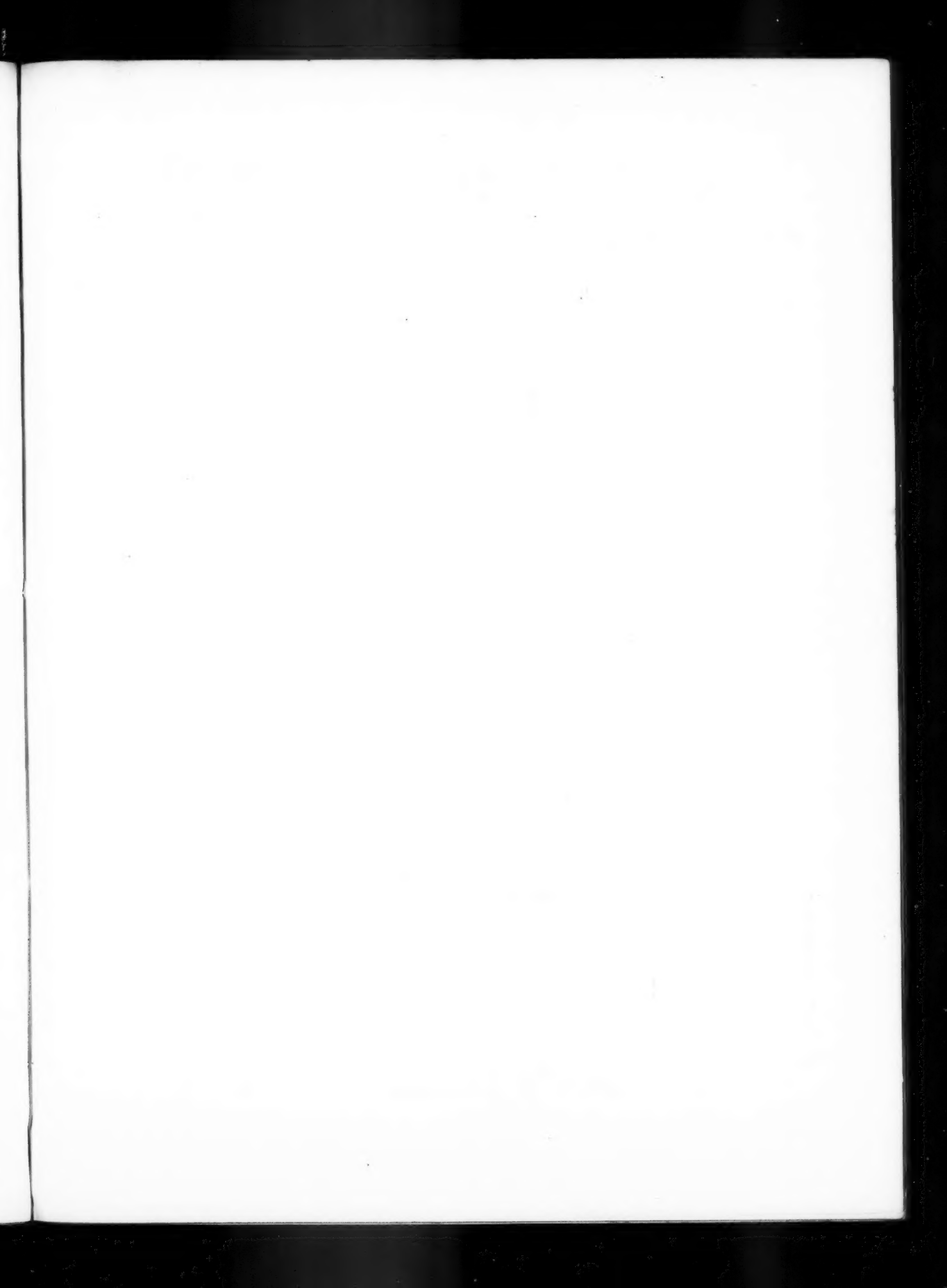
NEW SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

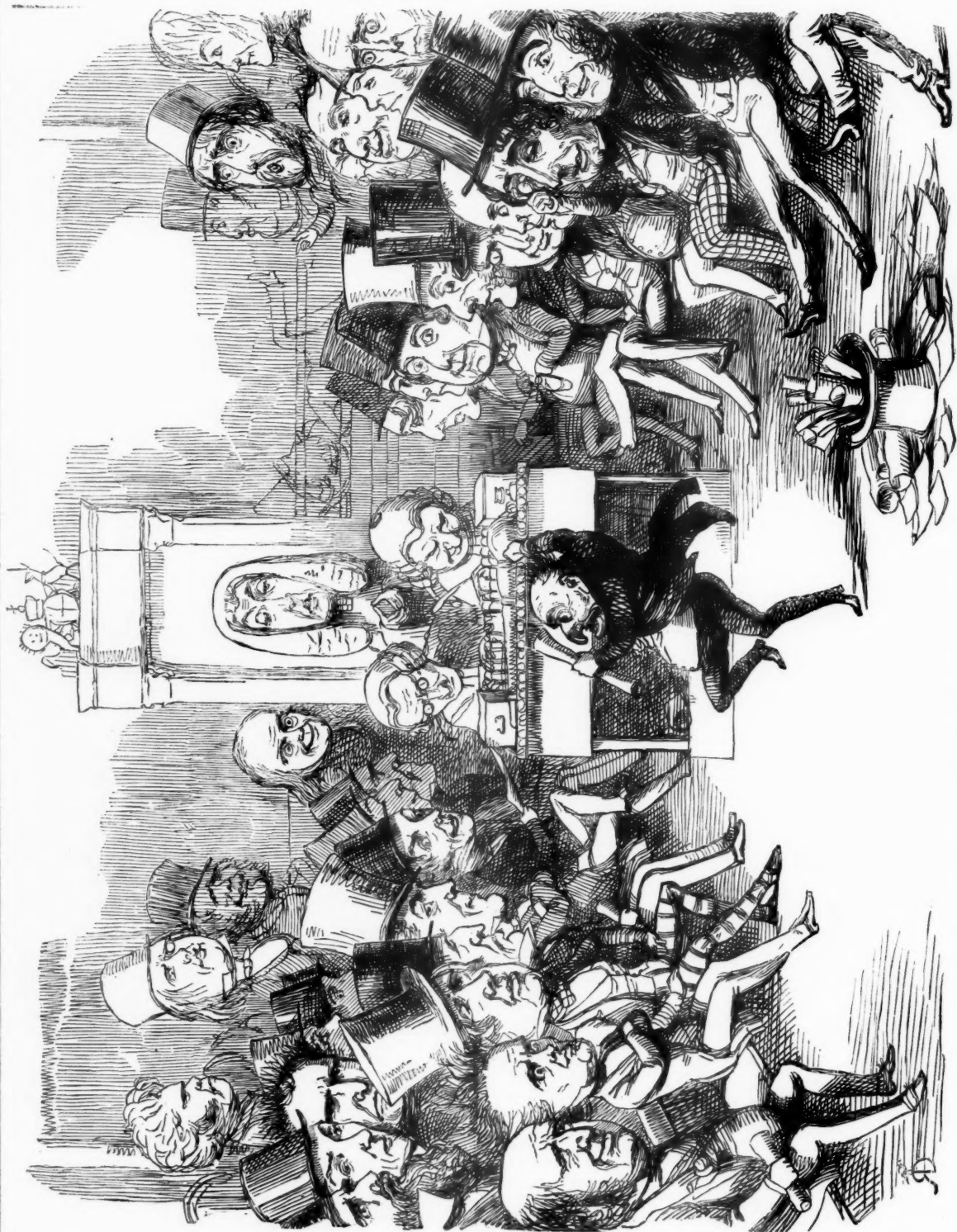
THE Zodiac may be improved. The Gemini should be represented henceforth by those Siamese twins, MESSRS. ANSTY and URQUHART. Taurus, too, might be the Pope's Bull, which has frightened the Gemini so much lately. We hope these corrections will be made in the next year's lease of the Zodiac.

Punch's Conundrum.

(Dedicated to the Honourable House of Commons.)

Why is Mr. ANSTY in debate like a camelion on the look-out for a dinner? Because, with the longest of tongues, he takes the least by his motion.

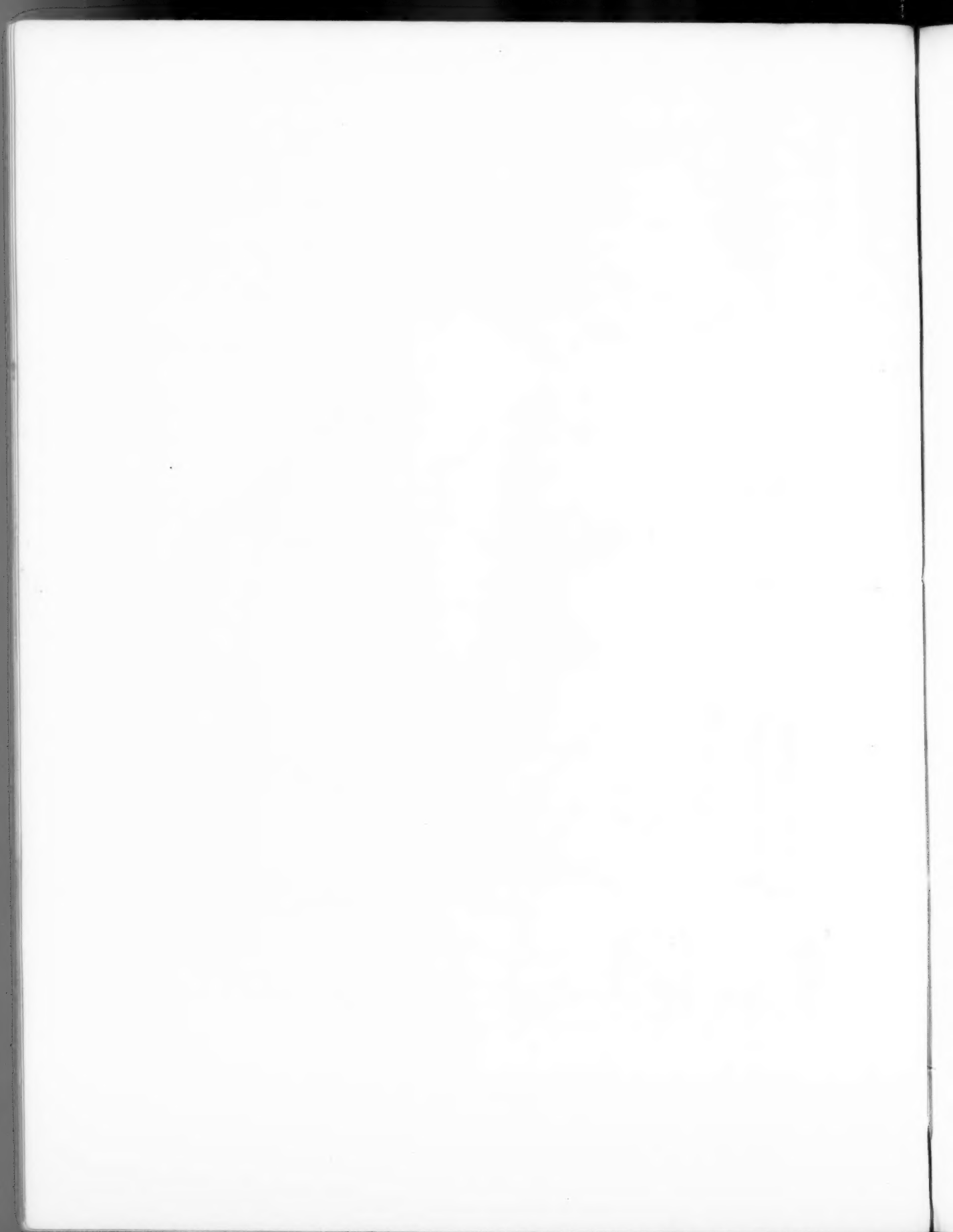




PUNCH TELLING THE MEMBERS TO GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS.



A PHYSICAL FORCE CHARTIST ARMING FOR THE FIGHT.



THE MODEL WAITER.



VERY Model Waiter is single, of course. What time has he to make love, excepting to the cook, and she is hot-tempered and cross, as all tavern-cooks are; and he has far too many spoons to look after, to think of increasing his responsibilities with a family of children.

He is always "Coming! coming!" but rather, like the auctioneer, he is always "Going! going! gone!" for he no sooner jerks out "Coming!" than he bolts out of the room. Ask him for his name. It is "BOB," or "CHARRLES." The Waiter never has a surname. He takes his dinner

how he can, off the sideboard, or a chair in the passage. If he is very busy, he has no dinner at all. He approaches his plate to steal a mouthful, when fifty shouts of "Waiter!" call him away. Of many contending cries, he attends to that of "Money," first.

The MODEL WAITER never says *I*. He is quite editorial, and always says *We*—as, "*We're* very full at present, Sir. *We* had two hundred dinners yesterday, Sir, and three hundred and thirty-five suppers. *We* consume one hundred and sixty-nine rabbits regularly every night, Sir." He puts a "Sir" on to everything, and an odd penny, if the same comes to an exact shilling. "Chop? yes, Sir, sixpence. Potatoes? yes, Sir, tuppence. Beer? exactly Sir, tuppence; and Bread? yes, Sir, makes tuppence; and tuppence makes thirteenthence—precisely one and a penny, Sir." His favourite word is "nice." He recommends "a nice chop with a nice glass of half-and-half;" or he says, "You'll find that a nice glass of port, Sir;" or, "It's the nicest breast he ever saw." He can unravel the mysteries of *Bradshaw*, without turning over every one of the tables two or three times; and he knows all the playbills of the evening by heart. He never calls a slice of Stilton "a cheese."

He is impartial in the distribution of the "paper," and gives the middle sheet invariably to him who has eaten the most dinners in the house. He shows no favour, either, with the evening papers, but awards them first to those who are drinking wine, to the spirits next, whilst to the beer he gives the Supplement of yesterday's *Times*.

His shoes are perfect fellows, with upright heels, and the strings are carefully tied; and his handkerchief so white, it would do credit to a pet parson in the heart of Belgravia. He has "everything in the house" till you cross-examine him, when the "everything" sinks down to a "nice chop or tender steak, Sir." The joint is always in "very good cut," and has only been up these two minutes. He is mute for a penny, says "Thank ye, Sir," for twopence, and helps on your coat for everything above it. Politics have no charm for him, and he never looks at a paper, excepting when he is waiting for the last customer, and is tired of killing flies. The only news that interest him are the "Want Places," and the pictures. He is good-humoured, and laughs at any joke, even those of a Fast Man. A stranger in his vocabulary is a "party." He talks of persons according to the boxes they sit in, and cuts down all gentlemen to "gents." He is not mean with his mustard or the vinegar cruets, and does not hide them in a dark corner. He carries a lofty pillar, quite a falling-tower, of plates, without dropping anything out of them, and does not spill the gravy down an old gentleman's neck. If anything is done to rags, or to a cinder, or under-done, or not done at all—if the punch is as weak as water, or there's too much sugar in it, or it's as sour as a pew-opener, he bears it all with unflinching meekness, and only begins wiping down the table with his napkin. If the wine is too old, or too young, or too fruity, or too tawny, his waiter's fine instinct tells him at once what the gentleman will like, and he rushes out furiously in a waiter's gallop to get it, and returns with something that elicits "Ah! that's just the thing." However, as a general rule, the port has never been less than ten years in bottle. The cigars, too, are imported direct from the Havannah, and cost us full 32s. a pound, Sir. We do not clear a farthing by them, Sir.

The MODEL WAITER very seldom has a holiday. If he does, it is to see some other waiter, or to help at the Freemasons', or to assist a friend at some grand dinner in a nobleman's family. His life vibrates between the kitchen and the parlour, and he never sits down from morning till long past midnight. He attempts to doze sometimes, but the loud chorus of "We won't go home till morning!" wakes him up, and he execrates in his heart the monster who ever composed that song; it must have been some wretch, he is sure, who owed a long score to an unfortunate waiter, who had sued him for it. He makes a faint effort to turn off the gas, but is repulsed with an unanimous call for "more kidneys." It is not wonderful, therefore, if in the morning he yawns over the knives and forks, and drops several involuntary tears whilst replenishing the mustard-pot.

After wearing out innumerable pairs of shoes, a Testimonial is got up for the Model Waiter by the "Gents of his Room," and they present him with a full-length portrait of himself, "as a slight token of their warm appreciation of his unflinching civility, cheerful demeanour, and uniform attention during a term of forty years." This testimonial represents him in the act of drawing the cork of one of the ten years'

bottles of port for a party of gentlemen who are sitting in a box in the corner of the picture, and who are portraits of MESSRS. BROWN, ROBINSON, and SMITH, three of the oldest chop-eaters of the house! It is hung in a glittering frame over the mantelpiece of the room, in and out of which he has been running for the last forty years, and becomes the property of the establishment, there being a special clause let in the frame, that it is never to be removed from the room. The MODEL WAITER, however, has been saving a little fortune of pennies during his long career of chops and steaks—his only extravagances having been the washing of his white handkerchiefs and Berlin gloves every now and then on state occasions—and he purchases, in his grey old age, the business of his landlord, takes unto himself the pretty barmaid as his wife, and dies without having once been fined for keeping open half a minute after twelve on a Saturday night, or serving a pint of beer on Sundays during the hours of divine service. His portrait still hangs over the mantelpiece as a moral public-house sign to all future waiters, that, to become landlords, they have only to keep in view the MODEL WAITER.

To Jenny Lind.

After LORD BYRON'S Lines to THOMAS MOORE.

My shirts are pack'd and pinn'd
Within my *sac de nuit*;
But before I go, MISS LIND,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's my cap for show'ry weather,
And my hat for sunshine gay,
And my collars altogether,
Making one for every day.

Though the steam shall roar around me
That to Boulogne bears me on,
Thy voice, whose spell hath bound me,
Shall haunt me when I'm gone.

Were't the last pound in my purse,
And I stood on ruin's brink,
For thee I'd all disburse,
Nor mourn its parting chink.

Had I a ten-pound note,
I'd give it to the wind,
For an air from out thy throat:
Here's a health to thee, J. LIND.

SIBTHORP'S SPEECHES.



EALLY in a Session like the past, so full of talk and so empty of wit, it is, after all, very cheering to select one man who keeps up the old eloquence of St. Stephen's; one man who is a sort of vestal Colonel, charged with the sacred fire. Of course we allude to COLONEL SIBTHORP. We write this with all that great man's speeches before us; and they are worthy to be tolled by the tongue of his own native Tom, church orator of Lincoln! We have gone through *all* the speeches, and we are enabled to give their quintessential properties in the following sparkling syllables:—

COLONEL SIBTHORP would not believe the present Ministers on their oaths. (*Laughter.*)

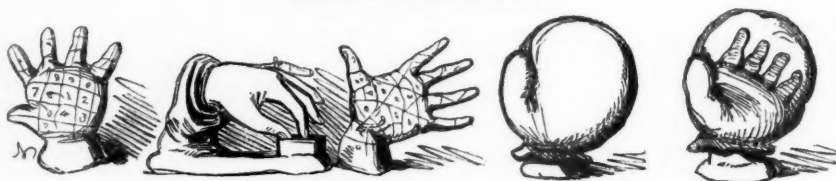
COLONEL SIBTHORP thought LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S answer most contemptible. (*Much laughter.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP said (on the Intramural Burial Clause, in the Sanitary Bill) he opposed the whole thing. Like RUTH, where his father lay, he would lie. He would; for he felt that he was the last man to be offensive, dead or alive. (*Shouts of laughter.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP (on the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill) said he knew what a goose was. (*Hear!*) Had, moreover, some experience of what a donkey was. He could lay his hand upon his heart, and say that. (*Loud cheers.*) But the wretches opposite—not that he wished to be personal—the wretches opposite were the greatest of geese, and the hugest of donkeys. (*Screams of laughter.*) The Bill was a low, sneaking, paltry, contemptible measure. For his own part, he should continue to give away blankets like a man—to broach his ale like a Christian—and to buy kittens of his constituents like a legislator. (*Loud and continued cheering.*)

As many of the gallant Colonel's constituents may desire to possess the essence of their representative's wisdom for the session, we have been at the pains of distilling it for their service. It must be very precious to the intellectuality of Cathedral Lincoln.

HANDY: PHRENOLOGY.



NEW LOT OF PHRENOLOGICAL CASTS.

A Book recently advertised, called "The Hand, Phrenologically Considered," develops a new mode of ascertaining character, by getting it at our fingers' ends; though, as for ourselves, we are not going to have humbug palmed upon us in this very off-hand manner. We shall of course be having a quantity of plaster-casts, handing down to us the hands of illustrious men, whose length of finger will be said to indicate the grasp of their intellect. We dare say the hand of WERTHER will be distinguished by its Werts; and we can imagine that the wrist will be found fully developed in A-WRISTOTLE, A-WRISTIDES, and the rest of the a-wristocracy of genius that the world has contained. We shall in future be ashamed rather than proud of our delicately and proverbially white hand, lest it may be thought to show a phrenological affinity with the light-fingered tribe; but we shall look with interest to a fellow-creature's knuckle, regarding it as a sort of knuckle-us of all his mental qualities. We have long been familiar with the hand-organ, yet we were never aware of the existence of the peculiar organs of the hand, until this new system was propounded. If the science should be carried to perfection, it will be easy to detect an "itching palm," and the hand that would be ready to serve another at a pinch, might be discovered by the way in which snuff is taken.



A CONSULTATION.



OUR RELATIONS WITH ROME.

[SIR JOHN TYRRELL presents his compliments to *Punch*, and begs he will insert the subjoined in his cosmopolitan columns. SIR J. intended to read it in the House of Commons, but had left it at home in another pocket. As SIR J. does not live (like a certain noble Lord) at Richmond, convenient to town, and as he cannot wait another day for the House, he thinks it best to send the warning where it may most universally apply. The letter is evidently written by one of the very industrious classes; one of those deserving people who sit up all night, and then get up early in the morning to pursue their honest labour.]

"To SIR JOHN TYRRELL.

"RESPECTABLE SIR JOHN,
"Is it true, Sir, that whether or no, every one of us is to be made to have Relations at Rome? I, too, Sir, who have kept a lodging-house for twenty years (wife and widow) and never advertised for a housemaid, that I didn't put at the end in big letters, 'No Irish need apply?' And why? Because, Sir, it is my solemn belief, like yours, that no boards can be scrubbed—that no fire-irons can be made to look decent—no furniture dusted, and no potato biled by anybody as harbours the Catholic Religion. And that's why, SIR JOHN.

"And now for an Act of Parliament to make honest housekeepers have Relations at Rome! (But, as my poor dead husband used to say, it's just like the Whigs). To compel people whether they will or no—and against all their arguments of flesh and blood—to have Relations that they never heard of afore, and if they did, always despised 'em as heartily as if they'd been the poorest relations that ever worried people well-to-do! But I, and all my street, defy the Government. I'll have no relations, as MRS. MAC THISTLE,

my neighbour, says, sitting on the Seven Hills. No; I won't be made—no, not by the best Act of Parliament that ever trod—I won't be made not so much as a cousin-german to that Creature in Scarlet; and so don't let the Whigs for a minute believe it.

"My good SIR JOHN, in these awful times respectable lodging-house keepers can only depend upon people like you. Can't you make a short law to tear up, root and branch, all the Irish priests? It would make so many respectable people so comfortable. Can't you go in a ship off Ireland, and inweige all the wretches aboard, and take 'em out to sea; and when in deep water, couldn't you cut a hole in the bottom of the ship, and so give peace and quietness to England and Ireland, besides lightening the taxes and curing the potatoes? Do think of it.

"But as for our having Relations at Rome—we defy 'em, and disown 'em. It's all very well to say 'at Rome,' but don't we know that if we once acknowledge 'em as Relations, though ever so distant, they'll soon be Relations of the nearest sort, depend upon it.

"Your Obedient Servant,
"JANE NOX."

"P.S. I dare say, Sir, you've heard of a tin shop, called the Little Dust-Pan. Well, Sir, I've just heard that within these two days they've opened an ironmonger's at Smithfield, and what do you think they've called that?—Why, the Little Gridiron! Mercy on us! Doesn't that look like Relations at Rome?"

Our Gallant Tailors.

THE next Commander-in-Chief will be invested with a new and higher rank. He will be called, in all despatches, "The Commander-and-Tailor-in-Chief of the British Army."

At Woolwich there will be a new department, to be called "The Ordnance and Breeches Office."

It was reported that the new shell-jackets were cut out after the pattern of EARL SPENCER. This has been indignantly termed by his Lordship a "sheer invention," and a wicked attempt to pin a malicious libel on to the back of the Spencers.

Here's an Honour!

OUR amusing contemporary, *Bell's Life*, talking of the "Manchester and Salford Regatta," says, "The EARL OF ELLESMERE honoured the river with his presence on board the steamer," &c. We wonder if the river was sensible of the honour! They do say it has grown so proud since, that it will not bear anything under a Duke now. A party of merchants ventured out last Saturday, and were only saved from drowning by there being the son of a Baronet in the boat.

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. I.



PERHAPS YOU FLATTER YOURSELF THAT YOU HAVE MADE AN IMPRESSION ON MISS FLANNIGAN, (AT WORTHING,) AND YOU FIND HER ASLEEP OVER YOUR FAVOURITE NUMBER.

DUALITY OF THE CRITICAL MIND.

WE have heard of such exploits as riding upon two horses at once, and we have been ourselves on speaking terms with a gallant steam-boat tar, who "did bestride" that little "world," his steam-boat, "like a Colossus," with a leg upon each paddle-box; but we never met with such a wonderful instance of the duality of mind as the critic of the *Daily News* has just afforded by including in a single critique a couple of performances, on the same night, at the two Italian Operas. It has been said that a Reviewer, in the discharge of his duties, should look neither to the right nor to the left; but here is an instance of a gentleman who must have taken a terrific squint from Covent Garden to the Haymarket. He must have carried JENNY LIND in one eye, and wrapped up ALBONI in the other, or he must have continued running backwards and forwards all night between the two Operas, like a melo-dramatic connoisseur whom we once knew, that was accustomed to oscillate for a whole evening between the Surrey and the Victoria, for the purpose of weighing the respective merits of *IX (Angelic, Hicks)* and *SAVILLE*.

Often, after seeing MISS VINCENT rescued from unmerited persecution by the knocking down of a nobleman in ducks, berlins, and the other accessories of minor dramatic aristocracy, he has rushed into the Surrey in time to see a murder prevented by a British Tar, who celebrates the triumph of innocence over guilt by darting off into a naval hornpipe.

The daily critic whose duality we have noticed must have been a person of this pendulum-like description, for otherwise he could not possibly have favoured us with his remarks on two performances going on simultaneously at two different establishments. How he managed to hear *God Save the Queen*, like a bidding at an auction, "in two places," is more than we can comprehend, unless his ears combine asinine length with caoutchoucian elasticity.

Early Closing Movement.

THE friends of the Early Closing Movement will doubtless be pleased to learn that the Oysters, wishing to set a good example to all persons employed in the shop-keeping line, have come to the determination of shutting up their shells one hour earlier than usual.

PUNCH'S LITTLE BIRD.

THE "CREED OF CASH."



OUR astonishment cannot be greater than the reader's, when we tell him that MR. REYNOLDS said, a few nights since, that he had never heard a creed ascribed to cash. He did not think that pounds, shillings, and pence were Protestant or Catholic. These were MR. REYNOLDS's sayings on the Irish Education Debate; sayings in condemnation of a phrase of MR. HAMILTON'S.

We much regret MR. REYNOLDS's state of darkness: it is plain he knows nothing of the condition of money. Why, pounds, shillings, and pence are the *Pucks*, the *Ariels*, the Familiars of mankind. They have feelings, emotions, opinions—yes, religions. Ask SIR J. TYRRELL if he would give half-a-crown to one of the race of Catholic Priests, who "ought to be exterminated." No. And wherefore? Because the half-crown so devoted would become a wicked Catholic half-crown, doing Catholic service. Now, the half-crown in SIR JOHN'S breeches pocket is a sound Church and State half-crown, (what a full, mellow ring there is in it!)—a two-and-sixpenny worth of true religion.

In our condition of society what so truly represents the feeling of men as their money? Is the shilling jingled in the plate at Exeter Hall, for the conversion of the Jews, the same as the shilling dropt in the Poor's-box of Duke's Place? Money is the working servant of man, and, doing his orders, carrying out his wishes, bears with it for a time the character of its once possessor. What is a ROTHSCHILD? Why, nobody, if not represented by a million or so of guineas; and, while he has them, they are Hebrew gold; making him mighty in his nation. The Grand Turk borrows them the better to make war upon Greece. Directly, the golden pieces are as so many Mahometan scimitars, smiting the foes of the Prophet. True it is, money is of all religions; a daily apostate, passing from hand to hand; nevertheless, it is of one religion in its hours of employment,—though now a Jew, now a Turk, and now a Hindoo. With this truth, let every man make his shillings Christian shillings; and this he can best do, when he makes

them minister to the wants of all. As the debate arose upon a "Protestant Hospital," we can say this much:—We never heard of creeds of disease: we believe there is no difference between a Roman Catholic aneurism and an aneurism of the Protestant Church. Is there, SIR JOHN TYRRELL?



Exultation of the "Constant Reader" at the Cessation of the Parliamentary Debates.

BEAUTIES AND BEASTS.

From the Bengal Tiger, Surrey Gardens, to the Pike and Tow-Ball Chartists.



SOME time ago, my dear friends, it was settled among us Beasts of the Gardens to open a communication with the Beauties outside. For though in captivity, we nevertheless hear all the news through the bars, and according to our feelings and dispositions sympathise with the two-legged people of the world without. So to speak it, every Beast, from the Lion to the Marmoset, has his human Beauty, in whose sayings and doings he takes a peculiar interest and pleasure. You would be surprised did you know with what deep attention the Parliamentary Debates are attended to—they are always read by one of the keepers—would wonder did you listen to the loud laughter of the Hyena, and the 'hear! hear!' of the Wild Ass. Let this much suffice to convince you that, Beasts as we are, we have our Beauties—our two-legged pets.

"When the news of the fresh tyranny that has fallen upon you was spread among us, I do assure you that your misfortunes caused the deepest emotion among all the Carnivora. Perhaps I ought to except the Lion; but then you know his narrow, monarchical prejudices: he has been so long mixed up with the Royal Arms that all freshness of feeling has left him. He has stared so long upon the crown jewels, that he turns up his whiskers at mere flesh-and-blood with thorough contempt. The Leopards, too, give themselves airs, and call themselves a part of the monarchy; but, my dear friends, you have the Hyenas, and the Panthers, and the Tigers with you to a hair.

"And you are quite worthy of us. You are, indeed. I felt my eyes turned with admiration to burning topazes when I heard of your plans. Could I have been changed into human shape, retaining my Tiger heart with the added gifts of man, it is exactly what I should have done. To steal out to kill at night! The very thought of it made my heart jump up again. How I drew my whiskers stiff as wire, and scented my bloody prey, as the midnight wind sighed through the jungle! How, in my fancy, I paced with you down the silent street, the thoughts of human flesh warming my heart! Now crouching, noiseless—and now with fangs and teeth (that is, pike and cutlass) in the yelling prey! With one bound to leap to rapine and revenge—to maim and rend in the dark! My mouth waters at the thought; and here a cloud falls upon me, for I feel, I know, that it was not to be.

"Nevertheless, it is something to dream of what success might have compassed. Nor, because I am myself constitutionally afraid of fire, can I suppress my admiration of those magnificent tow-balls! I believe they are not of purely English invention; nevertheless, it is something to have introduced the exotics. I endeavour to suppress my timidity whilst I strive to imagine their glorious effect in the midnight streets of London. Whizz they fly in at the windows, together with the packages of hob-nails and gunpowder! How the upper rooms blaze like a kindled cane-brake! How the wretches fast asleep in their ill-gotten feather-beds are roused to be roasted! Or if half naked, they make for the street—pat, we have them! But alas! this was not to be.

"Still, as I say, it is pleasant to dream of rapine and slaughter; it somewhat delights my Tiger's spirit to find that there are men with whom Tigers can sympathise; that there are patriots, resolved to make the most of society, even as once upon a time my honoured father made the most of a woman and two children.

"Nevertheless, most puissant Beauties, every Tiger, every Hyena, every wild, flesh-eating Beast, is bound to acknowledge the excellence of your intentions. What though you failed?—you hoped to succeed. It is not your fault that the combustibles did not explode; it is not your fault that houses were not turned into cinder-heaps; it is not your fault that your pikes and cutlasses did not do gallant work. I will not try to describe it. No, brave Beauties; you meant well. But it was ever thus! That prying, eaves-dropping police will turn heroes into felons. It was a noble cause, but—as I have said—it was not to be.

"And yet, it does soothe the spirit even to call up a vision of success. How beautiful! Whole streets burnt down! Every man his own landlord, his own banker, his own monarch—that is, if he would so far demean his nature as to govern himself. Alas! Why—why was it not to be?

"What have we—the ravenous Carnivora—not lost by the failure of the plot! For, carry out to the full the principles pointed and contained in pikes and tow-balls, and every city would return to its primitive condition, before flag-stones, squared by slaves, oppressed the earth, and filthy coal-gas tainted the air of heaven.

"This very country, this enslaved, degraded England, has been wrested from its original possessors. There was a time when here the Wolf and the Wild Boar held their lordly sway—before their dens and forests were invaded by the Saxon. I have heard, too—but I will not be too remote in my statements—that skeletons of the Elephant and Rhinoceros have been found in certain caves; no doubt infamously murdered, and secretly buried by the Whigs and Tories of a distant

day. Well, then, it is plain by the natural rights of quadrupeds, that as we were the first possessors of the soil, so ought we to have returned to us our original goods.

"And, my Beauties, your intentions carried out to the full, would go far to give us back our own again. Your policy is the policy of Tigers; your courage the courage of the Pard. It is therefore we, the Carnivora (always excepting the Lion), sympathise with you, even in defeat; it is therefore that you will ever remain Beauties to your admiring Beasts.

"(Signed, on their part) A BENGAL TIGER."

"P.S. I understand that the Blue-faced Monkey is in high dudgeon, that he was not permitted to address you; for he declares that you belong more to him than to your's, again, "A B. T."

THE "PONS ASINORUM."



FROM Waterloo Bridge," say the Time-tables of the Southampton Railway, "the Trains now start;" but mind, they do not say how far from Waterloo Bridge. That person who takes his time in crossing over, and hangs on the parapets to admire the tremendous feats of rowing on the river, will be rather disappointed when he reaches the opposite side, and does not see or hear any symptoms of the promised Railway. He had better walk on as fast as he can, or else, as sure as his name is SMITH, he will miss the train. He has a good day's exercise before him. The terminus is as near to the bridge

almost, as the old Nine Elms. The prudent traveller will take a cab. Really the distance is quite enough to license an omnibus expressly for the traffic. It should be stationed at the toll-gate, and would be an immense boon to persons distressed with corns, bundles, children, or any other impediments against quick walking. At all events guides should be in readiness at the foot of the Bridge, for the consternation of a person when he looks about and sees no Railway, is most agonising; and it is quite painful to observe how he scampers up and down those terrifically steep stair-cases that are on each side of the pavement, fancying that the Station may be secreted in some coashed in the York Road, or that the tickets are probably taken down one of the areas in Canterbury Street.

The Directors might, with almost as much ground for truth, have said the Railway will start from London Bridge, or Chelsea Pier, or St. Paul's Churchyard. As for ourselves, we walked a long way down the Road, went past the Victoria Theatre, and then gave up the chase in despair. We were told it was somewhere in that direction, but shall not believe it till we see it with our own eyes and spectacles. We intend to make another venture next week, and then, if it does not rain, and we have any time left after our long walk—two very great improbabilities—we shall take a trip on the new line to Nine Elms, and make our report upon the surrounding scenery, and the state of the Lambeth crops. In the meantime, any little enterprising boy may pick up a wonderful heap of halfpence by conducting the persons who rush over this "Pons Asinorum" to the invisible station. He shall certainly have our halfpenny when we reach the end of our journey.



"SHALL I SHOW YOU THE WAY TO THE STATION, SIR?"

Soyer Rewarded.

COLONEL DUNNE very significantly questioned the right of SIR C. TREVELYAN to the proposed grant of money for overlooking Irish supplies of oatmeal and potatoes. The gallant Colonel wished to know why "M. SOYER, of the Reform Club," had not been rewarded for his commissariat services. The hint has not been lost upon Ministers. SOYER has been created a K. C. B.—Kettle Cook of the Broth.

LETTERS TO A NOBLEMAN VISITING IRELAND.



THE IRISH REAPING-HOOK.

HE potato-crop being in a perilous condition, the Revolution adjourned; and the money to feed the people, not forthcoming, it is satisfactory to find that some Irish Repeal Members are disposed to put off political discussions for the present; and it is pleasant to listen to the Irish Clergy raising up an affecting chorus of loyalty and devotion to the QUEEN, of which everybody will appreciate the candour.

"The great point now is, to begin granting money as quickly as possible, so as to enable our friends to carry on the year comfortably. Your Lordship is pledged to this in some manner; and

certain it is, that the Irish of all classes are in need of that sort of relief. There's TIM has not been able to earn anything in England this harvest, being engaged in honour to stop at home and liberate his country in the 'War.' There's PAT has sunk all his capital in the purchase of a 'dainty rifle,' and though THADY has got his commission as Lieutenant in the BRIAN-BOROO Body-guard, yet pay-day hasn't come round, and it stands to reason that he must be fed somehow. There's FATHER TOM has had no fees, what with the bad times, and the War expenses of his congregation; there's the landlord has got in no rents; and he with bills out, mortgages to pay on, house and hounds to keep, besides his four sons hunters, the left wing of the house to finish, and all the estate to drain. How can the country get on without a loan? and whose duty is it, but that of Government, to come down with the money for poor, suffering, bleeding, oppressed Ireland?

"Go and stay at Castle Crazy, and then say if this picture of a country's desolation is overcharged. As you look on the town through the beautiful cracked French windows of the drawing-room, you will see the Park swarming with ragged cloaks and frieze coats. You will see three or four old crones squatted in the Hall porch, for whom the Masther has a joke and, very rarely now, a sixpence; as you go out of the lodge-gate (which to be sure won't open unless they come lift it), more will start out to let you pass through; if you go with the Masther to look at the nags in the stable, a score of tattered horseboys will be there to show you the way. They will show you MASTHER MICK's grey horse that ran for the Curragh Cup, or MASTHER JACK's bee meer that ran second in the hurdle race, and MISS BIDDY's chestnut filly, &c., &c.; but all the people you see, from the Masther down to poor half-witted JOE in the chimney-corner, with his feet in the turf, are in want of money, and look to you quite naturally to supply it. Don't talk about refusal. Are not the English gorged with Irish beef and corn? Who provides your pork, who wins your victories, but the Irish? If it is their right, they take it and thank you for nothing; if you refuse, you are tyrants and oppressors. Those are to be the terms of the bargain; at least if words go for anything; if Old Ireland and Young Ireland are to be believed, and if O'CONNELL and MITCHELL represent any opinions at all.

"And while you are arranging your plans for the relief of this fine peasantry, which is now pretty quiet, being about to ask you for money, you will remember that their beautiful pikes, scythes, and dainty rifles, (delicate instruments, with which they proposed to reap the present harvest) are all comfortably hidden away within call. I say it behoves an English statesman to remember that PADDY has a weapon somewhere at hand, with which he proposes to 'rise in the might of his freedom' some day, or in other words, to cut your throat. Where are all the lopped forests of ash-poles which the patriots cut down before harvest, and the bushels and cartloads of pikes which the blacksmiths flung off in such a heat and ardour of insurrection? The police, with all their vigilance, have not pounced on twenty pounds worth of old iron, the people laugh in their ragged sleeves as they give them up old muskets without locks, and old rusty weapons, relics of former wars. The pikes

are only thrust away into the hedge or the bog; and so the animus to use them is merely laid aside convenient.

"I don't say this is particularly blameworthy on the part of our Irish brethren. I don't say that they can do otherwise—miserable as they are, and instructed as they have been—but that you are bound to take account of it—and to remember that the person whom you persist in keeping in your house has been, from some cause or other, worked up to a state of mad ferocity against you, and that he has a knife concealed about his person somewhere, which he will use on your's whenever he can attack you at an advantage.

"If this is the fact: if the people hates you, and you have no means to pacify it, why should not the Irish gentlemen try their hand to settle their own affairs in their own city of Dublin? How would their palavers hurt us? or how would our strength be injured by leaving them to arrange their own difficulties, and provide for their own poor?

"And what if the orderly and sensible portion of the Irish are at this minute actually prevented by you from keeping order in their country?—if the house is on fire and we keep the keys of the engine?

"Why, Sir, I say, are we to turn out and work the pump for the Irish conflagration, and not allow them to put out their own flames with their own buckets? Why shouldn't the Irish have a Council House or an Administrative Assembly of their own? You never condescend to give reasons or entertain the question. And yet there are only phrases against it. MR. CANNING says, 'Restore the Heptarchy!' MR. MACAULAY says, 'Let the whole Empire go down together, rather than a separation ensue;' MR. CARLYLE says, 'The British Lion will squelch the Irish Rat, but separation must not be.' I hope to see a great party in England before long, which shall say, 'Why not?' At any rate, that it shall be a question open to fair debate; and that, when our Irish friends bawl out 'Repeal,' some people will answer 'With all our hearts!' from this country too.

"Gentlemen, (that band of simple-minded patriots will exclaim) 'we get no good out of you. We pay you for your pigs and oats, that you are always bragging about. As for an army, it is not for love that you shoulder the musket, but for money; and to say that we are to keep a nation of eight millions, in order that we may get forty or fifty thousand men out of it, is as if you were to tell us to burn a house down in order to roast a pig. We are tired of your bawling, your bawling, your bullying, your bragging, your begging. You stop our kindness with your curses, our pity with your ludicrous menacing and boasting; you render our confidence impossible with your double dealing. We may part from you, and yet survive, without a restored Heptarchy. We won't go down, even though we have the pleasure of your company in the ship. As for 'squelching,' that is out of the question. The British Lion has much better occupation; the business would fatigue him. The dog Billy can do it infinitely better. We believe that we shall be better without you than with your company; and finally, if you want Repeal, we will do our utmost efforts not to balk you.'

"Sentiments of this nature simply put forward, and conveyed to the leaders ecclesiastical and occult of the Irish party, I believe would go farther to stop the Repeal movements on the other side, than any efforts of conciliation; and I think we should begin to show that we are in earnest, and to prepare our Irish friends for the change they look for, by stopping the subsidies which they have been in the habit of drawing from this country.

"HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR."

MR. ANSTEY'S REMORSE.

(A la MACBETH.)

METHOUGHT I heard a voice cry, Talk no more!
ANSTEY does murder time, the priceless time;
Time, that knits up the ravell'd hose of BULL;
Time, that abuses might have rectified,
Served for reduction of expenditure,
And progress of reform.
Still it cried, Talk no more! to all the House:
YOUGHAL hath murdered time, and therefore CHISHOLM
Shall talk no more, ANSTEY shall talk no more!

Naval Intelligence.

Portsmouth, Sept. 6th.—A NOTICE was this morning received, appointing FREDERICK JEROME as First Class Midshipman on board HER MAJESTY'S Ship the *Queen*. We hail this fact as a delightful evidence that plebeian merit is not henceforth—as NAPIER observed—condemned to wither in the "cold shade of aristocracy," but is to be rated at its own intrinsic greatness. MR. JEROME will, of course, rise in the scale of promotion as rapidly as the rules of the service will permit. The *QUEEN* has already sent him gold for his purse: a few years, and as post-captain, he may wear the precious metal in epaulettes. It is by such fostering care as this, that BRITANNIA makes herself beloved by all her salt-water children.

A VACANCY IN THE PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

It has long been a matter of surprise with us, that a celebrated character has not been included amongst the *illustrissimi* of Baker Street. He has for years been a public favourite—has won more battles than the luckiest general—has corrected more abuses than the greatest reformer—has put down more quackeries, nuisances, and delusions, than the mighty SIR PETER—and has made more people laugh than SIBTHORP or GRIMALDI.

We flatter ourselves we know this honourable individual—and a better and a truer creature never existed. Who so welcome at every one's fireside? Who mixes more with every grade of society, from the palace to the skittle-ground, and is more generally liked? Who is there that possesses the same chance of turning his enemies—if in any odd corner of the globe there now lurks one—into bosom friends? He is the Poor Man's Friend, and the Rich Man's Best Companion. We say all this confidently; for we know this honest fellow almost as well as we know ourselves; and can say from our hearts, that the more we know him, the better we love him. It is, therefore, with this profound conviction of his merits, that we are astonished he has not yet been allowed the very foremost rank at MADAME TUSSAUD's popular Walhalla of waxen heroes. We hope this accidental omission, however, will soon be repaired, and that we shall shortly read on the placards of the Metropolis, the following announcement, now long due:—



"JUST ADDED, MR. PUNCH."

Not a "Common" Compliment.

THE Committee of the Underwriters' Rooms of Liverpool have, in grateful acknowledgment, granted the freedom of their establishment to ADMIRAL GRENFELL, to THOMAS LITLEDAL, Esq., and to CAPTAIN LISBOA, in consequence of "their meritorious exertions" at the burning wreck of the *Ocean Monarch*. The reporter adds, this compliment "is no common one." This is evident; otherwise it would have been awarded to the heroic FREDERICK JEROME, a "common" sailor.

WHAT IS ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.

TREVELYAN, fee'd, and K.C.B.'d,
No maudlin feeling shamming; }
Whilst Paddies droop, and beg for soup,
He thrives upon a famine!

The People's "Sweeps."

THE Attorney-General has given timely warning to newspaper proprietors that, if they continue to advertise public-house "Sweeps" he will proceed against the offenders for penalties. LORD GEORGE BENTINCK boldly stood up for the "Sweeps" of the masses. Why, he inquired, should gambling be allowed at the Clubs, and not at the Bag-o'-Nails and Goat-in-Boots? Very proper; it is too bad that the little "Sweeps" should be persecuted in public-houses, whilst big "Black-legs" still swagger on the turf.

AN AUDACIOUS BOY.



FROM the public papers we learn that a shameless varlet, aged 14, was a few days since brought before MR. COMBE (Clerkenwell), charged with an unblushing attempt to sell vegetables from a stall he had boldly erected in Leather Lane, Holborn. He and his vegetables had been taken into custody by a policeman, on the complaint of a most punctilious and particularly respectable tradesman.

"The shopkeeper said that he was constantly annoyed by the prisoner and other vendors of fruit and vegetables standing before his door selling their goods, and he called upon the bench to punish the prisoner.—MR. COMBE: Pray what for?—Shopkeeper: For causing an annoyance by standing with his articles opposite my door.—MR. COMBE: Nonsense; poor persons like this boy must get a living by some means or other.

Was he standing on the footway with his property?—Constable: No; on the carriage-way, your Worship."

The end of this was—MR. COMBE discharged the boy, thus—there can be no doubt of it—giving an encouragement to all boys desirous of obtaining their livelihood by selling goods from stalls, when not rich enough to take shops.

We can feel for the complaining shopkeeper. There was great audacity in the boy attempting to set up for himself upon the naked flags, and under nothing more respectable than the roof of the sky. And this, too, when there was another obvious course open to the little trader. For instance, at the very time he was selling his penn'orths of onions and lettuces, and thereby annoying a worthy shopkeeper,—at the very time, how many individuals were perambulating the streets of London, with pocket-handkerchiefs about them that—carefully abstracted—would, any two or three of them, return more to the boy than the wretched profits of a day's dealing in beans and cabbages! To be sure, the boy would have to run the risk of Newgate; but what of that? Better dare the hulks than by "standing with articles" opposite his door, excite the ire of a respectable shopkeeper. Is there to be no respect to the dignity of—rent and taxes?

THE CHEAP ARMY CLOTHIER.

AFTER dinner, at all public banquets, or most,
It is usual the "Army" to give as a toast;
And no doubt there can be that the custom is right,
To drink health to the brave for their country who fight.
Then allow me the "Army's" good health to propose;
And now, if you please, just a word on their clothes.
All soldiers, of course, must dress natty and smart,
Or they never will conquer the feminine heart;
And a regiment should always appear on parade,
In a uniform, credit which does to the Trade.
Now cheapness with elegance must be combined,
Satisfaction to give to the national mind.
JOHN BULL likes HER MAJESTY's troops to look nice;
But he wishes them clothed at a moderate price.
And you'll own, of all people the Colonel's the man
Who would rig out his regiment as cheap as he can.
For the Colonel receives, as 'tis right you should know,
So much money to furnish his soldiers with clo'.
At the lowest of figures he does every suit,
As the difference goes into his pocket, for boot.
Then go to your Colonel, ye children of MARS,
Ye spirited Lancers, and dashing Hussars;
Ye gallant Life-Guardsmen, and Troops of the Line,
For the cheapest of clothes—if they're not superfine.
To your Colonel repair, horse and foot, rank and file,
He'll equip you in most economical style;
Each Squadron, Battalion, Detachment, Brigade,
Seek your Colonel's depot to be cheaply array'd;
Divisions, and regiments of all sorts of hues,
Ye Lights and ye Heavies, ye Greys, Buffs and Blues,
Ye Sappers and Miners, ye tall Grenadiers,
Artillerymen, Rifles, and Scots Fusiliers,
To your Colonel apply, for by him you may count
Upon being supplied at the smallest amount;
For a profit, you see, he obtains on your dress,
So that no other tradesman can find it for less.
To your Colonel's Emporium you therefore should run,
Even more cheap than the Mart of LONGNOSES AND SON.

A GREAT SIMILARITY.

O whatever the Irish rebel leaders may be accused, they certainly manifest great consistency, for there is as much difficulty in the apprehension of their speeches as of their persons.

OUR RAILWAYS AND OUR RESPECTABILITY.

THE cloven foot, or rather, the claw, is beginning to peep out among the Railway Directors, who, having secured a monopoly, and beaten off competition, by that convenient bugbear, "the badness of the times," are beginning to raise the fares, and to reduce the amount of third-class accommodation as much as possible. They have made the discovery that people are riding by the third-class, who, from their position in life, ought to take a better position in the train; and, to guard against this tendency to self-abasement, the public will in future be deprived of the power of riding by third-class trains more than once in the day, which the Act of Parliament expressly requires. It is delightful to see the Railway Directors evincing this anxiety to uphold the respectability of their fellow men, by preventing them from having the opportunity of lowering themselves, and by affording them ample means of keeping up and paying for their dignity. In THURTELL'S days respectability consisted in keeping a gig, but in our own times it is in riding by a first-class carriage that true respectability is to be accomplished.

We do not exactly know how the means and position in life of travellers by Railway can be, or have been, ascertained; but perhaps the Directors intend to insist upon every passenger making a return of his income before he can be permitted to take a ticket as a third or even a second-class passenger. We think some of the machinery employed in ascertaining the amount of Income Tax could be introduced beneficially at every station, and exemptions from the necessity of paying first or second class should be distributed to all who could show themselves not possessed of at least two or three hundred pounds per annum.

A Polite Speaker for Parliament.

THE *Times* correspondent at Cheltenham gives the following specimen of invective as an extract from a speech lately made at a public assembly by the HONOURABLE CRAVEN BERKELEY:—

"SIR WILLIAM CLAY, the Member for the Tower Hamlets, was an empty-headed fop, possessing the very best opinion of himself; or, to use a common-place expression, any one who would purchase him at his own valuation of himself, and then sell him at his own intrinsic worth, would be very much the loser. The next Member, MR. ROUSSELL PALMER, the Member for Plymouth, is a Puseyite lawyer of questionable reputation, who has bolstered up that reputation by some luck in one or two suits in the Court of Chancery, but who is perfectly ignorant in the Law of Evidence, and of the Common Law of the land."

The honourable orator is at present without a seat in Parliament. We propose that a new metropolitan borough should be created expressly for him. If a constituency ought to be heard through its representative, he would be just the very Member for Billingsgate.

A Great Commercial Question.

A TRADESMAN is curious to know whether the fact of a gentleman having No TIN may not have something to do with the answer he invariably gives of Not IN, when any one calls upon him with a bill?

A LITTLE SUM FOR MR. HUME OR THE ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL.

If the announcement of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to fund two millions of Exchequer Bills caused a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in the Stocks—equal to six millions reduction upon the whole debt—What amount of funding should be announced to reduce the total National Debt to Zero?

Coining through Thick and Thin.

PRINCE ALBERT has been graciously pleased to call the new double shilling a "Florin." With all due deference to the noble F. M. who, as a German, has a perfect right to do what he likes with English money, we would suggest that this new shilling should be called, from its thickness, BOB-MAJOR. This would distinguish it from the ordinary shilling, which has generally passed current under the simple name of Bob.

FINE SUMMER CABBAGES.

THE doughty SMITH O'BRIEN be not hard on,
For skulking in the widow's cabbage-garden;
Nor let his prudence be for fear mistaken—
He used the widow's greens to save his bacon!

Whitebait Outdone.

We understand that, although the Ministers expressed themselves well satisfied with the whitebait at their late dinner, they all of them agreed that it was not half such a PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH as that which they have had (and have still) to settle in the affairs of the nation.

THE STATE OF FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OUR French express brings us nothing at present from a spot more remote than Boulogne, as "our own Correspondent" had not yet ventured beyond that point at the date of our last advice, and our last advice to him was to make the best of his way home again. Boulogne remains perfectly tranquil, nothing having been knocked down but the price of apartments, and there having been no rising, except in the fruit, which is somewhat higher than it used to be. The old blind organ player on the pier has had *O Richard, O mon Roi!* taken off his instrument, and *Mourir pour la patrie* put in its place; but this tergiversation seems to excite little sympathy, or rather, it is responded to by a general tergiversation on the part of his hearers, who usually turn their backs upon him. He has simply converted his organ into an organ of republicanism; but it is to be observed that he suspends his desire to *Mourir pour la patrie* until he hears a footstep approaching, when he "turns, and turns, and turns again, and still goes on" with the sickening refrain which everybody is now compelled to listen to. The Tree of Liberty in the Tintalleries looks as if it would shortly pack up its trunk, make its bough, and retire, though it will go without even French leave, for there is hardly a leaf to be seen on any of its branches.

Large placards on the walls announce a series of *fêtes* to be given at Calais and at Dunkerque on the opening of the Paris railroad. Such a whirl of excitement as Calais is to be thrown into, seems something perfectly intoxicating, for the day is to begin by a general ringing of *les cloches*, and after that the two bands that will be in attendance—one a military, and the other a green-baize—are to contend for a *médaille en vermeil*, which is to be given to the one that shall succeed in playing the air *le plus pompeux* on their respective instruments. This frantic hilarity is to be followed up by a procession of Directors, a race between two men in sacks, and the day's delightful doings are to terminate with an illumination, at which the inhabitants are requested to assist with as many *chandelles* as the *jeu valet* in their enlightened estimation.

We should imagine that the General Steam Navigation Company will put on three or four extra boats at least for Calais, to enable the English to be present in shoals upon this very joyous occasion.



FAILURE OF THE TREE OF LIBERTY CROP IN FRANCE.

"THREE CHEERS"—FOR WHAT?

LOUIS-PHILIPPE and family went a few days since to see the Chinese Junk. We are affected to learn, that—

"Three cheers being given on the party leaving the Brunswick Pier in one of the Woolwich Company's boats, the COUNT NEUILLY rose, took off his hat, and repeatedly bowed, and thanked the spectators in the most cordial manner."

We are well aware that, with the ex-king, at the present time, the smallest cheer must be thankfully received. Nevertheless, we would have cheering, under certain circumstances, made a police offence. Folks are fined for drunkenness; why not for making an unnecessary noise? Unless a man could give a satisfactory, a wise reason for his "cheer," we would have him considered drunk, and fined accordingly. Under which regulation, how many of the followers of the Brunswick Pier would have been severally mulcted in the sum of five shillings!

Jurors in Jeopardy.

A CONTEMPORARY states that in Ireland "no fewer than forty-six jurors submitted to the penalty of £50, rather than attend the late trials." We do not wonder at this, considering the peculiar mode of challenging jurymen which prevails in the sister island.

A SHAKSPEAREAN SAW FOR ST. STEPHEN'S.—If, for all the *Shallows* in the House of Commons we had as many *Silences*, what a very great blessing it would be!



THE INCONVENIENCE OF BRINGING ONE'S HAT INTO A CROWDED PARTY.

FLOWERS "OUT OF PLACE."



WE take the subjoined from the *Leicester Mercury*. It is a case tried at the Leicester Borough Court, a MR. HILDYARD, Recorder and Judge:—

"*Liggins v. J. Shaw*.—Claim £1 15s., for garden crop. Defendant said he had entered into plaintiff's service, and in addition to his wages was to have the use of a piece of garden ground. In June last, when he had got the ground into good order, and had well stocked it with vegetables, he was suddenly dismissed—defendant telling him to get the garden-stuff valued, and the value put on was the amount sued for, which defendant refused to pay. Defendant now said plaintiff might have the vegetables; but it appearing he had formerly refused this proposition, the Court made an order for £1 15s., deducting 2s. for flowers, which it considered out of place in a cottager's garden."

Somebody has somewhere called flowers the luxury of the poor. MR. HILDYARD, no doubt, is of this opinion; and therefore punishes poverty for contracting expensive habits. What, indeed, has a cottager to do with flowers? Why was Eden decked with roses? For this sole reason, MR. HILDYARD; that, in length of days, they might be made to give up their essence, distilled, for people who could afford to buy rose-water. Why should Lavender cumber the earth, if not to accent "fine linen?" It was never made for a mere cottager's garden, thence, perhaps, to be gathered and consigned to old worm-eaten walnut-tree drawers, to give an odour to the holiday neckerchief or the Sunday shirt. We should as soon allow pearls to the cottager's wife, as Snowdrops to the cottager's border. How can a mere rustic for a moment dare to think of Heart's-ease? What has he to do with Stocks, unless to sit in them? For the cottager, Balm of Gilead is surely "out of place;" and, we ask it, was the Star of Bethlehem ever intended to shine upon the gardens of the poor?

Again, there may be democratic thoughts wafted even to the dull brain of the cottager from Lilies. For consider—(but you *have* considered)—MR. HILDYARD, is it not said of the Lilies—by ONE who cannot be too much in the thoughts of a Judge—"They toil not, neither do they spin!" Now, we know how and to whom the Chartist apply these words; hence, Lilies in a cottager's garden may, in fact, be just so many floral CUFFEYS, breathing discontent and disaffection towards the upper classes. MR. HILDYARD no doubt saw all this. Flowers in a

cottager's garden are "out of place." They are best at home in the button-holes of the respectable. MR. HILDYARD should get returned to Parliament. Following up the sound wisdom delivered at Leicester, we might reasonably expect him to bring in a "Bill for the Repeal of Buttercups and Daisies." For in fields and on commons trod by cottagers, such flowers must surely be alarmingly "out of place."

HONOUR TO JOINVILLE!

YOU'RE a noble fellow, JOINVILLE, you're a seaman true and brave
As ever bearded DAVY JONES upon the stormy wave;
Never hero did more gallantly the work of bloody strife,
Than you have done humanity's in boldly saving life.

There are chiefs at Glory's summons who all dangers can defy,
And risk their precious carcasses, prepared to do or die,
Who have gone through fire and water at the trumpet-call of Fame;
You, at the signal of distress, have braved the flood and flame.

As a fire-eater I've laughed at you—prophetic was the joke!
It only shows how true a word in jest is often spoke;
Had you burnt the British Navy, your renown could not be higher
Than what you've gained already by your conduct under fire.

Your deportment in an action I have oft desired to see;
I've had my wish, and own that better bearing could not be.
With the *Ocean Monarch*, JOINVILLE, to your chivalrous affair
There is not a naval action that I know of, to compare.

You have had a golden medal for the deed that you have done,
Just to match with the opinions that your gallantry has won;
But no kind of testimonial we could possibly invent,
Though as big as a dessert plate, your desert would represent.

You have earn'd a name of honour—for to all the fact is known,
That he who saves his fellows' lives at hazard of his own,
With our native sons of NEPTUNE is establish'd on a par,
And decidedly entitled to be call'd a British Tar.

May your timbers ne'er be shiver'd, then; your braces ever taut,
Your topsail, gallant, royal, exactly what they ought.
So we hail you, JOINVILLE, heartily. Yoho, there! JACK, ahoy!
Three cheers for you, my heart of oak—good luck to you, my boy!

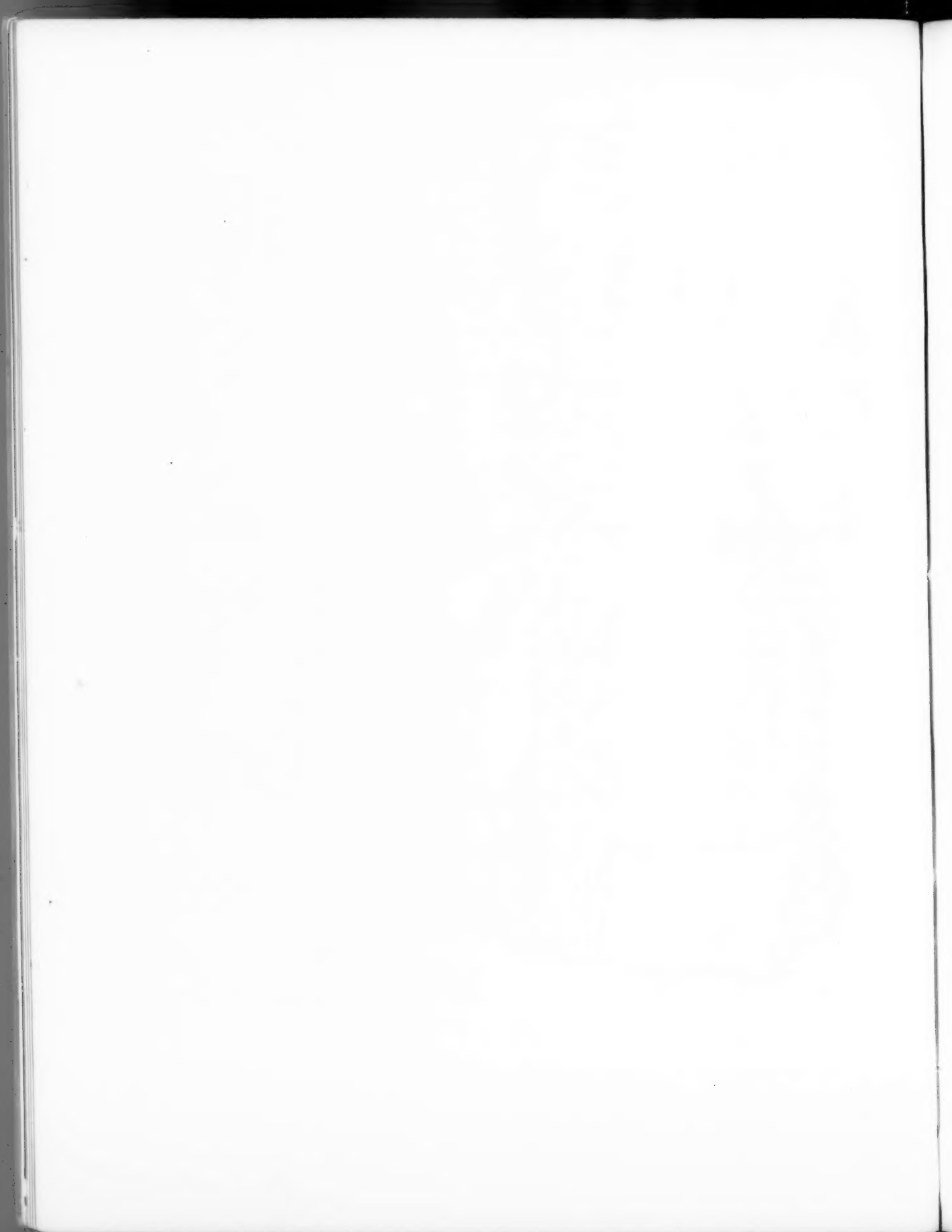


THE PARLIAMENTARY TOOTS.

Mrs. Blimber (D'I-r-li). "I think it convenient, Toors, to say to you, before the young gentlemen disperse, that you appear to me to have reached the low-water mark of general contempt, and that there is not the least probability of your ever gaining another inch towards flood-tide again. All your friends are ashamed of you; all your enemies rejoice over you; everybody is tired of you. In fact, Toors, you are, if I may express myself plainly, an unmitigated humbug, and a hoax. And now that I have relieved my mind by mentioning

this, I will conclude by observing, Toors—you know my classical taste—that I think if I could have seen Cicero, that pure Caucasian, in his retirement at Tusculum—beau-ti-ful Tusculum!—I could now die as contented as I am ever likely to be."

Toots (R-as-II) confused. "It's of no consequence, thank you. It's all right. It's not of the least consequence in the world. Nothing is of any consequence, anywhere; I'm much obliged to you."



SKETCHES IN SALT AND FRESH WATER.

BY THE BUOY AT THE NORE.



If watering-places were arranged like the divisions of a theatre, Margate would be the pit, and Ramsgate the dress circle. The two places of amusement almost touch one another, and yet how wide apart are the people who frequent them in their manners, appearance, and notions of enjoyment! A person in the pit—I mean Margate—laughs outright, and is quite indifferent about his dress. In fact he would as soon take off his coat, and sit in his shirt sleeves, as look at you. He generally takes his provisions with him too; and, when he is thirsty, pulls out a stone jug, and applies it to his lips in the faces of all the company. Far from being abashed, he passes it to his wife, and holds the cork, turning away his head, whilst his good lady drinks. He does not mind what people say. He has come out to enjoy himself, and he is determined to do it.

How different is the company in the dress circle! I am speaking now of Ramsgate. The ladies are dressed very prettily; the gentlemen have most superior gloves; and altogether the coats, gowns, opera and eye-glasses, and jewellery are selected with the most fastidious taste. It is impossible for people to be more genteel; but gentility, I am afraid, must be dull work. They all seem afraid to enjoy themselves. They smile occasionally, and simper with the best grace, but appear about as lively as if they were sitting for their portraits. They never laugh—at least heartily. When a good roar wakes them up, they look down with supreme contempt upon the pit below, and wonder how people can be so vulgar?

I have now mixed in both circles, and have arrived at the following pleasant conclusions:—

- 1st, That Ramsgate is very genteel;
- 2nd, That Margate is very vulgar.

This means that the latter enjoys itself unreservedly, not caring *two pence* (which is the amount at which people, it seems, estimate the world's opinion) for what people think; and that the former is afraid to appear in public and follow its impulses, for fear of being considered vulgar. If the two towns could be made to amalgamate, the junction would probably be one of the pleasantest watering-places in England. The starchiness of the one would soon be taken out of it by the freedom of the other.

As for myself, I would sooner live in Margate than Ramsgate—and for this reason, that I would sooner walk in patters than strut about on stilts any day; but, mind you, I am not fond of either.

It is a curious fact that no lady is complete at a watering-place without a watch. At Margate the watches grow to a very large size. At Ramsgate, however, the gentility is apparent again on the face of them. They are rarely bigger than fourpenny pieces. They are so small that you imagine they must be sold, like shrimps, by the pint. I should say, thirty Ramsgate watches make one Margate ditto.

Margate is populated with Bazaars. They drive a rattling trade, if I may judge from the dice-boxes. I was passing by one, when a gentleman rushed out and exclaimed up and down the street, "Only one wanted for sixpence."

This was at noon. As I passed the same Bazaar at ten o'clock at night, the same individual was at the door, bawling out the same demand for the same amount of money. Good gracious! Could he have been wanting one for ten long hours, and that one had not relieved his want yet? One felt ashamed of oneself! I gave him the sixpence, and slept that night the sleep of the blessed!

Margate, I am afraid, is a very dissipated place, since the raffling begins at twelve o'clock in the day; though the smallness of the stakes may somewhat atone for the continued extravagance.

An improvement, however, has been introduced into that exciting

game. Ladies' dresses are now put up as some of the prizes. This is better than the old match-cases and card-holders; though, if I had won a bombazine, or a visite, I confess I should have been puzzled rather what to do with it. Gentlemen's clothing should also be admitted into the raffling, or at all events legs of mutton with trimmings, or a barrel of oysters, or a cod's head and shoulders, should occasionally be thrown into the stakes, and then there would be something to please all tastes.

One of the amusements at Margate is looking through the telescope. The ships in the Downs, far from moving on, like many people, if you stare at them, will stand perfectly still for days; or, if you have another hankering after the beautiful, you may amuse yourself by admiring

THE OPPOSITE COAST OF "LA BELLE FRANCE,"

when you will be surprised how Frenchmen can make Revolutions, and cut each other's throats, in the name of *Fraternité*, for so very little.

The touting for baths near the harbour is really as bad as the touting for bonnets used to be, I recollect, in Cranbourne Alley, before I went to sea. You are pulled in, and almost have your clothes pulled off your back, and thrown into a shower-bath, before you can persuade the touters you did not come to Margate to be shocked all day. Margate must be very full. I saw a placard hanging on a bathing-machine with the tempting inscription, "ONE BED TO LET."

The native produce of Margate is the bellman, who, with his bell, seems to be a perpetual wag, and goes down with the visitors as much as COBB'S Ale. There are likewise the portraits taken in shells, much better adapted, I should say, to show off the strong points of a Mussulman, than to delight the cockles of Englishmen. I send you two choice specimens, the best I could pick up. They are faithful likenesses of



THE QUEEN



AND PRINCE ALBERT.

The great feature about Margate is the Jetty. The Pier is pleasant to walk on, with its two stories—the ground-floor is gratis, the first floor, one penny; but it sinks to nothing by the side of that long wooden gridiron, on which innocent visitors are boiled or broiled, according to the weather, at one single turn. Ladies cannot be too careful. It is a perfect trap to catch little ducks with spray feet.

As the water dashes up through the open lines, it leaves no other impression on your trowsers and your mind than that it must have been built originally to rule the waves. This looks all smooth and easy enough when the broad sheet of the ocean is far away; but when the tide brings up the large volume of water, it is soon proved that if the Jetty rules, the sea governs.



The wind, too, carries hats, bonnets, and everything before it, and gives many a young man a lift in the world that he little expected to come from such a quarter. It is a continual game between NEPTUNE and



A LADY'S WATCH AT MARGATE.



A LADY'S WATCH AT RAMSGATE.

JARVIS' Jetty, as to who shall have the upper hand. The contest is renewed every day, and when one goes down the other comes up, and *vice versa*.

It is most amusing to watch the ladies when the packets come in. They draw themselves up on the end of the Jetty, opposite to one another, as if they were going to dance *Sir Roger de Coverley*; the passengers pass down the double line, like so many convicts. Each man is closely surveyed—no disguise can possibly avail him—and as soon as his wife detects him, let him be ever so disfigured by nautical causes, she pounces upon him, and carries him off in triumph. This arrangement must have been made for the express gratification of the *Mrs. Caudles* of England, and is much more stringent than all the passports on the Continent. Can a gendarme's eye compete in vigilance with a wife's?

Some ladies, however, are a little too precipitate. One beauty (the shadow of *MRS. ARMITAGE*) threw her arms around me, crying "My dearest CHARLES." Before she had discovered her mistake, I was nearly smothered. I advise all persons with wooden legs not to land on the Jetty. The reason must be open to the blindest imagination.

Visitors are not aware that the middle of the Jetty is covered with water long before the lower end. From the frequent accidents, it would seem as if the Jetty was wickedly bent on mischief, in order to throw customers into the watermen's boats. The visitor perseveres with his "Fatal Error," when all of a sudden he feels his feet rather wet; he looks up from his novel and sees that, like *SOYER'S Irish Soup*, he is surrounded with nothing but water. The Jetty is impassable. He cannot swim. What shall he do? He has not made his will! He thinks of the dinner waiting for him at home, and the water comes into his mouth. At last a boat nears him. A voice hails him. "Do you want a boat?" Why, of course he does. "What will you give?" He offers half-a-sovereign—no answer; a sovereign—no reply; the water rises higher—anything you like, and he is helped off just as a rude wave knocks off his hat. What the price of his ransom is I cannot tell, but judging from his person the watermen must have carried off something heavy.

Never shall I forget the awful position of *MR. and MRS. FIDGETTS* when they were surprised in a similar manner. I was in the water at the time, and overheard their conversation, carried on under the following difficulties.



Mrs. Fydgetts (screaming). "MY CHILD! MY CHILD!"

Mr. Fydgetts. "WHAT'S THE USE OF MAKING THAT NOISE? CAN'T YOU BE QUIET?"

Mrs. F. "YOU'RE A BRUTE, SIR."

Mr. F. "I WISH I WERE; FOR THEN I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SWIM."

Mrs. F. "MR. FIDGETTS! AIN'T YOU A-COMING TO HELP ME?"

Mr. F. "NO! IT SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR BRINGING ME DOWN TO THIS STUPID PLACE."

Mrs. F. "I, INDEED. WHY, I WANTED TO GO TO BRIGHTON AND YOU WOULD COME TO MARGATE—YOU SAID IT WAS CHEAPER."

Mr. F. "IT'S FALSE; I SAID NO SUCH THING."

Mrs. F. "YOU DID, YOU DID!"

Mr. F. "O, WOMAN! WOMAN! WHERE DO YOU EXPECT TO GO TO?"

Mrs. F. "TO THE BOTTOM; UNLESS YOU COME AND HELP ME!"

Mr. F. "HELP YOURSELF. I'M S-I-N-K-I-N-G—"

Mrs. F. "MY CHILD! MY CHILD!"

Mr. F. (rising from the water). "BE QUIET, CAN'T YOU! WOO-O-M— (the rest is inaudible, but the watery pair are saved just in time, and renew their dispute in the boat as soon as they are rescued from their perilous position.)"

AWFUL GREENNESS OF PERSONS BATHING IN THE SERPENTINE.

At the last meeting of the British Association, *MR. BEARD* stated, as an interesting illustration of the fact that the Daguerreotype would not copy anything coloured green, that he had in vain attempted to take the likeness of a young gentleman who had been bathing in the Serpentine.

Cause and Effect.

MR. DISRAELI last week delivered himself of a speech on the hindrance of public business in Parliament. A verbatim report of it occupied eight columns of a newspaper. *MR. DISRAELI* unquestionably has succeeded to admiration in showing what is the cause of the evil.

"Please Turn Over."

The Directors of the North Western Railway present their compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and beg to know if he does not consider it very unreasonable of people to grumble at the awkward accidents on their line, when they must know that all the engineers that have been lately left to work the engines were only "Left Hands."

A BLACKENED NAME.

M. LOUIS BLANC comes so very black out of the inquiry respecting the late insurrectionary movements at Paris, that *Punch* feels compelled to authorise him to exchange his name for that of *LOUIS NOIR*.

BEAUTIES AND BEASTS.

From the Beaver of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, to LOUIS-BLANC, late of Paris.



ND SO, CITIZEN BLANC, you have discovered that men are neither bees nor beavers. You have failed to turn France into a hive or a beaver-house. The Organisation of Labour is yet to be carried out among the human species. Among men there will still be task-masters and idlers. As yet, they will not be instructed. Beavers are at least for awhile to remain superior to bipeds. Nevertheless, Citizen, you meant well. I feel assured that it was the honesty of your heart to elevate the condition of Man to that of the family of the *Castor*: your fault has been the fault of too sanguine hope, and not the wickedness of a debauched egotism. And therefore, CITIZEN BLANC, you are welcome to England; though you have described it as the prison-house of the world, you are nevertheless welcome to a corner in it; though you have painted Englishmen as soulless slaves to a money-box; as *forçats* proud of their gold and silver chains, and exulting in the Mint-mark that brands them—nevertheless, they will forget and forgive all such misused ink, and give you cordial greeting. And for this reason, CITIZEN BLANC—you meant well. Whereupon, in your exile, let your dwelling-place (whether a whole suite of rooms, or a modest two-pair back)—let your dwelling-place be honoured far above the palace of Claremont.

"The human family—especially that portion of the family dwelling in France—is at present too ignorant to be taught your elevating lessons. Frenchmen will consume, from time to time—as the gift is vouchsafed and wasted upon them—half-a-dozen BLANCs, ere Labour will be Organised as it is with us, the superior Beavers. But what makes our superiority to Man? Why, our equality among ourselves. Form all men equal, and you elevate them to Beavers. Were we, of the streams, and lakes, and rivers, made with different powers, I fear that our Organisation of Labour—an Organisation perfected on the banks of the rivers that girdled Paradise—would full soon lapse into confusion. For example:—

"Here is a Beaver who, by the adroit use of his teeth, can cut through a whole tree while another Beaver is nibbling off a branch. Well, the better Beaver will build the better house; and, having built it, will prefer that his own Mrs. Beaver and the little Beavers shall have the said house; he will not consent to make it part of a common barrack for the whole family of *Castors*, many of whom are too lazy or too ignorant to make the best use of their incisors.

"Another Beaver has a better eye, a better brain for building. He is the happier judge of the exact place to be chiselled in the trunk of the tree to be flung down. The architect Beaver hereupon makes his notch, his cut, in the bark of the tree; and labourer Beavers bite it through.

"Another Beaver is a superior engineer. At a glance he can tell where the river-dam is to be built, and at what exact curve best to oppose the stream. He defines the curve by swimming it; and the dam is built by a crowd of mud-layers. Now, LOUIS, it is not to be expected that Engineer Beaver—the wiser *Castor*—will take up the mud and rubbish in his fore-paws, working with the crowd of mud-layers. Certainly not. When SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN designed St. Paul's Cathedral, it was no business, no duty of his, to carry a hod of mortar.

"Now, LOUIS-BLANC, I take it that social equality can only result from equality of mind and bodily powers. One Beaver is as good as another, only because they are both equal. Every Beaver brings into the world the same incisors, the same eye for the tree to be levelled, the same judgment to form a river-dam. The family of *Castor* can live upon the happiest equality, for they have equal abilities. But, depend upon it, LOUIS-BLANC—if one Beaver excelled in chiselling, another in levelling trees, another in building dams, and so forth, throughout the whole social polity of Beaver life—depend upon it then there would be a very different Organisation of Labour to that prevailing on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi.

"When every man is in himself a SHAKESPEARE, a NEWTON, a MICHAEL ANGELO, a WREN, a WATT, and so forth—each man containing in his common self all the genius and all the wisdom now vouchsafed to units out of millions—why, then, there will be less than ever a need of an Organisation of Labour, for the duties of existence will then be made as the motions of angels.

"Mind—I do not say because all men, even the poorest and weakest, are not Beavers, that they are not to have full bellies and warm houses; all I say is, the bellies can't be filled with the same sort of food, and the houses built of the same sort of materials. You think it should be otherwise; and there, LOUIS, your mistake; and there the mischief you have done. Nevertheless, again I say, you meant well; so well, that—both of you exiles, one in a palace and one, it may be, in a garret—who would rather be LOUIS-PHILIPPE than LOUIS-BLANC?

"Your's respectfully, (but not fraternally), THE BEAVER."

CONSCIENCE-MONEY FROM GOVERNMENT.

THERE are certain gentlemen, remarkable for tender conscience, if not for a more general softness of character, whose remittances to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "on account of Income-Tax," furnish at least one daily paragraph for the *Times*. It is to be wished that SIR CHARLES WOOD would open his mind to the advantages of the reciprocity system, and be guided by that truly sound maxim, that one good turn deserves another. At present it appears that conscience is all on the side of the tax-payers. We should be glad to see the Government making restitution occasionally, as well as the defaulters. It would gratify us to find it announced in the newspapers, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in consequence of A. B.'s calamitous fire, or D. E. F.'s bankruptcy, had begged to return him the amount of his Income-Tax. But the Government, we suppose, like DR. PALEY, cannot afford to keep a conscience. On the contrary, they seem to act on the principle expressed at the foot of the play-bills, of "No Money Returned. *Vivat Regina!*"

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. II.



AS YOU ARE CONDUCTING LADY GOTOBED TO HER "CARRIAGE" FROM LADY HIGHJINK'S "NOBLE PARTY," AND FANCYING YOURSELF A MAN OF FASHION, YOU HEAR THE SERVANTS IN THE HALL SAYING ONE TO ANOTHER, "THAT'S HIM—THAT'S POONCH!"

THE PUBLIC SERVICE—THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT

THE Session generally opens with a grand Ministerial Dinner, and generally ends with one. This is the only way in which the Whigs can manage to make "both ends meat."

PUNCH'S PRIZES FOR THE SESSION.



MR. PUNCH's Sessional Examination of his young and old friends of the St. Stephen's School, Westminster, which is breaking up for the holidays, took place this week, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished audience of the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general.

Mr. Punch has much pleasure in furnishing the following list of prizes bestowed on the occasion:—

To MASTER JOHN RUSSELL, the head boy of the establishment, the first Prize, for *General Inefficiency*; and an extra Prize (a medal, with the motto, "*Vox et præterea nihil*") for an Essay, illustrated with practical examples, "On the Art of doing the Least Possible Work in the Greatest Possible Time." For this last prize there were a great many competitors, but MASTER RUSSELL's Essay was by much the most successful.

To MASTER GEORGE BENTINCK, the first prize for *Arithmetic and Artificial Memory*. This young gentleman exhibited the most extraordinary feats in Mnemonics, committing to memory, within an incredibly short time, long tables of figures and statistical returns upon every subject, and repeating them without any regard to order or natural arrangement. In order fully to test his powers, subjects were purposely chosen on which he possessed no previous knowledge whatever.

To MASTER BENJAMIN DISRAELI, the first prize for *Elocution*, with extra prizes for an Essay "On the Use and Abuse of Words," and a disquisition "On the Caucasian Theory of Civilization," which showed much ingenuity in contradicting all the theories of Ethnographers on European languages and races.

To MASTER CHISHOLM ANSTEX, Prizes for some remarkable pieces of

Crochet Work, and an Essay on "The Art of Unpopularity in Addressing Popular Assemblages."

To MASTER URQUHART, a Certificate of Honour, for a *Fixed Idea*, manufactured entirely by himself in his leisure hours, and an amusing comic recitation with MASTER ANSTEX, called "The Impeachment."

To MASTER BROTHERTON, a Prize for an Essay "On the Advantage of Early Hours," and general regularity.

To MASTER BOWRING, a Certificate for procuring the greatest number of useless returns.

To MASTER MORPETH, a Prize for *Good Temper*, and obliging readiness to give way to everybody in everything, with marks for his diligence in undoing his own work.

Prizes were also awarded to MASTER WILSON, for unremitting attention in the discharge of his duties to himself.

To MASTERS SIBTHORP and TYRRELL, for grinning through horse-collars, and generally promoting the amusements of the young gentlemen.

To MASTER HUME, for Essays "On Economy in the use of Pocket-money," and "A Cheap Method of Writing, by which crosses on t's and dots over i's are entirely got rid of."

To MASTER PALMERSTON, for his intrepidity in jumping into hot water on all occasions.

To MASTER CHARLES WOOD, for his pursuit of financial knowledge under difficulties.

And to the Irish Class, in a body, for their ingenious definitions of the following words—"Treason," "Saxon Oppression," "Job," "Duties of Property," and "Justice to Ireland."

WANTED, A JUDGE.

We have read in the papers the particulars of a very odd freak, attributed to CHIEF JUSTICE WILDE, who, it is declared, refuses most positively to sit at Chambers. We know from experience that "sitting at Chambers" is rather a dull sort of occupation; but perhaps something may be done to enliven the matter, for the sake of SIR THOMAS WILDE, whose spirits we presume would sink under the horror of being boxed up in Sergeant's Inn, after having been accustomed to the greater variety and freedom of a Judge's life in London and the Provinces. If we may be allowed to interfere as *amicus curiæ*, we should propose that the court in which the Judge's Chambers are situated should have a carriage-way made through it, and that an omnibus should be engaged to gallop round and round, for the purpose of enlivening the scene, and enabling SIR THOMAS WILDE to bear the confinement of sitting at Chambers, which the dullness of the spot has evidently rendered unendurable.

Possibly a limited number of organ-boys might be permitted to play

beneath the windows of the learned Judge; or, we shall be happy to allow a company of our own itinerant puppets to go through a performance once a day before SIR THOMAS WILDE, if it will have the effect of inducing him to withdraw his threat that he will not sit at Chambers.

The Nice Young Man for a Small Party.

MR. DISRAELI held a brief against the Government, which he pleaded upon last week. This brief, like most documents of the same interesting nature, was of a most tremendous length. After all, it might have been rolled into one line, for it was proved at the end that the brief was nothing more than a common motion of course, "EX-PARTY MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 55, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1893.

Why not write Children's Books for Children?



DOLL OF THE RESTORATION.

Or all literature none has advanced less than Children's Literature. It began childish, and continues childish. Now, the child may be father to the man; but that is no reason why he should be treated with literature which is only fit for a father. What can your son possibly know or care, when he is in pinafores, about Kings and Queens, Triumvirs, Druids, Heptarchies, Bourbons, Massacres, and Plagues? His notions of royalty are derived from gingerbread—it comes to him in a nice palatable shape, and he devours it eagerly. Why couldn't history be instilled into him in the same way? We would feed his young mind and body with our greatest men and deeds, sweetened to his recollection through the medium of plum-buns and short-cake, and make him learn the use of the globes through a bull's-eye. The schoolmaster should sit on the stool of the pastry-cook; and if his Battles were light and the paste of his Rebels not too heavy, we are sure it would be less injurious than the "crumming" system at present so popular in many public schools. If, however, it was found too expensive to let a young man eat his way through his primer up to the fine arts and sciences, you might turn his appetite to another advantage. Every child likes what he can understand. Now, the reason why school-books are so dreary to him is because they are full of subjects he has no sympathy with.

What Roman History ever treats of the games and pastimes of that age? It leaves the subject of Kites, which flies the quickest of any to a boy's imagination, quite in *nubibus*. How he would bound with delight if he saw a picture of ROMULUS scampering over the Seven Hills with a Latin Kite with a good long tail to it! His thoughts would run with it immediately.

Again, does any book that treats upon the Middle Ages—a most interesting period, mind you, to most children leaping out of their



teens—ever touch upon the Rocking-Horse? and yet it is the child's *cheval de bataille*, and would carry him away much more than your

grandest flights of description about Agincourt and the "invincible prowess of the English arms." It battles are fought before children, they should be fought with tin soldiers, or else they interest him no more than would the Parliamentary debates upon the Sugar Bill, if read out to him, though a child has a great innate liking for sugar.

Study should be made a good romp, learning turned into a game, and children then would run into the school-room with the same eagerness as they rush now into the play-ground. They read a great deal about DR. JOHNSON; but that great man hangs no more round their recollections



than the VENERABLE BEDE; whereas, if he were made visible in a bag-wig, playing at hoop, there is not one that would not rush after him, and follow him up and down Bolt Court, and every passage in his chequered life, as if they were playing at a game of "Follow my leader."

These little details, which we look down upon with supreme indifference, are circled round the juvenile affections; and we are confident if teaching were only made a toy, that children would learn all the faster, and that it would be an amusing race between master and pupil as to who should get on the quickest. We leave this important subject, with which we have rather toyed, but which affects the future happiness of Young England more deeply than any other, in the hands of MRS. CHILD, and MESSRS. GRANT and GRIFFITHS, those juvenile successors to the husband of our beloved MRS. HARRIS, who, it is now proved, lived at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

CAVAIGNAC'S FILE FOR FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC has recently taken out a patent for an improved File to hold (very fast) French newspapers. We are enabled, by the courtesy of the gallant patentee, to give a faithful engraving of the instrument. It will be observed, that although it already holds many newspapers, there is ample room for many more. Indeed, it may be made to file every newspaper throughout France.

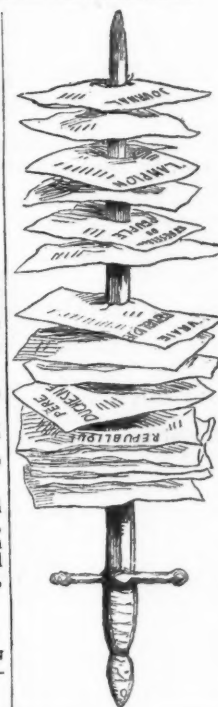
The French Press in Arms.

The Minister of War has made to GENERAL CAVAIGNAC the following return of soldiers, ball, bullets, and cartridges, obtained for the service of the state, from the various offices of the suppressed newspapers:—

"Editors, sub-Editors, Readers, Compositors and Pressmen, one thousand able men-at-arms.
"From Printing-Presses, Chases, &c., &c., 50,000 cwt. of forty-two pound ball; from Printing-type, 1,000,000 bullets.
"From copies of seized Newspapers, 2,000,000 cartridges."

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC has ordered the men to be enrolled in a regiment, to be called the *Nonpareil*. Upon which the regiment is to be allowed the full use of the above iron, lead, and paper, in the service of the Republic.

THE ONLY THING THAT HAS BEEN GAINED BY THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The admission of *Punch* into France.



IRISH SPORTS.

We see Ministers and Members are going this year to Ireland instead of Scotland. Can it be on account of the superior shooting?

TWO DESYNES
FOR YE NEW HOVSE'S
SHEWING YE DYFFERENCE BETWEEN YE



YE BVSSYNESSE OF YE HOVSE.

FOR TAPYSTRIE
OF PARLAMENT
BEGYNNYNG OF YE SESSION AND YE ENDE.



YE FYSHE DYNNE

THE HAUNTED PILLOW OF PARLIAMENT.

(To Mr. Punch.)

"SIR,

"Now that the horrid Parliament—thank goodness!—is over, do pray, Mr. Punch, endeavour, during the vacation, to persuade those Ministers to manage better for the future; so that the next Session shall not be so dreadfully long as this has been. Such another will be the death of Mr. BURGESS, and if there is any fear of it, I shall insist on his resigning Mudborough, accepting what he calls the Chiltern Hundreds, and retiring into the bosom of his family.

"Here, ever since November last, he has been out nearly every day, attending those plaguy Committees by day, and those tiresome debates at night; and has scarcely ever come home till two or three in the morning. This is enough to ruin the constitution of any gentleman, and to destroy the domestic happiness of any lady whose husband goes on in that manner.

"When he had got away from that odious House, and all those eternal stupid discussions, and we were settled in our quiet country seat, I was in hopes that change of air, relaxation, and his gun and dogs, and other amusements, would have recruited his shattered nerves, and made him himself again. But no; his mind has become seriously affected, and is in a state which it will take him a long time to recover from. He is absent all day whenever he is spoken to, and he passes such frightful nights that I can get no rest for him.

"No sooner has he fallen asleep than I hear him groaning and crying 'Oh, oh!' When I shake him, he calls out 'Order!' Sometimes he shouts 'Hear, hear!' at others 'Question!' and occasionally mutters 'I move that this House do now adjourn.' Very often he starts up and utters a cheer, and more than once I have heard him hoot like an owl, and crow like a barn-door fowl; nay, I have even known him positively to bray, and it has surprised me to think that he could be such a donkey.

"Now and then, whilst he is rambling in his sleep, he declares that he is upon his legs, although of course he is really on his back, or side. He keeps running on all manner of nonsense about miscellaneous estimates, notices of motion, orders of the day, and committees. At times he counts one, two, three, and so on; but never gets farther than forty. In the meanwhile he frequently bursts out laughing; and on awakening tells me that he has dreamt that he was listening to COLONEL SIBTHORP. He is also apt to be seized with fits of moaning and gasping

for breath, which frighten me extremely; and then it turns out that he has had the night-mare, and has imagined himself to have been hearing Mr. ANSTEY.

"Now, Mr. Punch, as you are the advocate of early closing for the advantage of shopmen and people of that sort, I do hope that you will be as considerate towards Members of Parliament, and get the Government, if you can, to close the next Session earlier. If one's husband is to be worked and worried out of his mind, and his pillow to be haunted in this way, a lady might as well be married to a night patrol or a poor-law surgeon as be "THE WIFE OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT."

THE SMITHFIELD NUISANCE "ENLARGED."

We have great pleasure—on the faith of the public papers—to record a new triumph of the bestial spirit that presides over the destinies of Smithfield. "This market," say the journals, "is about to be enlarged by the removal of the entire clump of buildings," &c. Is this the first result of the *no* Sanitary Bill for the City? Is this the first fling at LORD MORPETH for his doings in other parts of the metropolis? His Lordship may invade the cesspools of Westminster, and thrust his meddling fingers in the dunghills of Middlesex; but Smithfield is tabooed. It is written up, "No Health admitted here." We understand that the LORD MAYOR and Corporation intend to honour the opening of the "new space," by partaking of a banquet of beef-steaks from oxen solemnly slaughtered on the spot; the steaks to be cooked—for the better conservative *gusto*—on the legendary gridirons of the place. It has been said of an Act of Parliament, that a coach-and-four may be driven through it. The MAYOR and Corporation improve upon the feat, and through MORPETH's Act drive any number of sheep and oxen.

Radetzky Decorated.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS—with a fine vulture scent for carcasses—has snuffed the battle-field merits of old RADETSKY, and has thereupon sent him the insignia of—

"The First Class of the Order of the Holy Grand Martyr and giver of victories—GEORGE."

When "GEORGE" gives such victories, it is only right that "NICK" should reward them.

THE BALMORAL GAZETTE.



E are very glad to see that a Highland *Littérateur* of celebrity is going to set up the *Balmoral Gazette*, for the purpose of chronicling the actions of HER MAJESTY and her Royal Consort and Court while enjoying retirement after the Session. If the Highland *Littérateur* will swap his paper against Mr. Punch's, Mr. Punch will be happy to enter into an arrangement for exchange.

In fact, we have been for all our lives so accustomed to read a Court Circular every morning for breakfast, that

we can't do without it now: and it is absolutely as necessary to us to know what PRINCE ALFRED did yesterday, and whether the PRINCESS ALICE rode out in a pony chaise, as it is to know the price of the Funds, or who spoke in Parliament, and what was the division.

Nobody has a right to take away all our sources of pleasurable excitement at once. Here is Parliament over—but the Court is still the Court. Where the Sovereign is, at Windsor Castle, at Pimlico, at the Isle of Wight, on a Scotch mountain, or where you will—loyal subjects rally in spirit. If the Court were up a tree, as in CHARLES II.'s time, everybody would like to be informed of its sylvan retreat, and a Court Newsmen should be perched on a bough somewhere, to scribble down the occupation of the Sovereign and the other branches of the Royal Family.

Now the *Globe* newspaper is an excellent print, and always remarkable for its loyalty: whereas a very contrary charge has been whispered (by calumniators) against this present journal, which they have accused of turning august things into ridicule, and speaking disrespectfully of regal institutions, beef-eaters, gold-sticks, and what not: and yet it pains us to see a venerable contemporary speaking in what we must call a flippant vulgarity of tone, which is highly reprehensible, of the above-named loyal Highland Newspaper.

"We really had imagined," says the *Globe*, "that nothing remained to be adventured in penny-alining; that the capacities of outrage on illustrious privacy had been already strained to the utmost; that immorality or *Balmorality* (mark the wag's wicked play upon the words) had been carried to the utmost. But we were mistaken." Yes: for once the *Globe* was mistaken; and it owns to the appearance of an advertisement which states that, "In order to afford DAILY details to the public of HER MAJESTY'S movements and the festivities at Balmoral, it is intended to publish a DIURNAL print, entirely devoted to those subjects. The *Balmoral Gazette* will be edited by a distinguished Highland LITTERATEUR, conversant with the country, and all that renders it so attractive to the tourist; and, besides containing unusually copious details of what news respecting the Royal movements can interest the loyal public, it will contain accounts, historical, descriptive, topographical, and antiquarian, of HER MAJESTY'S HIGHLAND HOUSE, and of the wild, romantic, and magnificent scenery with which it is everywhere enlivened."

For this announcement—which is a perfectly loyal, honest, decent, intelligible placard—what does the *Globe* propose for to go for to do? Why, to TAR AND FEATHER the poor Balmoralist, the worthy, good-natured Highland *Littérateur* against whom our Cockney brother has some prejudice, and utters some dark hints, because our Celtic contemporary wears no breeches. But, in the name of common decency and brotherhood, why this pother? It is not the custom to wear that portion of dress in the Highlands. When his late Majesty GEORGE IV. went to Scotland—even to Edinburgh—he royally came forth without the garments in question. SIR WILLIAM CURTIS wore no breeches on some occasions in Scotland—we have his late R. H. the DUKE OF SUSSEX painted in a philibeg, kilt, and snuff-mull, with nothing on but the ordinary costume of the Scottish Highlanders. If Princes and Aldermen turned out in kilts, who the deuce is to quarrel with a Highland *Littérateur* for wearing his national raiment? We say no to the Tar-brush. The *Littérateur* has no right to be tarred and decorated with *non usitatis pennis*, any more than any other inhabitant of his mountainous district.

Again, to hold him up to ridicule because he intrudes upon "illustrious privacy" at Balmoral is a monstrous instance of envious persecution. Why are we not to know what HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT do at Balmoral as well as at Windsor? We are told by the Court eaves-dropper how his Royal Highness wore a blue frock-coat and white hat, and looked remarkably well as he crossed from Ryde to Portsmouth: why are we to be prevented from knowing that the Prince took an airing in a philibeg at Balmoral, and looked remarkably well

too? This is all nonsense, persecution, and stupid jealousy—the *Littérateur* has as good a right to his *Gazette* as the *Globe* to his own.

We want to know, for our parts, what our Princes and our Sovereigns do. We are not like other people in Europe (who, very likely from having no Court Circular, have been taking sad liberties with their monarchs); we are accustomed to know the Royal where and whatabouts. Why, we spend eighteen thousand a-year in mere salutes and gunpowder for the Royal Family; and what is a salvo of twenty-one guns from all round a fleet, but an immense roaring Court Circular? We read all HER MAJESTY does; all the PRINCE does; when His Royal Highness rides, who rides with him, and when he comes back to luncheon; who takes out the children on the ponies; who "attends" and who "accompanies" them, &c. We get these news from HER MAJESTY'S own people, chamberlains, pink-sticks in waiting, or other flunkies. If it was not good for us, it would not be told to us. If the Sovereign did not think fit to graciously authorise the publication of the account of the royal venerated movements, we should never know them at all. JONES has lived next to us for twenty years, for instance, and we have not the slightest notion when he goes out or comes in; what he has for dinner; who dines with him; whether he has children or no, and so forth. But about Royalty it is different. It is beneficial for us to know, therefore we know; and hence it is clear that Scotland or Pimlico both equally administer to our benefit, and increase our store of knowledge.

We say to the Highland *Littérateur*, "Go on and prosper, my boy. Never mind the *Globe* jeering at you because you have no breeches; or threatening you with a tarring and feathering. You are doing your duty to us and the Sovereign, and a little abuse need not deter you." What? Squeamish about disturbing illustrious privacy at Balmoral? Highly-tighty! Mr. *Globe*—are you to have it all your own way in the Strand? You take your fill of it. You are loyal enough. So are we all—all loyal hearts—gallant, freeborn souls: we like to read of christening of infants; the progress of babies in donkey-carts; the movements of Princes. When we read about them, our hearts boom out a salute, as it were, and man yards as they do at Spithead; and, while we have a Court Circular, shall our partially-clothed friend, the Highland *Littérateur*, be denied one? For shame, *Globe*! for shame!

OBITUARY.

DIED last week, the Atmospheric Railway. Its death is supposed to have been hastened by the want of breath. When the tube was opened, it was found quite gone. Its loss is deeply regretted by a large circle of India-rubber buffers. A stone will be erected to mark the melancholy fact, with the following epitaph:—"The earth hath bubbles, and this is one of them."

Died this week, the Wood Pavement in Oxford Street. Its remains have been looked after by the *Illustrated News*, whose quick expression of sympathy does the greatest honour to its head. Six engravers watch over the surviving chips of the old blocks night and day.

Died of extreme attenuation, after lingering ten months, the Long Session. It is not regretted by a single person. It has left behind it a large family of little Bills, several of which are so weak, that they have been ordered to lie upon the table. In answer to our last inquiries, they were as bad as could be expected. MR. ANSTAY treats them as one of his own, and talks to them for hours; but, strange to say, they do not rally, and one or two of them have since died of lockjaw.



MR. ANSTAY TAKING HIS LITTLE BILLS OUT FOR AN AIRING.



MERMAIDS AT PLAY; OR, A NICE LITTLE WATER PARTY.

IRISH NEWS FOR AMERICAN READERS.

Expressly Written for the "Tribune," New York Paper.

You have, ere this, expected extraordinary intelligence of the glorious rebellion in Ireland, and I should be unworthy of the cause if I could disappoint you! The chain-cable that formed the corroding Union is chopped in two—Ireland is a Republic. At this moment the national flag, a Golden Harp in a green field, waves above Dublin Castle; and LORD CLARENDON—in the very van that conveyed MITCHEL to his dungeon (there's retribution for you!)—has been rattled to the railway station. He has been allowed to take with him only one carpet-bag to England; the rest of his wardrobe being confiscated to the poor of Dublin. SMITH O'BRIEN has been voted President for the term of his natural life; with permission to name his successor.

My former letter must have informed you of the escape of the President from the dungeon of the Saxon. He was confined at the extreme top of the prison, and supped every night upon bread-and-milk. There was a mighty good reason for this. Thirty fathoms of silk cord—twisted by the Lady Repealers of the Four-Leaved Shamrock Club—were conveyed to the illustrious captive in a milk-pail, concealed beneath the lacteal fluid. At midnight, the Liberator of himself and country let himself from the roof—"the cord gliding swiftly through his glowing hands"—perpendicularly down, as the blessing of chance would have it, upon the head of the sentry. The man fell stunned to the earth; when O'BRIEN seized the musket, and discharging it, and giving three cheers for Repeal, was joined by some say a thousand, but it is certain not less than fifty, patriots.

It would be tedious to detail the victories of the night, they trod so close upon the heels of one another. I have only time to say, that before two in the morning LORD CLARENDON was a prisoner—he was taken in his bed, in his first sleep—and the Liberator and President of Ireland had quaffed a bumper of claret, calling upon MR. MEAGHER, (who was of course one of the party) to give them, on the festive occasion, "Who fears to speak of '98?"

LORD JOHN RUSSELL escaped somehow. There are many reports as to the manner of his evasion. But the story most generally credited is, that he was carried on board the packet by his faithful valet in a fiddle-case. I believe the President is, after all, not sorry for this, as it relieves him of a difficulty.

The populace have been greatly excited by the clemency of the President; who—in opposition to the advice of a majority of his council—has come to terms with the English Army, permitting them to quit Ireland with their arms, stores, and honours of war. The national heart has been acutely touched by the loss of so many bayonets. I ought not to omit a circumstance that, after all, speaks very favour-

ably for the chivalrous bearing of the Saxon. PRINCE GEORGE and GENERAL MACDONALD both dined with the President, ere their departure, and in the handsomest manner drank the immortality of the Irish Republic.

In order to wipe into oblivion every obligation to the Saxon, it is the intention of the President to send by an early post to the English Government, an I.O.U. for the eight millions voted in the time of famine by the British House of Commons.

The receipt of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND will—when obtained—be worked in the flag of the Republic!

SUBJECTS FOR THE EASEL.



OUR artists are evidently at a loss for subjects worthy of their paint-pots, their pencils, and their palettes, and we therefore take pity on their poverty of idea by recommending a few subjects to their attention. "Catch a weasel asleep" is looked upon as a direction not to be complied with, but to "Catch an easel asleep" would be accomplished very easily, for nothing can be more sombre than most of the productions of Art that are to be met with on our modern canvass. There is, perhaps, a dearth of subjects, for history and fiction have been long ago almost exhausted, and the supplies of fancy have been always of a rather limited order, so that there is scarcely anything left for the painter to fall back upon. We have, however, set our own ingenuity to work for a new batch of subjects worthy of the artists of our native land, and we beg to suggest the following:—

1. The Egyptian giving the Handkerchief to the Mother of *Othello*.
2. The Husband of the Nurse of *Juliet* in one of his merry moods.
3. The malignant Turk beating a Venetian and traducing the State.
4. The Dogs barking at Richard the Third as he halted by 'em.
5. The Baker baking the meats for *Hamlet's* Father's funeral.

More Arrests.

WE understand that a new writ has been issued and placed in the hands of a well-known Sheriff's Officer whose quickness is at variance with the slowness indicated in his name, and who has received instructions to lose no time in arresting the potato disease. Should he succeed in arresting this enemy to the prosperity of the country, he will earn not only the gratitude of all classes, but half-a-guinea in addition, by way of fee, on the arrest being made.



ALFRED THE SMALL,

DISGUISED AS A LITTLE WARBLER, VISITING THE IRISH CAMP;
 BEING A GRAND HISTORICAL PARODY UPON ALF-D THE GR-AT VISITING THE DANISH DITTO;
And Intended for a Fresco in the New Houses of Parliament.



THE PROLIX ORATOR.



A prolux Orator meeteth a stout gentleman going about his business, and detaineth him.

It is a prolux Orator,
And he stoppeth one J. B.
"By thy strange long beard and vacant eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"My business calls, I've work to do
Which I would fain begin;
My House is met, a question set
That I've an interest in."

He holds him with his eager hand:
"I rise to move," quoth he—
"Move off! unhand me, long-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The stout gentleman is fascinated by the eye of the unconscionable bore, and is constrained to endure his oratory.

He holds him with his vacant eye,
Spell-bound JOHN BULL stands still,
And listens like a gaping child:
The Orator hath his will.

The victim, BULL, sat helpless down;
He could not 'scape the bore;
And then on ran that prolux man,
That tedious Orator.

The Orator talketh his hearers out of patience.

With speech uncheer'd, to benches clear'd,
Without a pause or stop
He raved away, though all did pray
He would the subject drop.

The stout gentleman's affairs call for his attention, but the Orator persisteth notwithstanding.

JOHN BULL's affairs and weighty cares
Are crying for debate;
Yet must he hear, by doom severe,
That man's eternal prate.

"I fear thee, prolux Orator,
In mercy cease, I beg;
By all that's good I think you could
Talk off a dog's hind-leg."

The Orator keepeth on talking for five weeks.

But ne'ertheless for BULL's distress,
The Orator ran on;
And while he speaks, full five good weeks
Of public time are gone.

The stout gentleman doth anaesthetise the prolux Orator.

"Now drat thee, prolux Orator,
Thou chattering empty daw,
For measures stay'd and bills delay'd
By useless idle jaw."

Wonderful Attraction.

WHEN LORD JOHN visited the Zoological Gardens at Dublin the price was raised to half-a-crown. The usual admission is sixpence. This was a great compliment undoubtedly; but we think LORD JOHN would have appreciated it all the more if it had occurred anywhere else than at the Zoological Gardens.

TO SPECULATORS, CAPITALISTS, PUBLIC COMPANIES, &c.

At a time when the public attention is strongly excited on the subject of Colonisation, and numerous cargoes of emigrants are daily leaving our principal ports,

MESSRS. RUSSELL, GREY, HAWES, & Co., of Downing Street, and St. Stephen's, Westminster, who are declining their Emigration and Colonial line of business, beg to call the attention of the above to their extensive stock of Crown Lands, unoccupied British Possessions, &c., &c., in various parts of the world, and of the finest qualities; for the disposal of which, in consequence of the unexampled pressure of the times and the difficulties of the firm, arising from circumstances over which they have no control, Messrs. R., G., H. & Co. would be happy to treat on even the most disadvantageous terms.

Their list comprises Wood-lands, Mineral Soils, Coast-lines with Harbours, Alluvial Plains, and other descriptions of territory, most inviting to the Capitalist and best fitted for Emigrants, with many spots likely hereafter to be of great value to the public as naval and steam-boat stations. Capitalists would find this an excellent opportunity of acquiring immense tracts for comparatively nothing, which might afterwards be re-sold in small lots, at high prices, to Emigrants. No questions will be asked, and no inconvenient conditions attached to the property, which will be disposed of without any (but the usual official) reserve. Companies formed for hunting or fur-trading purposes will find this an opportunity never before offered (and not likely to be offered again) of securing to their game and fur-bearing animals uninterrupted possession of fine and fertile tracts of country. The aborigines, in all cases, will be thrown in with the land, without any extra charge, and will become the absolute property of purchasers. Emigration Societies, by availing themselves of the peculiar facilities which the position of Messrs. R., G., H. & Co. gives the firm, may make their own terms with Emigrants, and secure an enormous profit, which their other numerous avocations entirely prevent Messrs. R., G., H. & Co. from even attempting to realise.

Messrs. R., G., H. & Co. are kindly permitted a reference to the Hudson's Bay Company, who have just concluded with them a most advantageous bargain for Vancouver's Island. Secrecy and strict honour may be relied on. No Member of the House of Commons can be treated with, and no Irishman (without capital) need apply.

The present time is particularly well suited to Colonial enterprise, as the Stocks, Plantations, Machinery, &c. of West Indian, Mauritius, and other proprietors, who are retiring from business, owing to ruin and other causes, may be had on the most reasonable terms.

N.B.—Great reduction to persons taking a quantity. As Messrs. R., G., H. & Co. are anxious to get their entire stock off their hands with the least possible delay, no offer will be refused.

MILK-SOP HEROES.

THE papers inform us that the Lord Lieutenant has ordered the State prisoners to be supplied, in addition to prison fare, with plenty of sweet milk. Really his Lordship must be full of the very essence of milk himself—we mean, the cream of human kindness—to treat these rebellious innocents like so many sucking doves. His kindness will never stop at milk. Surely he will let these gentle agitators have a drop of rum in their milk, or at least he will order them fish, or a few devilled bones for breakfast, and something warm for supper? He will likewise give them due notice when he intends to give them a little treat, by ordering the jailor to go round the cells, and write over the mantel-pieces—"Venison to-morrow."

We are no advocates for harshness. It only hardens criminals; sending them away from a prison much worse than when they entered it. Therefore, the Lord Lieutenant may be right in just trying kindness as a remedy. He may believe that the best way to cure a rebel, is to steep him in milk. This is not a bad method, certainly, of bringing him within the pale of society, but then all prisoners should be allowed the benefit of the same immersion; otherwise the prisoners of a lower grade will be justified in calling out every morning and afternoon, when the pail is being carried up to the rebels, "Milk below!"

THE ENGLISH PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.



THE *Morning Chronicle*—in an article which we might have mistaken for one of our own, it was so funny and yet so sensible—informs us of the discovery of a monster mare's-nest which has been made at Paris by the *Concorde* newspaper. The profound knowledge which French writers generally have of England, and everything relating to England, is ludicrous enough; but this mare's-nest goes even beyond the usual boundary of Anglophobian absurdities. But suppose we let the correspondent of the *Concorde* speak for himself. We quote from memory, only regretting that we have not the identical paper before us, as the reality, in these matters, is always so much richer than the cleverest imitation:—

To the Editor of the "*Concorde*."

"SIR,—*Perfid Albion*, jealous of the rising importance of the Republic, and trembling already for the safety of its crumbling institutions, is plotting in the dark against the Government of the Barriades. I warn France, before it is too late, against the insidious treachery of its rival. A terrible conspiracy is going on, which is ripening every day, and must soon come to maturity. Be prepared to receive the poisonous fruit in your lap when it falls, lest, dropping on the head of our infant

Republic, the awful weight should crush it at once into a premature grave. I send you facts, which I have seen with my own eyes.

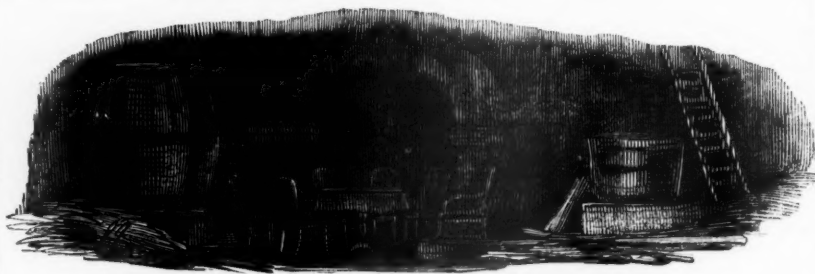
"You know, of course, that England is at present the hotbed of constitutional exiles. This was enough to excite my worst apprehensions, for where there are exiles, I said, plots cannot be far distant. I heard, moreover, there was to be a Cabinet Council at Osborne House. This was more than sufficient to convince me something was going on. I rose very early, and got into an omnibus to reach in time the Isle of Wight. Going through St. Giles's, which is the Faubourg St. Germain of London, where all the Legitimists hatch their vile designs, I recognised at a window a well-known face that was yawning. I looked four times in order to be right, and the fifth time it yawned I became confident it was MONTÉMOLIN. He was not shaved. My suspicions were at once excited. He got into my omnibus. Soon after this we passed the Turkish Ambassador. As he looked into our windows, he stroked his beard. The sign, though very hasty, did not escape me. I got next to the door, determined to see the end of this drama. I was intensely excited, as you may imagine. It was not yet day-break, but luckily I had brought my spectacles. I did not lose a single wink. MONTÉMOLIN evidently did not like my staring at him, for he moved his place three or four times. I followed him each movement. He got outside—so did I. It was here I heard a horse in the distance. I kept both my ears open,



and, as I suspected, a rider flew by us. It was but a moment—he was mounted on a brewer's horse (the most rapid steeds in England); but my practised eye had already detected PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLÉON. I held my breath, and looked at the Spanish Pretender by my side. He could not meet my gaze, and coughed. It was quite enough. The next moment another cough was returned. Could I doubt such unerring proofs? I went on—but we were drawing near the end of our journey. Crossing Battersea Fields an old man was seen hobbling before us. There was something about him which I did not like. He wore a cocked hat. He put his hand before his face, but in vain; at one glance I had traced through his fingers the features of—who do you think? my pen shudders as it writes the name of—METTERNICH!! Good gracious! Here was a discovery! I was half afraid to persevere; but, braving the worst, I did. We reached Osborne House about nine o'clock. MONTÉMOLIN got down: I followed him. He evidently did not like it—I need not tell you this did not influence me in the least. He went into a beer-shop; mind you, it was the *Crown and Sceptre*—METTERNICH soon joined him. They had 'sixpenn'orth of dog's nose' between them. There was clearly something at the



bottom of this; but I leave it to you to find out. LOUIS-NAPOLÉON and the Turkish Ambassador drew up soon afterwards. They all left arm-in-arm together. I followed at a short distance, for MONTÉMOLIN in the meantime had borrowed a stick. I did not tread too closely on their steps, for if I ventured too near, it struck me my position might involve serious consequences, probably plunging Europe into a war. But I kept my eyes upon them. They went into the Palace, the Ambassador stroking his beard as before. I climbed over the wall; a shutter attracted my notice. I peeped through a crevice. Heavens! it was a cellar; but so dark, I could hardly see anything: a light was brought in. It was the Turkish Ambassador; the monster, I observed, was stroking his beard once more. There was something in the wind, for the candle that moment went out; but METTERNICH brought in a dark lantern (fit emblem of his policy), and he was succeeded by MONTÉMOLIN with his stick, and the other two. After them came GUIZOT and NESSELRODE, the Editor of the *Times*, LOUIS-PHILIPPE, DUCHATEL, the BARON NATHAN, the COMTE DE PARIS, attended by his nurse, and the last arrival was the QUEEN!!! My eyesight here failed me. The excitement had been too much for me; but I had seen enough to leave it beyond the shadow of a doubt that I had been led by the most miraculous chain of accidents to be a spectator of a



CABINET COUNCIL AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

"Keep this matter dark at present. The horrible conspiracy must soon come to light; but to reveal it at present would only cause the head of your correspondent to be rolling the next minute down the yawning precipices of Holborn Hill." We do not say that the above is literally the article in the

Concorde, but it gives the substance of it, only not half so absurdly expressed. Really, there should be a College at Paris for French writers, to instruct them upon the most common English subjects. It might be called the "COLLÈGE DES GOBEMOUCHES."

HOW TO MAKE PARLIAMENT PROFITABLE.

A PLAN has been hit upon in Paris for making the sittings of the National Assembly a source of profit, and we mention it in order that our own House of Commons may take a hint for converting such a protracted Session as the last into a regular branch of Revenue. The nine hundred representatives of the French people, or at least those acting under their authority, charge sums, varying from 10 to 12 and 15 francs, for the privilege of *entrée* to their unique performances.

We don't know whether the receipts go towards paying the Members their pound each per day, or whether the sum charged for admission is a perquisite of the door-keepers, the ministers, or any other portion of the great fraternal family now quarrelling and starving in France; but there is certainly a good deal of money being made by somebody out of the attraction which the National Assembly holds out to foreigners and sight-seers. We understand that for 5 francs extra, any of the Members will attend at a private house, and make a speech, either legitimist or communist, at the option of the hearer; or, if particularly desired, a Member will bring with him a representative whose opinions are opposite to his own, so that a debate, or even a personal altercation—either with or without blows—may be provided at an hour's notice.

It is expected that this will ultimately become the most profitable portion of the labours of the Assembly, which has done little as yet, beyond proposing 500 amendments to the new Constitution, and voting itself—as well as its salary of a pound per head every day—*en permanence*.

Legislation is now almost the only thing that pays in France; for a Legislator may positively not only live, which few people in the Land of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity can do, but may actually save money, which nobody in the land aforesaid thinks about. Some of the Members have been trying to push their trade beyond its legitimate limits; and, among others, one M. LEROUX has been trying to get off the unsold copies of an old pamphlet, by speaking the whole of it as a speech, and letting it be known that the production could be had for a few sous, in the lobby. This advertising trick was discovered and exposed by a rival; but ingenuity will no doubt find other modes of turning a seat in the National Assembly to pecuniary account, the only account in which it appears to be held by many of those who have arrived at the dignity.

THE REAL SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEE.

BEAUTIES AND BEASTS.

From the Zebra, Surrey Zoological Gardens, to SIR PETER LAURIE, Alderman of the City of London.



HE sneering paupers of this world, my dear SIR PETER, may, if they will, call a Zebra nothing more at the best than a Donkey in luck, a Jackass in a fine coat. Ha, SIR PETER! How many folks there are whose brayings would never be listened to if not uttered in the finery of office and fine trappings! Deprive me of my skin, and what am I in any part other than the poor Donkey-devil that drags the water-barrel? Take the gown from many a man of place, and what is there that is not common between him and the forlornest of vagrants? Hence, as Zebras are only Asses with silk coats, so, indeed, may the best of Aldermen be only the commonest of folks in minever gowns. In this world, outside does so much, SIR PETER. Here how many human Donkeys only become Zebras by the fine clothes that Fortune, in her blindness, wraps 'em in!

"I am not aware that this reflection has anything to do with the purpose of my letter. It, however, came into my head, whilst I was chewing my artichoke (for they don't give Zebras thistles here, like the asinine poor), and I thought I might as well get clean rid of it. If, as Alderman and Middlesex magistrate, Governor of Bedlam, and Churchwarden, it can be of any service to you, pray make use of it.

"Bred in Africa—where I have seen something of vagabonds—I have always been an admirer of your moral self-elevation. You look so loftily about you, it is almost impossible for human weakness to catch your eye. You do not believe in the possibility of a converted thief. Before LAURIE, the fallen man can never get up again. The sinner, once sinning, is tattooed with crime; no penitentiary soap, with parson superintending the ablution, can wash him clean again. The wretch is branded for his first offence. He has picked a pocket; and his fingers are feloniously crooked by Fate for the rest of his days. Repentance is a fine word in three syllables; but it never enters the heart of a rogue.

"A day or two ago, at the meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, there was a MR. ARM-STRONG—butter-hearted gentleman!—who wanted to have instituted a house of industry, wherein 'discharged prisoners might resort for instruction in some useful employment, handicraft, or trade.' Whereupon you, SIR PETER, turned over the whole scheme as gallantly as a beadle with his best leg would turn over a stall of lollipops. What did you say? Why, you called the supporters of such a scheme 'visionary philanthropists!' (Upon the word of a Zebra, SIR PETER, I responded to that sentiment three times, in three separate brayings). And then you said:—

"As to reforming a thief, it was quite out of the question. Indeed, he would at any time go twenty miles to see a reformed convict."

"It would be a beautiful journey, SIR PETER; especially on foot, with a little Balm of Gilead, or other Samaritan ointment between your hose and soles; for who would not grieve were such a curious pilgrim to be chafed?"

"And yet, with so wise a man as yourself, the City—nay, the whole country—persists upon continuing the absurd expense of prison parsons and prison schoolmasters. You know it's money thrown away; you know it is impossible to teach the thief the difference of 'mine' and 'thine'; you know that Nature has made the felon—has bawn him for his place in the world, like a Newgate stone—and it is only flying in the face of Fate (to the awful waste of much siller)—to turn him into 'the corner of the building.'"

"It is grievous to think of the time and pains cast away by 'visionary philanthropists.' Was there not one HOWARD, who (poor creature!) had a foolish belief in the divine nature of man? Who thought that however the jewel might have been defiled, it was still worth the trial to cleanse and wash it from abomination? And was there not one ELIZABETH FRX, who went about visiting goals to reform criminals; when, no doubt, she would have been better employed superintending her pickles and her jams at home? It is terrible—(looking at the thief through your strong spectacles, SIR PETER)—to consider the awful amount of time thrown away upon him by 'visionary philanthropists!' What their 'visions' in their labour of love must have been, I know not; nor you either, I'll be sworn, SIR PETER.

"Why don't you get into Parliament, and save honest people's money? Why throw away parsons and schoolmasters upon thieves? You can't make a bad shilling a good one, by passing it from hand to hand: no; the safest way is to nail it to the counter at once. Now, once a thief, always a thief,—never let him have a second chance. Nail him for life; for, as you say, neither parson nor schoolmaster will take the brass out, and put the true silver into him. He'll never have an honest ring; so nail him—nail him, SIR PETER, for his natural days.

"However, in another part of your speech you say—

"Then he [SIR PETER] found from the Australian papers that convict servants were most eagerly sought after by the residents, and that 95 out of every 100 had turned out well. All the settlers said let them have a convict and not an emigrant for a servant, for the one would work whilst the other was on the look-out for comfort and luxury."

"This '95 per cent.' of repentance is a little at odds, SIR PETER, with your grand axiom of non-reformation, and were you in Australia might cause you many a 'twenty miles' walk; but I suppose you can account for this: no doubt, you'll say, there's something in geography.

"And still, SIR PETER, it is a fine creed this of yours, to have no belief in the possibility of repentance. Do try and make converts of everybody: for the less that's paid to try to reform thieves, the more shillings people will be able to afford to come and see

"Your obedient Servant and Admirer,

"THE ZEBRA."

"P.S. I have no other way of showing my respect for your wisdom than this—if, next Lord Mayor's Day, you would like to ride me through the City, I shall be happy to give you a lift."



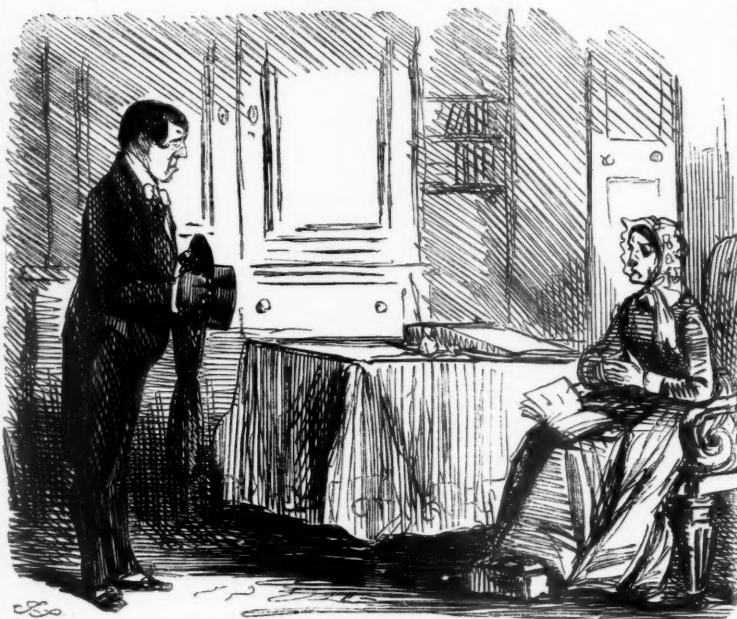
THE COMMONS ALPHABET

stands for ANSTEY, who talks the House blind;
is a BENTINCK, so stable of mind;
is DICK CORDEN, who "worked the automaton;"
is DISRAELI, who always tries sum'at on;
stands for EVANS, who lately has sold 'em;
is a FOX, the staunch Member for Oldham;
is a GRAHAM, who open'd our notes;
is JOE HUME, for retrenchment who votes;
is old INGLES, the Protestant brick;
stands for JOCELYN, who's rather a Stick;
is a KEOGH, who wants calling to order;
is a LAW, the famed City-Recorder;
is a MOREFETH, the scourer of cities;
is a NEWDEGATE, good on Committees;
is O'BRIEN, who was nabbed at the station;
is BOB PEEL, famed for tergiversation;
's QUINTIN DICK, who just occupies space;
is JOHN RUSSELL, too small for his place;
is old SIR, who'll be buried at home;
is a TYRRELL, in terror of Rome;
stands for URQUHART, the Eastern intriguer;
is a VILLIERS, the veteran Leaguer;
is CHARLES WOOD, who heaped budget on budget;
the Xchequer, from which he should trudge it;
is Young England, so youthful and green;
is the ZANY—ne'er mind who I mean.
Thus ends the song which I, *Punch*, dedicate
Unto the Session eighteen forty-eight.

A Hint to the Mendicity Society.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is going about the City, *Jeremy Diddler* fashion, saying, "You haven't such a thing as a couple of million about you?" The Whigs have long accustomed us to these expeditions with the hat; but really the mendicancy has become such a cool matter of business, that we think it is high time that JOHN BULL kicked all the Whigs out, and for the remainder of their lives sent them *begging*. As DOCTOR JOHNSON would say, "Your Whig, Sir, is a very bad statesman, but a capital beggar."

FLUNKEIANA.



Serious Flunkey. "I SHOULD REQUIRE, MADAM, FORTY POUNDS A YEAR, TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES, TWO ATS, MEAT AND HALE THREE TIMES A DAY, AND PIETY HINDISPENSABLE."

A Handsome Exchange.

We see that Russia, among other things, has just sent to the English market "15 barrels of tongues." *Punch* suggests, as a liberal return, and still keeping the balance in our favour, that we should send to Russia, in two separate barrels, "One ANSTEV," and "One URQUHART."

The Modest Wish of a Worn-out M. P.

"MR. PUNCH,—There *was* a Scotch Queen, who, escaping from her castle, threw the keys into the lake. Oh, that our English QUEEN, on her escape from St. Stephen's, had thrown the keys into the River!

"Yours, exhausted,
"OH! OH!"

FOR IRISH JURYMEN.—JURY-BOX BOOTS.

PATRICK O'SHAUGHNESSY presents his respectful compliments to the Boot-Eaters of Ireland, and begs to certify that he has on his hands every variety of Boots (bating the blackguard Wellington) for trials for High Treason, Sedition, or Misdemeanour. The aforesaid Boots look like leather, but the devil a bit. They are composed of congaled turtle, and blacked with liquorish; so that any independent Juryman may dine off the upper leathers, sup off the soles, and take a breakfast off the heels in the morning. They are specially made and manufactured for the Jury-box; to the intent that every Juryman may defeat the Saxon, quitting the box with clane hands and naked feet.

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves should ate their boots?"

IMPORTANT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO BE "UP AND RISING."—A Market-Gardener on the Hammersmith Road has stuck over a large field of cabbages the following placard:—"BEDS WELL AIRED FOR IRISH PATRIOTS." Strange to say, he has not had a single lodger yet!

DREADFUL ASSAULT, AND MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A RESPECTABLE Englishman nearly lost his life last week on the shores of France. He was rash enough to land at Boulogne, when he had no sooner put foot on the French soil, than twenty hungry-looking Commissionaires set upon him and disputed possession of his body. His coat was instantly torn in'to innumerable strips. His neck-handkerchief was violently pulled off, in the hopes of seducing him into the Hôtel d'Angleterre, whilst, horrible to relate, his false collar shared the same fate as he ran by the Hô-el de France. He was pursued through the town by the wild gang, and many of the shopkeepers, carried away with the excitement of seeing an Englishman, joined in the pursuit. Nothing was heard through the town but the joyful cry of "*Un Anglais!*" and the bells, by order of the Mayor, were immediately set ringing; though rather prematurely, for the Englishman escaped, and it is not known at present where he is concealed. His flight is all the more wonderful, as many of the hotel-keepers were after him, and it cannot be imagined how he got away so cheaply out of their clutches. The Hôtel du Nord has exhibited one of his coat-tails in the window, with the promise that "it shall be restored to the owner upon application;" but the unhappy fugitive has not yet fallen into the alluring snare. The pier-head illuminated in the evening; but alas! it was nothing better than an optical delusion, for the greatest depression and emptiness only reigns at present in Boulogne. The destitution can easily be imagined, when we state positively that there are none but Frenchmen in the town. This state of things is evidently too horrible to last!

THE TWO LOUIS; OR, THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

THE market price of *Louis* has come down;
The *Sov'reign* now won't pass for half-a-crown;
The other *Louis*—who's surnamed the *Blanc*—
He too's in England, value half-a-franc.

Though in life's lottery each once held a prize,
Their sad reverses none will much surprise;
'Tis but a sample of DAME FORTUNE's pranks,
That both their prizes should have turn'd out *Blanks*.

HOW TO GET A GOOD FAT GOOSE.—Change *tey* into *er*, and, like the Youghal constituency, you've got your *Answer*.



PADDY BETWEEN THE MINISTER THAT IS AND THE MINISTER THAT IS TO BE.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 25, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Savonar, SAT. 16th, 1865.

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. III.



HAVING CORRESPONDED WITH MISS RUDGE, THE GIFTED POETESS (AUTHRESS OF "FLORANTHE," "THE LOVELOCK OF MONTROSE," "MOANS OF THE HEART-STRINGS," &c.), AND EXCHANGED PORTRAITS AND YOUR OWN POEMS WITH HER, YOU MEET AT LAST.

YOU ARE DISAPPOINTED IN HER APPEARANCE, AND FIND HER ABOUT FORTY YEARS OLDER THAN HER PICTURE; PERHAPS YOU, TOO, HAVE GROWN RATHER FAT AND SEEDY SINCE YOURS WAS TAKEN IN THE YEAR 1817.

SANITARIANISM AND INSANITARIANISM.



GENTLEMAN with a wild air, wearing a white hat, and holding a copy of the *Times* newspaper in his hand, paid a halfpenny by way of toll at Hungerford Bridge last Friday, and saying he was "pressed," begged the toll-keeper to send the accompanying note to our office. His letter bears marks of an almost maniacal excitement, and we deeply grieve to say that the toll-keeper has *not heard of the gentleman since*. Which way he passed over the bridge it is not for us to say. But the most painful conjectures have been hazarded, and there is little doubt that if he did not cross over to the Waterloo Station or elsewhere, or take a steamer from the bridge, he must have jumped over it, and so put a period to an existence, which the present prevailing terror had rendered unbearable.

"POISON! POISON! POISON!"

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a family man, and a coal-merchant by profession. My place of business is at the Diamond Wharf (where I shall be happy, during the feeble remnant of my existence, to serve you with the Wallsends, and where my father and grandfather carried on before me), and my private residence is in Bayswater, whither I came because I was told the suburb was not only genteel but healthy.

"My father and grandfather died at upwards of threescore and ten, living in

the City, by the river, and I had hoped our change of residence would not hurt our condition. My wife takes a drive in the Brougham every day by the Serpentine, and fancies herself in the fashion, and my children go out in the Park and Kensington Gardens every day, and I thought they looked pretty well. My little boy got leave to fish in the Serpentine—it was Mrs. JONES's pleasure to watch him as she passed there, and we used to sit down to the gudgeons which he caught, with no particular relish.

"I say used, Sir, because all that sort of folly is passed now, and I am come to a sense of my real condition. I know that that Serpentine is a pool of death, and only wonder that people don't drop in as they fish there. Who knows how many do? It was only yesterday that I saw in the papers that the gudgeon (Faugh! the nasty little abominable beasts!) ought to be combed and washed before being served at table; and I think it is in your own columns I have read that people who bathe there are taken out, of a livid green colour, by the Humane Society's hooks.

"So much for the Serpentine. Its neighbourhood ought, by rights, to poison the air, to lower the rents in Bayswater, to kill away the people who frequent the Drive, and to turn the swans green. I shudder, Sir, as I think of mephitic ducks feebly flapping about in an Acheron, and Newfoundland dogs jumping after sticks into a river of that name.

"Of my own Thames I hear no better a report. The *Times* tells me (in terms of the most amiable pleasantry, it is true, and with a playful mournfulness which only renders the death-grin infinitely more ghastly) that 'the whole atmosphere of the whole City is perpetually poisoned, from one year's end to another, by the effluvia of this enormous sewer.' And thousands of us are going up and down by penny boats; hundreds of thousands go to Gravesend, for what they imagine to be fresh shrimps and fresh air; Ministers and persons of repute go and dine at Greenwich, and partake of water-souchee and whitebait—I see a picture of them in your journal of last week. Ah, Sir! No wonder that LORD JOHN makes a wry face at the table, and that LORD MORFETH is represented as withdrawn from it altogether, and looking uncommonly queer! What are we to do? Whither are we to fly? I want to know to what place of comparative safety I may take myself, Mrs. JONES, and our family? Where can I get a wholesome diet and an unpolluted air?

"I know very well, ever since Accum's time, indeed, that Death lurks in my pot at home, and taints the very springs and sources of existence. My water is poisoned—I correct it, or drink other liquids, but what are they? If I drink wine, what am I sure of? acids, sloe juices, logwood, liquorice, and inconceivable combinations of pollution. If I take brandy-and-water, I know that every sort of Cognac, except the patent British, is a poisonous mixture, and the British, in spite of the recommendations of the faculty, I cannot bring myself to like. Gin, Sir! what is gin? turpentine, and I have no doubt arsenic and Prussic acid in equal portions. Bitter ale? aloes and gamboge, to say the best of it. Porter? treacle, quassia, senna, black dose, the deuce knows what infernal medley of horrible drugs, which must pull me down gradually to the grave. The Bottle is sheer poison, as I know from MR. CRUIKSHANK's excellent work: but, ah me! the cistern is poisoned too; the air is poisoned; life is poisoned; business is poisoned; pleasure is poisoned; dinner is poisoned; tea, coffee, and muffins are poisoned; and we are only lingering over them, knowing the end. It is like SENECA stepping into a hot bath, or SOCRATES being served with a cup of warm drink. We take them; but we know how they are to end—in death, death, death!

"I need scarcely say that the tea which I am in the habit of drinking with my wife and unsuspecting family, is a poison of the most atrocious and deadly character. Its green hue (for I take my poison mixed) is occasioned by the sheets of copper upon which it is grilled before I use it, and the pungency of its flavour is mainly to be attributed to verdigris.

"The quantity of white-lead which I imbibe in my milk is tearing my intestines to pieces, and likewise ruining the health of Mrs. JONES and my daughters. They often take tea in the middle of the day, by way of lunch, for which meal I don't care, so that they poison themselves rather more than I do. Good Heavens! is it possible that I shall survive Mrs. J., and that she prefers her Bohea to her husband?

"My butter, I know, is mixed up with poisoned lard, and my bread is compounded with flour, alum, a most corrosive and dreadful poison, and the bones of animals. What do I say—of animals?—of men possibly, who in life, owing to the deleterious nature of their air and food, were in a highly diseased state, and whose 'bones we grind to make our bread.' Gracious Powers! I shudder when I see my daughters

with their mouths full of bread-and-butter, and think that I am bringing up nine little ogresses. However, they are poisoning themselves, and can't live long.

"As for my coffee, which I have been taking after dinner for years, I find that it is impregnated with the sulphurous and noxious fumes of coke, with which it is roasted, and which penetrate into the iron cylinder in which that operation is performed. As soon as I have my coffee in my cylinder it begins to give off a gallic and malic acid, which coming into contact with the iron, form gallates and malates of that metal—(I feel inward agonies as I write)—and this vapour, Sir—this infernal vapour—is again vapourised, and is assisted in its destroying work by one of the most powerful acids known—namely, pyroligenous acid, which is given off by the coffee most freely (and be hanged to it). The action of this pyroligenous acid upon an iron cylinder is to create a compound eminently disgusting to the taste; while, if I prefer a cylinder of copper, I simply generate poison. One of these two things I have been making and drinking through the course of a miserable life.

"Now I certainly may purchase at FAKIN'S, NUMBER ONE THOUSAND, St. Paul's Church Yard, a coffee prepared in his PATENT SILVER CYLINDERS, which is not only agreeable to the taste, but is attested by the most eminent physicians. But gracious Goodness! *Mr. Punch*, what is the use of taking so much trouble? If my milk is poisoned, my tea poisoned, my bread ditto, the air which I breathe poisoned, my Serpentine poisoned (an *Avernus*, the *Times* says, over which even the kites of little boys drop down dead in their flight), if my Thames is a regular *Lethe*, in which every eel is a mortal writhing serpent, and every white bait a small dose of death, what is the odds of taking a little more or less pyroligenous acid in my coffee?

"Welcome then, thou dark stream; let me quaff thee, thou deadly draught of *Lethe*. I may as well finish now perhaps, as drag on this poisoned existence much longer—I can't bear to think of the premature death of my children, and of Mrs. JONES perishing before my eyes a victim of a pestiferous *Twankay*. Good bye, my dear *Punch*. If any thing happens to me, it is you, and the *Times*, and LORD MORPETH, and FAKIN have done it. I was happy until I knew I was so miserable. And I know I'm poisoned now, and don't think I can survive it."

JOHN BULL'S LAST BARGAIN.—PRICE £1,100,000!



WE may treat ourselves to a tremendous flourish of the trump of glory. We have added another sprig of laurel to our plantation; a sprig cut by British sword from the Bush. We have—let the world ring with the glad tidings!—we have beaten the Kaffirs. But you cannot break even such miserable bits of human pottery without gold and silver. They can only be hammered to bits by £ s. d. There is still the bill to pay for the damages.

The head of the interesting person that decorates these triumphant lines is the faithful portrait (see DOCTOR PRITCHARD) of a Kaffir biped. There is no doubt that such an individual—though not exactly the person we would invite to share with us our muffin and a hand

at whist—is of touching interest at Exeter Hall. Nevertheless, we fear that the uncultivated reader will hold that any number of such heads (with even the most liberal allowance for taking a quantity) must be dear at the price of one million, one hundred thousand pounds!

Nevertheless, such is the sum to be paid by JOHN BULL for thrashing the Kaffirs; for making them promise to be loyal subjects to QUEEN VICTORIA, until they shall deem it profitable again to rebel! We wound up the late Session of Parliament with an increased debt of two millions; and more than half the money is thrown away upon powder and shot wherewith to kill and subdue a horde of savages. Let it not be forgotten that henceforth we pay an annual interest of thirty-seven thousand pounds for the chains of the Kaffirs.

Thirty-seven thousand pounds a year! The schoolmaster, says the proverb, is abroad. Well, then, *Punch* proposes to set him the following sum:—"If it takes thirty-seven thousand a-year to kill and conquer a certain number of Kaffirs, how much less than the same sum will educate the like number of destitute British children?" Surely one little English boy at school, is worth twenty Kaffirs in the Bush.

THE MODEL FAST LADY.



THERE cannot be the most vulgar fraction of a doubt that the great attribute of the present age is Fast—very Fast. Too many of us are trained as if we were to form part of "JOHN SCOT'S LOT." It is as clear as the course, the minute before the Derby, that the quicker our pace in this world, the surer we are to win. The race of life is only to the Fastest. If RENELOX were asked to-morrow what were the great requisites for a young person to get on in the world, he would infallibly answer, "Only three: the first is, Be Fast; the second, Keep Fast; and the third, Hold Fast. THE MODEL FAST LADY acts as if she had received this golden, or rather, brazin', advice. Riding is one of her great hobbies. Walking

is far too slow for her. A smart gallop does her such a world of good. To be in "at the death" is a triumph for a week. You could almost swear that the "brush" is displayed on her toilet-table.

She delights in dogs; not King Charles's, but big dogs that live in kennels. She takes them into the drawing-room, and makes them leap over the chairs. Her mare, too, is never out of her mouth. The incredible things she has done with that dear creature—the tremendous fences that she has taken, and the five-barred gates—you would scarcely believe. It must have been born in Leap Year. If she is intimate with you, she will call you "my dear fellow;" and if she takes a fancy to you, you will be addressed the first time by your Christian name, familiarised very shortly from HENRY into HARRY. Her father is hailed as "Governor." Her speech, in fact, is a little masculine. If your eyes were shut, you would fancy it was a "Fast Man" speaking, so quick do the "snobs," and "nobs," and "chaps," and "dowdies," "gawkies," "spoonies," "brats," and other cherished members of the Fast Human Family run through her loud conversation. Occasionally, too, a "Duce take it," vigorously thrown in, or a "Drat it," peculiarly emphasised, will startle you; but they are only used as interjections, and mean nothing but "Alas!" or "Dear me!" or, at the most, "How provoking!" One of her favourite words is "Bother," so you had better be careful, and not "bother" her too much, or else she will be sure to tell you, and that very plainly too.

THE MODEL FAST LADY is not particularly attached to dancing. If she does not admire your appearance, "she was out with the hounds this morning, and is too tired for that sort of thing." When she does dance, however, large officers, or colossal huntsmen are generally her partners. Her pride then is to pass everybody. She waltzes as if she had made a wager to go round the room one hundred and fifty times in five minutes-and-a-quarter. If any one is pushed over by the rapidity of her Olga revolutions, she does not stop, but merely laughs, and "hopes no limbs are broken."

By the bye, if she has a weakness, it is on the score—rather a long one—of wagers. She is always betting. If you happen by some odd accident to say, "I think it will rain," the chances are, she will immediately say, "I'll bet you 5 to 1 it doesn't." She keeps a little pocket-book to register her bets. Towards Epsom and Ascot it is almost bursting with the odds; and she rushes about asking everybody "to lay her something." She will take the field, or hedge, or back the winner, or scratch, or do anything to oblige you. It must be mentioned, however, that she is most honourable in the payment of her debts. She would sell her *Black Bess* sooner than levant.

THE MODEL FAST LADY has, at best, but a superficial knowledge of

the art of flirting. Compliments, she calls "stuff;" and sentiment, "namby-pamby nonsense." She likes persons to be sensible; and has no idea of being made a fool of. Come, don't flatter her; just help her to a little bit more mutton, and look alive.

At a picnic she is invaluable. When your tumbler is empty, she'll take Champagne with you—that is to say, if you're not too proud. You may as well fill her glass; she has no notion of being cheated. Here's better luck to you! and to enforce it, she runs the point of her parasol into your side.

In laying the *déjeuner*, or "snack," as she terms it—(she is very abstemious of foreign phrases)—she arranges the knives and forks, and plates; mixes the salad, and at an emergency can supply a corkscrew—it belongs to her dressing-case. She orders all the young men about as if they had been hired for the day, and speaks almost as familiarly to the servants.

Returning home she steers, and has been seen, on two or three occasions, rowing. She dislikes smoking? not she indeed, she's rather fond of it. In fact, she likes a "weed" herself occasionally, and to convince you will take a whiff or two. When pressed to sing, she does not warble *I'd be a Butterfly*, but bursts into a *Southerly Wind* and a *Cloudy Sky*. Her fore finger is not much needle-marked, and she laughs at Berlin wool and all such fiddle faddle. If she makes a present to some young gentleman of a pair of handsome emblazoned braces, she buys them ready-made. She declares she will never marry unless her husband is a good needle-woman. She has a pianoforte; but really she has no patience to practise. She can play a short tune on the cornet-a-piston.

Literature is a sealed pleasure to her, though it is but fair to state she reads *Bell's Life*, and has a few volumes in her bedroom of the *Sporting Magazine*. She knows there was a horse of the name of *Byron*.

She plays at cards—not for love, but money; but before beginning, she is honest enough to give warning that she always cheats; and if detected, only says, "Well, I told you so." She has no great yearning for canaries, or any birds, excepting in their grave and bread-sauce state. She went out shooting once, but gave it up, "the boobies laughed and stared so." Fishing is a different thing, but it's stupidly slow; she would as soon mend stockings any day.



The FAST LADY rather avoids children. If a baby is put into her hands, she says, "Pray, somebody, come and take this thing, I'm afraid of dropping it." She prefers the society of men, too, to that of her own sex. After dinner she is very quiet, turns over in silence the engravings of some picture-book, but directly the gentlemen enter the drawing-room she is chatty again, and "begs to return thanks for the honour which the gentlemen have done the ladies in drinking their very good healths."

Her costume is not regulated much by the Fashions, and she is always the first to come down when the ladies have gone up stairs to change their dress. Gay colours please her the most, and she succeeds, generally, in attracting notice by some peculiarity; either, on an evening, by the largeness of her bouquet, or little marabout feathers trussed all about her hair, or, when out walking, having an ugly monster of a dog following her, or a big footman walking after her with a basket full of kittens; or else she will promenade the streets in a riding-habit, and the people will stare about in all directions, to see what has become of the horse; and all this passes to her infinite amusement.

Her greatest accomplishment is to drive. With the whip in one hand, and the reins in the other, and a key-bugle behind, she would not exchange places with the QUEEN herself. It is rumoured, also, that she can swim, but there is no authentic proof of this.

With all these peculiarities and manly addictions, however, the FAST LADY is good-hearted, very good natured, and never guilty of what she would call "a dirty action." Her generosity, too, must be included amongst her other faults, for she gives to all, and increases the gift by sympathy. She is always in good humour, and, like gentle dulness, dearly loves a joke. She is an excellent daughter, and her father doats on her, and lets her do what she likes, for "he knows she will never do anything wrong, though she is a strange girl." In the country she is greatly beloved. The poor people call her "a dear good Miss," and present their petitions, and unfold all their little griefs to her. She is continually having more presents of pups sent to her than she knows what to do with. The farmers too consult her about their cows and pigs, and she is the godmother to half the children in the parish.

Her deficiencies, after all, are more those of manner than of feeling. She may be too largely gifted with the male virtues, but then she has a very sparing collection of the female vices; that is to say, she has no taste for ill-natured scandal, is not given to novels, flirting, or jilting, and is no more a coquette than the Lady in the lobster,—that great model of the female sex. Nature may be to blame for having made her one of the weaker vessels, but imperfect and manly as she is, she still retains the inward gentleness of the woman, and many fine ladies,

who stand the highest in the pulpits of society, would preach none the less effectively if they had only as good a heart—even with the trumpery straw in which, like a rich fruit, it is enveloped—as the MODEL FAST LADY.



THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OUT OF TUNE.



EIN HERE PUNCH,

"*Blissian Fields, Sept. 14, 1848.*"

"What," I believe one of your English proverbs asks, "does it matter provided you are in a state of felicity?" That such is my agreeable condition you will perceive from the date of this epistle; but although I do not trouble myself with the affairs of your world, I have not ceased to take a kindly interest in them. I now regard with a lofty compassion the servility which moved my bile so long as I had any. Whilst upon earth, there was nothing that I despised and detested more than flunkeyism. At present, I only look with pity on that thorough-bad element in the 'still sad music of humanity.' It was merely with this mild feeling that I read a statement—which I shall presently subjoin—in the *Times* this morning at breakfast—for the newspapers (especially *Punch*) are a portion of our beatitudes, and form a regular addition to our matutinal nectar and ambrosia. I perceive that yesterday a symphony of mine was performed at the Norwich Musical Festival, and that your DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE went to hear it. I find that—

'The symphony had already begun, the first movement indeed was over, and the *intermezzo* in process of performance, but at the entrance of the illustrious visitor, M. BENEDICT stopped the band, and the National Anthem was immediately begun.'

"Now, I am far above being personally offended at the interruption of my symphony in order to compliment a Duke; but I must, quite dispassionately, remark that the barbarity was gross, and the motive contemptible. It is merely with the abstract low-mindedness of the proceeding that I am disgusted. I assure you I am not at all indignant—only scandalised. I feel justified—not proud—in asserting that I am any nobleman's betters. Royal Dukes used to take off their hats to me, and very properly. Kings have stopped to speak to me. Genius is more worthy of honour than rank.

"Observe, that I care for nothing but the principle. To me, had the symphony been MOZART's, or MENDELSSOHN's, it would have been all one. If it is unmannerly to interrupt any man while he is speaking, what a rudeness it must be to arrest the effusion of a master spirit, discouraging sublime music! Besides, any well-constituted mind—I speak it not vainly, but philosophically—would have been so absorbed in my harmonies, as not to have observed the entrance even of a monarch. But to proceed:—

'The Duke was loudly cheered on his entry, and after the Anthem, and acknowledged the compliment by repeated salutations. He then took his place on a chair of state made for this special occasion, and the performance was resumed from the point at which it had been interrupted.'

"The National Anthem is all very well in its proper place, as for instance in such a medley as the *Battle of Prague*, but what business—with all seraphic calmness let me ask—had it in my symphony? The honour intended to be done to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE would have been rendered more effectually by giving him credit for having so much good taste as to be unwilling to be noticed till my piece was over. The performance, of course, was spoiled. That is no annoyance to me, who can no longer suffer from being murdered, but it must have greatly vexed all those present possessed of any soul for music. It would be awful to think of the state of M. BENEDICT's—if the atrocity lay at his door, and not at that of the Directors. Otherwise I should be obliged to express the hope that in future he would take a higher tone in conducting himself, and any composition by,

"Your humble Servant,

"L. VON BEETHOVEN."

"P. S. You have heard of 'tears such as angels weep' at anything that is very melancholy. You will now have an opportunity of seeing what they are; for I have been crying profusely over this letter, and it is quite saturated with them.

"L. V. B."

IMITATION.



MASTER JACKEEY HAVING SEEN A "PROFESSOR" OF POSTURING, HAS A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN IN THE NURSERY.

THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND.

By our own Halfpenny-a-liner.

ARRIVED at Aberdeen only just in time to witness the arrival of HER MAJESTY, who has taken us all by surprise by getting here twelve hours before we expected her. Fortunately MR. ABERNETHY happened to be at the dock as the royal yacht hove to, when he, with great presence of mind, though unprepared with other refreshment, offered the QUEEN an Abernethy biscuit, which was graciously declined. No sooner was the intelligence made known, than the inhabitants were thrown into the greatest excitement. The LORD PROVOST perched himself on the end of the Jetty, surrounded by the Corporation, and after sitting there some hours, moved off on the assurance that the QUEEN had no intention of landing there until the next morning.

Being desirous of presenting an address, the LORD PROVOST and party drove down in the Captain's gig, and being hauled on to the deck, were introduced to the QUEEN, whose attention was called to that extraordinary animal of the human species, a city baillie. Several specimens of the tribe were shown to HER MAJESTY, who expressed her pleasure at witnessing the curiosity, which had hitherto only fallen under her notice in WALTER SCOTT'S novels. Though I had not the impertinence to remark particularly HER MAJESTY'S dress, I learnt from one of my fellow-reporters, who was on duty, with his eye-glass and sketch-book, for an Illustrated Newspaper, that the QUEEN wore a simple straw bonnet, a Paisley shawl, a dress of Orleans cloth, kid gloves, leather shoes, silk parasol, and muslin mittens.

The youthful PRINCE OF WALES was dressed after your celebrated picture of him, where he is represented handing a glass of grog to a tar to drink his mamma's health.

The landing of the royal pair was a magnificent sight, and I have looked through the dictionary in vain to find words capable of describing it. MR. ABERNETHY, supported by two of his own biscuits, which he had taken for luncheon, led off. The scene altogether was most brilliant; and as the pensioners, drawn up in single files—including the old married files—hobbled along with their silver hair sparkling in the sun, the effect was truly electrical.

Our reporter goes on at considerable length; but we are so disgusted with his vulgar and inquisitive intrusion upon the leisure and amusement of Royalty, that we omit the remainder of his account, and request that he will send us no more of his impertinence.

A REPUBLICAN MYTH.

We take the following from the French newspapers:—

"A young orang-outang has lately been brought to the Garden of Plants, and is the object of almost universal curiosity. The animal is only six months old, but has all the appearance of a child aged three years, of a grave and reflecting character. He is at the same time very affectionate, shaking hands kindly, but with a certain Arabian solemnity, with the keepers. He feeds delicately, taking roast meat, wine, chocolate, and even liqueurs. Being very susceptible of the cold, he sleeps between a large cat and a rough-coated dog, and wraps them both, as well as himself, in a blanket. In the daytime he is dressed in a red-coloured blouse and white pantaloons."

The above is a very fair specimen of the political satire of our neighbours. It is, however, so delicate that—without the aid of *Punch*—the hasty reader may fail to see the deep meaning enshrined in it. *Punch* will endeavour to pluck out the heart of the mystery. The orang-outang then—it cannot be doubted—is LOUIS-NAPOLÉON: he is a very young republican, scarcely six months old; but has the "appearance" of a "grave reflecting" politician of maturer time. He is "very affectionate, shaking hands kindly" with the Communists. "He feeds delicately" and takes wine. His cupboard and cellar, when he sailed to invade Boulogne, leave no doubt of the circumstance. Being susceptible of cold, he seeks for a warm place between a cat and a dog. In other words, LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, for a snug berth, is willing to avail himself of extreme parties. The red-coloured blouse is, of course, a significant compliment to the *République Rouge*.

RAPID IMPROVEMENT OF MACHINERY.

LAST year we had the Talking Machine.

This year we have had MR. CHISHOLM ANSTHEY.

Gracious Goodness! what shall we have next year?

The Pilot that does not Weather the Storm.

LORD JOHN is averse to deputations. You may write, you may send in petitions, you may memorialise, but you must not annoy him with questions. It is with the vessel of the State seemingly as with other vessels: "No one is allowed to speak to the Man at the Helm."



GROSS OUTRAGE;

OR, PAUL PRY IN THE HIGHLANDS, MAKING A SKETCH OF THE ROYAL CHEST OF
DRAWERS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.



OUR COMMITTEE ON THE PUBLIC BUSINESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons appointed, in the course of the Session, its Committee to consider the best means of promoting the despatch of public business. As the fourth Great Estate of the Realm, we, by request of the Public, some time since constituted ourselves and *Toby* a Committee for the same purpose, and we now beg to present the following Report to the Sovereign Public:—



Your Committee first proceeded to make itself comfortable. It then attempted to discover the amount of business, public and private, which the collective wisdom of the 658 gentlemen of the Commons had managed to get through in ten months, allowing six days to the week, and six hours to the day. For this purpose it first attempted to read the debates in the *Times* newspaper, but finding this quite impossible, great confusion of mind being produced after the first month's reading, and symptoms of decided imbecility arising during the second, your Committee proceeded to measure the said debates. They find that they extend over a space of 17,684 yards, or something about ten miles, of newspaper type, *Times* column.

Your Committee then proceeded to sift the said ten miles of chaff in search of results and ideas. But the quantity of both discovered was so far inappreciable as to defy representation in any figures or symbols with which your Committee is familiar.

Your Committee next made a summary of the number, character, and labours of the various Committees, public and private, of the Session. They are glad to report that the incubations or sittings of these Committees have been as close as those of the most affectionate and devoted hen on record, their united length amounting to 1648 hours.

Your Committee then proceeded to examine the results of these extraordinary incubations, but cannot discover that anything has been hatched, beyond half-a-dozen Reports, more or less unreadable. Whether this melancholy contrast between the sedentariness and the success of honourable gentlemen proceeds from their brains having been addled, your Committee cannot take upon itself to say. Your Committee would suggest an application of Mr. CANTELO's steam-hatching apparatus to Parliamentary Committees.

Your Committee were anxious to have weighed the 18,450 petitions presented during the Session, but found that no weight whatever had been given them in the House.

Your Committee notice with alarm that the talk of the House seems continually on the increase. The characteristic of the present Session has been the number of persons who, having nothing to say on any subject, have persisted, at great length, in saying it on all. It is unfortunate that this tendency should have

been in some degree encouraged by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, who, by doing nothing through the year, left the more time for talking. In fact, there being no Acts worth mentioning, the time of the Session has necessarily been devoted to words.

To assist these inquiries your Committee sought counsel of everybody but the Speaker, as the mischief seemed to originate in there being too many Speakers already. They have received 400 distinct plans for improving the business arrangements of the House of Commons, including six from LORD BROUGHAM,



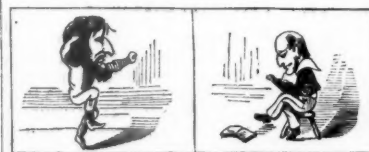
each contradicting the other. All these plans, however dissimilar, concur in certain suggestions, viz.:—

1. That a Gagging Bill be passed expressly for MESSRS. CHISHOLM ANSTEEY AND URQUHART, who are to be thereby declared silent *en permanence*, and not to be allowed to address the House, except in writing, and then only in short-hand.

2. That Ministers, before they bring in a bill, know their own minds, if they have any; and if not, say so to the House at once.

3. That LORD MORPETH be squeezed before coming into the House, in order to save the time of the House, now regularly devoted to that process.

4. That LORD GEORGE BENTINCK be totally debarred all access to Trade Circulars, Ready Reckoners, Statistical Compilations, and generally all figures, except Figures of Speech, which he is to be allowed to cull where he likes, except in Billingsgate.



5. That SIR CHARLES WOOD be instructed in the method of book-keeping by single and double entry, and the rules of arithmetic up to Vulgar Fractions, the expense of such instruction to be defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund. This, it is hoped, will save the time now consumed by the House in exposing and correcting the Right Honourable Gentleman's arithmetical blunders.

6. That Mr. *Punch* be allowed to put a stop to a debate at any moment, subject to the obligation of justifying himself to the public for exercising this absolute power of *la cloture*.

After as full a deliberation as circumstances would permit, Mr. *Punch* being extremely

anxious to be off to the Moors, your Committee agreed unanimously to the following recommendations:—

That, when the order of the day is moved, the disorder of the night shall at once be put a stop to.

That Members snoring so loud on the back benches, or in the galleries, as to interrupt the speech of any Honourable Member, be imme-



diately awakened by the Serjeant-at-arms, and sentenced to remain awake through such a number of the heaviest class of speeches as the Speaker may think fit to appoint.

That before a Bill is discussed in Committee, Honourable Members shall make themselves acquainted with its contents.

That no allusion to "self-government" or "centralisation" be allowed in any debate, on any pretext whatever.

That Honourable Members be allowed a certain time for speaking, proportioned to the ideas they may have to convey; as, five minutes for a speaker with one idea, ten for one with two, and so on. It is supposed that, practically, this will come to the same thing as the American one-hour rule, as it is not conceived that any speech was ever made in the House containing more than one dozen ideas.

That, for enforcing the above rule, the Speaker be furnished with an hour-glass, and a list of



ideas, supplied by each gentleman on catching his eye.

It is worthy of consideration, whether the shutting up of BELLAMY's and the tea-room might not operate advantageously in shortening the sittings of the House. The practice of denying the necessities of life to Jurymen is found to stimulate them very much to that unanimity which is required by the law in their decisions.

But your Committee wish to say, in conclusion, that they cannot much rely on any restrictive rules for the prompt and efficient discharge of public business. They would suggest that, after all, the country has the matter in its own hands. If the present public servants cannot or will not do its work, it must find others that will. Perhaps this would be the most certain and shortest way to bring about the result, for the forwarding of which your Committee was appointed.

Signed { MR. PUNCH.
TOBY.

A FRIEND INDEED.

SOMEBODY—by whom we mean a sort of nobody—has advertised his possession of a secret the knowledge of which will supersede the necessity for shaving, and do away with all occasion for the use of the razor. This must indeed be a secret worth knowing, for we ourselves invariably get into a sad scrape every morning with our beard, and we often wish that razors could be manufactured out of "man's ingratitude," which is, according to SHAKSPEARE, the sharpest thing that has yet been dis-

covered. We never look at our own shaving implements without thinking of some of those "wise saws" that the Bard of Avon alludes to, and of which our toilet tackle presents a set of "modern instances."

DEAR NEPTUNE.—Why don't you come home? It is time you gave over your skylarks, and became fixed. I have not closed my eyes since you became a wanderer on the face of the Heavens. If you persevere in your present vagabond career, every House in the Zodiac will be closed against you, and you will die without a sign. Pause before it is too late, and return to your disconsolate parent, LEVERETTE.—N. B. The situation is still kept open for you.



"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER—I SAY THEY HAVE NO BUSINESS TO WEAR THEM. WHY, THEY MAKE THEIR DEAR BEAUTIFUL HEADS LOOK LIKE COWLS ON CHIMNEY-POTS, OR THE HOODS OF BATHING-MACHINES; OR, WHAT IS WORSE, THEY SUGGEST THE IDEA OF SORE EYES—AND ALL FOR WHAT? TO SAVE THEIR COMPLEXIONS, FORSOOTH—STUFF! PRAY, DEAR PUNCH, PUT THEM DOWN—OR RATHER, PUT THEM UP—OR RATHER, DESTROY THEM ALTOGETHER. YOU WILL SEE WHAT I ALLUDE TO FROM THE ACCOMPANYING SKETCH, DONE BY OUR FRIEND—YOU KNOW WHO—

"YOURS, A MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF LOVELY WOMAN,

"THE BUOY AT THE NORE."

SCENERY AND COSTUME OF THE STAGE.



habitable qualities, but are simply "made out" of a single piece of canvas, on which a clearly "impracticable" window is painted, and which the business of the scene does not require to be opened, the cottage being only needed as the cue for some song or sentiment, such as "Ah! that humble cot—how its aspect makes me sigh for Home, Sweet Home!" or, "The sight of that lowly roof makes me feel no envy for pampered pride in its palace, or venal villany in its villa; for I am convinced more and more of the beautiful truth, that it is in the cottage alone contentment can be found."

Sometimes there is, by way of back-ground, a castle, frightfully foreshortened, with its battlements half-a-yard high, and its towers towering among the sky-borders, while its foundations rest on a rock no higher than the top of the low comedian's hat; but the structure is sufficient to admit of its being apostrophised by some young gentleman in hessians and a chocolate surtout, as "Deserted halls of my ancestors, whose pavements have rung to the clang of the usurper's hoof, and whose donjon-keep has echoed to the noisy revels of a stranger band."

When the occasion is an operatic one, the distant castle forms an admirable subject for something like the following—

RECITATIVE.

Long cherished pile—home of my ancient sires,
Your aspect kindles all my youthful fires;
And when your sainted towers salute mine eyes,
Within my breast revengeful feelings rise.

Every playgoer is familiar with the "mossy bank" of dramatic rural scenery, with one end slightly elevated for the head of the weary wayfarer or benighted traveller, and a bit of an old bolster craftily crammed underneath the canvas to complete the mossiness of the contrivance.

The town scenery of the stage is not less peculiar than its landscapes, and the exteriors are particularly adapted for teaching "what to avoid" to the youthful architect. If young *Dashington* calls upon *Lord Toplesty*, the latter lounges lazily



out of the first-floor French window, in which his head and shoulders are a pretty tight fit, while the former bears about the same proportion to the house that the peasant bears to the cottage we have already been speaking of. It is a singular fact that the inside of any one room is no sooner represented to us, than we find it to be much larger than the whole house when judged by its external appearance; and though the mansion itself may be only ten feet high from the basement to the tip of the topmost chimney-pot, the smallest apartment is found to be as wide as the wings are apart, and as lofty as the proscenium.

In costume, the stage presents some really astounding phenomena; and we have often been struck by the similarity of the dresses worn by the retainers of every country, every age, and indeed of almost every family. One would think that the word retainer referred to the fact of the same habiliments being always retained under all circumstances, whether the wearer happens to be a creature of the house of Hapsburgh, a vassal of a Norman noble, or a member of a bellowing band of Swiss patriots, shouting

such choruses as the following:—

Then onwards to freedom;
Our tyrants shall know,
No longer we need 'em;
Let's join in the blow:
Yes, out let us weed 'em,
And lay them all low.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

While our blood
In a flood
We'll freely let flow.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Echo (by the Prompter) in the
mountains,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

The same "singleness of purpose" which is observable in the wardrobe of the retainer, whatever may be the era, the clime, or the interest, in which we find him, may be noticed also in the dramatic old man, the dramatic soldier, and the dramatic nobleman. Senility knows no other distinction than a coachman's wig, black satin breeches, a laced coat, and high-lows with steel buckles in them, and a huge walking-stick, to mark the testiness of age



by repeated raps on the floor; and the stage soldier, whether fighting for KING GEORGE or KING LOUIS, in the days of the League, in the time of the Crusades, or at the era of the French Revolution, are all to be seen in the same coat, the same cap, and with the same cartridge-box, upon every occasion, and under every Government.

The Theatrical Marquis is also an animal *sui generis*, with his cotton-velvet doublet, his goose-quill feather, and his seedy satin trunks, which characterise the stage nobleman of every state and of every period.

Usurper or no usurper, rightful heir or wrongful heir, legitimate prince or pretender, whether given to tyranny or baquets, distributing purses or curses, signing pardons or death-warrants, reigning in Naples or Nova Scotia, Civita Vecchia or Chelsea, it is all the same; a Dramatic Marquis may be always known by his velvet cloak, his silk creased calves, his cockatoo-plumed cap, his attitude, and his beer-choked utterance.



Greek introduces him to the best intimacy with PLATO; and he is, when he will, one of his bright Republicans. In lighter, gayer moments, German makes him the rollicking co-mate of *Faust* or *Wallenstein*. And this, too, for life!

FRENCHMEN WHO STICK UP FOR EVERYTHING, AND STICK AT NOTHING.

THE Battle of the Constitution seems to be fought in France upon the dead walls. Their Registrars are bill-stickers. Sometimes they come into collision, when the rival battalions stick it into one another in a style that cannot be pleasant, excepting to those who are in the habit of meeting and taking up bills. One day LOUIS-NAPOLÉON is in the ascendant; the next, he is pasted over with CAVAIGNAC. In the morning Paris is stained with the sheets of the Red Republic; and in the evening it is completely riddled with the fiery broadsides of the rapacious Communists, who, it is to be hoped, will always be sent to the wall, and always kept there, since their aim is to board everything.



These battles, however, are rarely attended with any other loss than that of a smart brush or two, and the combatants, who are generally great sticklers for outward forms, do not break the laws of Convention more than pulling down everything which they are not paid to maintain. With them, "*à bas Henri V.*" and "*à bas*" this, that, and the other, and everybody, is not only a cry, but a fact, which they proceed vigorously to carry out, unless they have received some very weighty reasons to support the Hero of the Hour in the temporary elevation which they may have given him. If you want to reign over Paris, and to have your name become a household word, you must not disaffect the army, or bribe the "incorruptibles," or undermine the "*Montagne*" or make all right with the *gauche*, but you must buy up all the bill-stickers. The throne of France (if there is to be had such an article at any frippier's) is to be gained, not by a *coup de main*, but by a bold stroke of the paste-brush. LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, it is said, has the greatest chance, owing to the fact, of which he is very tenacious, that there is more paste about him than any other pretender.

Wanted, a Librarian—with no Prospects.

THE *National Advertiser* (Glasgow) of the 6th inst. was enriched with these golden lines, set forth as tidings of peculiar promise to students knowing in Hebrew, Greek, and German:—

WANTED, a LIBRARIAN for — LIBRARY, who will be required to give his whole time and attention to the Business of the Library. None need apply whose present intentions or prospects are towards any profession or business that may lead them to retire from the situation at a future period. Preference will be given to a Candidate who can read the Hebrew, Greek, and German characters. The emoluments will be about £60 per annum. Security for intrusions to the amount of £200 will be required.

Applications, under sealed covers, addressed to "The Lord Provost, President of —'s Library," must be left at the City Chamberlain's Office, on or before Twelve o'clock of Monday the 25th instant.

—'s Library Hall, Sept. 6, 1848.

Seldom is it, in this world of money-bags, that the student and philosopher, who must eat, has proffered to him such a retreat from the noise and contention of the earth. Here is a bower offered him—a bower planted from slips of the "groves of Academe." Here may the scholar give his whole time, every waking thought, to the delights of a Library. He may—nay, he must—spend his every day beneath the tree of knowledge, rustling its leaves, and now and then taking a bite of the fruit. And then, how sagacious, how provident of the patron or patrons to do the best to insure to the Librarian a life-long employment! The future is kindly taken from him. He leaves Hope at the threshold: there it is, with the dirt from his shoes, on the door-mat. He is to have no "prospect" toward "any profession or business!" His "future" is a dead-wall; and on it written "£60 per annum—no thoroughfare!" He knows at once the worst of life and—best. Thus, insured from the vexatious, tantalizing emotions that busy and divert the energy of man from the time present, luring him, Jack-o'-lantern-like, to the distant, the Librarian with his £60 per annum may exclaim with *Wolsey*—

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

In the quarterly or half-yearly receipt for his wages is his written abdication from all the luxuries and many of the comforts of his vain existence!

Thus chastened by salary, our Librarian—his soul going round in the shop like a squirrel in its prison—now and then gathers himself up for Hebrew, Greek, and German. Happy man! if he may have no prospects in this world, he has comforting glances at the past. For Hebrew takes him back among the Shepherd-kings; he hears their very words; and his spirit—playing truant from —'s Library Hall, Glasgow—takes a delicious draught of the original at REBECCA's Well.

OUR OWN LITTLE RAILWAY ONCE MORE!

THE half-yearly meeting of shareholders in our pet Railway at Kensington, has just taken place, and the usual clamour was got up for the working of the line. Not satisfied with the Great Western having bought it, the shareholders call upon that Company to work it. But MESSRS. GLYN, BRUNEL, and SAUNDERS, think they have done quite enough in setting a couple of creepers to run upon the Line. We think so too; for we do not quite see the use of re-establishing the communication between the Scrubs of Wormwood, and the shrubs of Warwick Square, or sending a lot of guards and policemen rattling backwards and forwards between Shepherd's Bush and the Hand and Flower, bringing nothing but misery in their train.

We understood that there was some talk of an extension branch; but we found on inquiry, that the rumour arose from the old elder at one of the stations, who has been sending forth several new branches from his trunk line. We believe the Electric Telegraph is let out for the purpose of drying clothes; and an Act will be applied for, to give the concern the name of the Great Kensington Clothes Line, in the next Session of Parliament.

LES "SWEETS" D'UNE REVOLUTION.

A PASTRY-COOK says it is a pity the dinner never was given to LOUIS BLANC, "it would have such a sight of 'Blanc-Mange.'"

FLUNKEIANA.



Old Gent. "THOMAS, I HAVE ALWAYS PLACED THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU. NOW TELL ME, THOMAS, HOW IS IT THAT MY BUTCHER'S BILLS ARE SO LARGE, AND THAT I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH BAD DINNERS?"

Thomas. "REALLY, SIR, I DON'T KNOW, FOR I AM SURE WE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING NICE IN THE KITCHEN THAT WE DON'T ALWAYS SEND SOME OF IT UP INTO THE PARLOUR!"

ODE ON THE THAMES.

For Classical Music.

Air.—Violoncello obligato.

BENEATH the City's thousand sewers
Old Thames runs to and fro;
This way and that its filth he pours,
As his tide doth ebb and flow;
And foul Mephitis ever soars
From the mud that swags below.
Oh! oh!
This thing ought not to be so;
No! no! no!

*Chorus of Aldermen. Handelian fugue.
Full Orchestra.*

Oh! cease your idle clatter,
Since to us it is no matter,
Tho' the Thames grow thick as batter;
And for all you say,
Though Miasma play the devil,
Yet while fluids find their level,
We will wallow, roll, and revel
In our mud for aye!
Yes, in every kind of *secula*,
In *sempiterna secula*,
In *secula*, in *secula*,
In *secula* and *secula*
Hooray! hooray!

British Manufactures.

THERE is a Hospital at Westminster, that, determined to uphold the principle of patronising none but British productions, has issued a placard, in which they distinctly state, they will take in no other cases of Cholera but what are proved to be thoroughly British.

A CONUNDRUM FROM THE "STABLE MIND."

WHY is the St. Leger like the Irish Rebellion?
Because it is the great Donkey-stir (Doncaster).

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.



were the case, they would not fail, as well-bred birds, to bring their own bread-sauce with them.

Talking of birds, we know of one at Boulogne that is so extremely shy, that nothing will induce him to come across the water, unless he sees that the coast is perfectly clear. The shyness of this bird is attributed to a deal of shot which, it is said, he has left behind him in the hands of several persons, who would be too happy to get a discharge, if they could only catch an opportunity of firing into him.

REALLY LORD JOHN has had a narrow escape. He has been to the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, and avoided the trap that was laid for him. A cage was already prepared. The Premier was to have been caught, and exhibited behind some iron bars. However, the conspiracy was betrayed, as Irish conspiracies invariably are, and his Lordship escaped being shown at sixpence a head.

The partridges are said, this year, to be very shy. Now, really, sportsmen should recollect that what is game to us is death to them. We can hardly expect the partridges to come and be shot, as if it was a pleasure for which they were dying. If this

OVERDOING IT AT BOULOGNE.

THE Boulogne authorities, after inviting a lot of National Guards to an entertainment, made the unpleasant discovery that all the money having been spent in preparation, there was nothing left for the entertainment itself. Having consumed the best part of the ready cash in bill-sticking and knocking up a platform in the Tintilleries, it is found that there is scarcely a franc remaining to provide the invited guests with something to amuse them and something to eat. The banquet was therefore of necessity made up for the most part of *papier maché* properties, lent by the manager of the Theatre, with a sprinkling of real filberts, and here and there a loaf of bread. It was intended to offer the visitors a glass each of *vin d'honneur*, but the assets being insufficient, the inhabitants were entreated to furnish a supply, and the result was the collection of some red and white wine, there being just six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

However, a deficiency of the substantial is easily made up for in France by plenty of hollow sound, and the drummers have been rehearsing from morning until night, with such vigour that even when off duty they rush about the town in a state of frantic practice, and there is one enthusiast at his tambour work, who climbs to the top of the piles in the port for the sake of indulging in an uninterrupted rataplan out of the reach of the jeers of the bystanders, and the mud and orange-peel of the *gamins*. If the National Guard experienced a dearth of better provisions—if there were no tit-bits in the shape of breasts or wings, there were, at all events, the drum-sticks to fall back upon. Nobody need go among the Caribs for the purpose of getting a regular tattooing, for if any one will only land at Boulogne, we will answer for his being most thoroughly tattooed.

ARCADES AMBO.—A respectable Beadle calls the Thames Tunnel "the Exeter Change Arcade seen under the water."

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PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

INTRODUCTION.



THE British Constitution is one of those magnificent mixtures, for which the recipe has long been lost, and of which every one acknowledges the merit, though none can say what are the ingredients. The British Constitution, like the Scotch Ale, the London Porter, and the Irish Whisky, has a reputation, no one knows why, for no one knows what; but it shares with the articles mentioned the character of being the very best of its kind, and the very highest of its order. As in the case of the Ale, the Porter, and the Whisky, it is doubtful whether the peculiar virtue resides in the quality of the water used for the first, the quantity of Spanish liquorice stirred up with the second, or the precise amount of smoke mingled with the malt in the third, so it is impossible to say in what especial attribute the great strength of the British Constitution resides. England's Palladium, like its plum-pudding, is a magnificent hodge-podge that every one admits the grandeur of; but when we come to analyse either—to separate the hodge from the podge, and reduce it to its component parts—we feel that we are dealing, as it were, with Humpty-Dumpty after his fall from the wall, and that if we once take the British Constitution to pieces, not

"All the QUEEN'S horses,
And all the QUEEN'S men,"

could make "the mixture as before," or render the British Constitution, like *Richard III.*, itself again.

It has been wisely said by one of our modern historians,* that England must have the Constitution of a horse; and the proud manner in which it is now rearing its head, while other countries are riding their wretched hobbies and cutting the most miserable capers, may be regarded as an apt illustration of the peculiarly happy simile. A nation, like a quadruped, can no sooner throw off the reins of all power than it soon finds itself without a bit in its mouth, in more ways than one, and it goes off, too frequently, in a headlong course of ruin and anarchy. While, however, we are prepared to acknowledge our own Constitution as the best in the world, we are not going to pin our faith implicitly to the tail of the British Lion, nor hang up our judgment on the hat-peg which the Unicorn wears in place of a hat; but we shall examine the whole fabric with a critical eye, and shall, without ceremony, knock off much of that plastering which the trowel of flattery has laid far too thickly on, for the purpose of smoothing over many of the defects and irregularities that exist in the really noble structure.

The preceding remarks are intended merely as an introduction of our subject to the reader; but lest our intention may have been smothered in our words, like a rabbit in its attendant onions, we beg leave to complete the ceremony in due form; and therefore, with the simple observation—"The Reader, the British Constitution; the British Constitution, the Reader—you really ought to know each other,"—we proceed to our important task.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

FIRST CAUSES OF THE LIBERTY OF THE ENGLISH NATION.



WE should very properly expect to be rebuked for our impertinence, by the very youngest of our readers, and our conscience would certainly pinch us for our staid news, if we were to announce as a new fact, that Great Britain was abandoned by the Romans, when they found it necessary to look at home, and desist—as SPELMAN, the great sacrificer of spelling, says—from "Romeing abroad."

It is, however, undoubtedly true that the origin of our becoming our own masters, was our not being worth the trouble of keeping; and our first freedom came to us in the shape of a kick, which sent us about our business, to get on as we could by ourselves. No sooner were we abandoned by the Romans as mere leavings, than there came from the shores of the Baltic small picnic parties, to avail themselves of the nice pickings we might still present; and, having destroyed the

* *The Comic History of England.* We are unable to remember the page, the chapter, the book, or the volume, but these points may all be ascertained, and the idea referred to may be found, by a perusal of the entire work.

ancient inhabitants or earliest pot-wallopers, these gentlemen began wallowing each other, because it was the only occupation—except the occupation of the place itself—which the island seemed to afford. After a good deal of Baltic sound and fury, signifying nothing, and after the establishment of a set of small sovereignties, which, under

the name of the Heph-tarchy, kept the place in a state of sevens—if not of sixes also—for many years, the whole southern part of the island was united under that illustrious seven in one, the renowned EGBERT. He accepted the allegiance of those most acute of all angles, the East Angles, who

knew their own interest too well to resist. He reduced Mercia without mercy; deputed his son to ravage Kent, whose people were soon led a pretty dance among their native hops; while the same bold youth was despatched to Essex, whose inhabitants were pillaged of their herds until they had not a leg to stand upon, and were deprived even of their exceedingly popular calves. Northumberland, in the



midst of a civil commotion, very civilly offered EGBERT the somewhat shaky throne, which no other upholsterer, whether royal or otherwise, seemed so likely as himself to be able to uphold. Making short work of further opposition, and in no quarter doing anything by halves, he managed to achieve the extraordinary feat of sitting, not simply upon two, but upon no less than seven stools, without falling to the ground. Our Constitution had not advanced very far in its formation at this early period; and as to our liberties, we had little to boast of under that head, unless they could have been beaten into us by the series of drubbings we received. The grand principle of Government appears to have consisted in the right of some powerful personage to do what he liked with our ancestors' own, until the Anglo-Saxon princes licked us a little into shape, after the various unprofitable lickings we had endured.

ALFRED THE GREAT, who was less happy at cooking a cake than concocting a code, was the most illustrious of this line, and EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, who seldom kept himself out of a hobble, was exactly what nature fitted him to be—the last of his race. He had, however, in violation of the strict principles of copyright, compiled a body of laws out of those framed by his predecessors, and he dishonestly put his own name on the title-page of the piratical work. Little is known of our Constitution under this successional crop of early Royals, until that Pink of invaders, known familiarly as Sweet WILLIAM THE CONQUERER, shot up on our soil.

There had previously been a King and a Nobility; but SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, who gives us this information, might fairly take for his motto—

"I tell thee all, I can no more—
Though poor the offering be;"

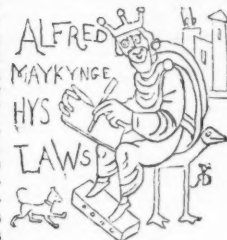
for poor, indeed, is this contribution of SIR WILLIAM's to our early Constitutional history.

It is from the Conquest we are told to date the real commencement of our freedom; and it is a remarkable illustration of the wisdom of the maxim, "Spare the rod, spoil the child," that the more we have been thrashed, the stronger our liberties have grown, as if, like an old carpet, we wanted a good beating to show us in our true colours. WILLIAM OF NORMANDY turned his sword at once into a carving-knife, with which he sliced up our native land, and divided the bits among his followers. He treated Old England like its own immortal roast beef, and finding it in capital cut, he, without making any bones about it, proceeded to serve it out, by distributing large helpings of it among his hungry retinue. In his large interpretation of the word *meum*, he altogether lost sight of its ordinary companion *tuum*, and he appropriated the land so extensively that he left no other possession but self-possession to its former owners. He handed over the soil to his creatures, who held it subject to WILLIAM's will, and thus what is termed the Feudal,* System was established in England.

* We do not mean to go into the depths of philology as to the derivation of the word feudal from *feudum*, *fides*, *fief*, or *fife*; for, as SPELMAN says, "that life has been already too much played upon."



A PROSPECT OF Y HEPHTARCHY



ALFRED THE GREAT
MAYKYNGE
HYS
LAWS

WILLIAM evinced all the carving qualities of a Vauxhall waiter; for, as that expert practitioner has been known to cut up a single ham into fourteen hundred shilling platefuls, with a surplussage of several six-penny sandwiches, so WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR is said to have divided England into sixteen thousand two hundred and fifteen military fiefs. To pursue the figure of the ham—it will be remembered, by the way, that WILLIAM landed at Sandwich—those soldiers, who knew on which side their bread was buttered, accepted with eagerness the slice that was proffered to them, with all the conditions annexed. The recipients of these fiefs were to take up arms when called upon, and it was death to write upon their doors "Not at home,—return in an hour," when this call was made.

The Forest Laws were also enacted, which limited to WILLIAM the exclusive privilege of killing game, a privilege he guarded even to the turn of a hare: he imposed taxes *ad libitum*, and decided upon their justice in his *Aula Regis*, a snug little Temple of Themis, which he had started for the express purpose of keeping the administration of the law entirely in his own hands.

He was his own judge, his own jury, his own counsel, occasionally his own witness; and, in fact, the whole affair was a sort of At-Home, after the manner of the late MR. MATTHEWS, or MR. YATES, the whole of the characters being sustained by our old friend the Conqueror.

The reader may, by this time, have begun to wonder what the pranks of WILLIAM can have to do with the birth of Liberty; but as our predecessor, DE LOHME, has it, "The seed, though it seemed to be smothered, was imbibing nourishment for future sap" amid the soppies of the period. The truth is, that the Barons had nothing else to talk about but their wrongs, until at last one noble Spooney, who was rather more shrewd than the rest, suggested the possibility of one man being resisted by a thousand, instead of the thousand being domineered over by one,—a state of things which they had all been consenting to. The Barons, however, from whom it is thought in these days so great a glory to be descended, were still as funky as a boy when he first "knuckles down" at marbles, and the whole number of aristocratic souls, still shaking in twice the number of shoes, were glad to get the people to join in a confederacy for setting bounds to the royal authority, or in other words preventing the Norman WILL from too arbitrary exercise. The people, on their side, believed that what would be sauce for the baronial goose must be also sauce for the plebeian gander; and "hence," says SPELMAN, "we come to the true source of our constitutional freedom." The Commons stipulated for a little liberty on their own account, as the price of their assistance to the Lords; "for why should we bear all the kicks and cuffs," exclaimed the CUFFEY of his day, "if we are not to be allowed a share of the halfpence?" We shall trace, in future chapters, the operation of this sage remark upon the character and condition of our countrymen, and we shall see how the incident of the halfpenny—which occurred as a mere toss-up at a meeting of the period—opened the eyes of the English people to the fact that "heads you lose, tails we win" was the game that the Barons would have been happy to play with them.

A Nice Calculation.

THE *Health of Towns Magazine* says:—

"The amount of hard cash paid for intoxicating drinks in the Metropolis alone is three millions sterling per annum. This sum, if spent in sewers, would afford upwards of seventeen hundred miles at 6s. 8d. per foot run, and of ample capacity for the largest thoroughfare, if the supply of water were good."

Now, take it that every Alderman of the City of London consumes, at the Mansion House and Guildhall, say £10 in wine per annum;—this sum, devoted to drainage, would, at the above computation, give to every said Alderman the delightful satisfaction of having every year thirty feet in the sewers. Thirty feet! This is tremendous; when, at the best, in any sewer, a rat has only four.



Chamberlain's Office, Sep. 27th.

PAVILION, BRIGHTON.—If one GEORGE THE FOURTH, who some years ago left several ARTICLES OF FURNITURE at the Brighton Pavilion, does not cause them to be removed without delay, they will be sold to help to pay the expenses. It is the more necessary that the said effects be removed with all despatch, as within the last ten years they have cost for warehouse-room (laid out upon repairs of the said Pavilion) eighteen thousand, seven hundred and nineteen pounds, of the coin (of the pockets of the people) of this realm.

BREADALBANE, Chamberlain.

A STATESMAN'S LAST "RESOURCE."

EITHER PRINCE JOINVILLE, pen in hand, has drawn at once a very sharp and very delicate likeness of his father, or the name of the Prince has been subscribed to the pen-and-ink sketch of another artist. Certainly the production reaches the French newspapers a little circuitously, being first despatched from the Tuilleries (where the letter "was found on February 24th") to Algiers, to be printed in the *Akbar*. True or spurious, the letter is very good; indeed, as an evidence of its astounding ability, the *Post* assures the world that the missive might have been written for its own columns!

There is, however, one little sentence that makes us suspect the imputed authorship of the letter. The writer touches upon the self-destruction of BRESSON:—

"People will not fail to repeat, and will enlarge upon what I consider as dangerous—viz., the action which he (*le père*) exercises over everything. This inflexible action, when a statesman compromised with us cannot vanquish it, leaves no other resource than suicide!"

So when a statesman is snubbed by a King, he has "no other resource" than rope, poison, steel, or lead. A Monarch is pig-headed, and in the self-devotion of his sorrow, his Minister must cease to be! Let this be received as a political axiom, and an appointment to place may be thus gazetted:—"To-day, MONSIEUR — received the portfolio for Foreign Affairs and—Prussic Acid;" in order that when His Gracious Majesty is "inflexible" in his "action," the victim Minister may at any moment have his "resource" at hand.

THE VERNON GALLERY.



ALL the world knows the patriotic generosity of Mr. VERNON. He has bestowed his magnificent collection of pictures upon the nation. He will descend to posterity as posterity's benefactor. Future generations will be kindled into gratitude and admiration as they contemplate the bequest of varied power and beauty, made to them by one who was an English tradesman; by one who made his wealth minister to the intellectual delights of Art.

For some time we have awaited an acknowledgment of the gift on the part of the Government. Nevertheless, we were not impatient. Certainly not. If there be any

delay, we thought, it is only the delay of a delicate anxiety. The Government is only taking due time to vouchsafe a due reward. It is, it must be, in such a case, difficult to square the honour to the merits of the deserving. Well, we have not been disappointed. The "Special Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider of the best mode of providing additional room for works of Art given to the public,"—the Committee have made their report, and, making it, have nobly satisfied MR. VERNON:—

"Your Committee are unwilling to pass from this topic without recording their sense of the public spirit and considerate liberality which have prompted this living bequest on the part of Mr. VERNON, and they entertain no doubt that the public gratitude will furnish the most powerful incentive for eliciting further instances of munificence similar in kind, as well as the most honourable reward to him who has afforded this noble example."

The Committee "entertain no doubt" of public gratitude; no doubt of Mr. VERNON's "most honourable reward!" This is satisfactory. May we, however, ask of the Ministry when the public gratitude, as vouchsafed to MR. VERNON, will be made visible to the naked eye?—when the "reward" will be manifested? We have good reasons for our anxiety. For at this moment we know of twenty galleries about to be given to the nation; the gift only delayed until the donors may feel certain that they shall not be seized and knighted. It is rumoured that MR. VERNON himself has had a very narrow escape.

The Queen and Prince at Stowe.

We take the following from the *Builder*:—

"A statue of *Venus Rising from the Sea* was hotly bid for by two rival agents, until it was knocked down at a considerably higher price than its value. The report is that the agent's represented the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, who each wanted to present it to the other. PRINCE ALBERT was the purchaser."

We congratulate his Royal Highness. It is not always that the husband has the last word.

THE INVASION OF FOLKESTONE.



THE quiet little town of Folks—long since jumbled orthographically into Folkestone—was thrown into a state of extreme agitation a few days ago by the arrival of some of the National Guards of France, in their uniforms, by the boat from Boulogne. As soon as the vessel was seen in the offing, bearing down under the able seamanship of CAPTAIN MONGER—who adapts his signals so thoroughly to the state of the ocean, that every wave of his hand seems to be called for by some wave of NEPTUNE—a report was raised that the French soldiery were on the point of invading our shores, and Folkestone instantly took an attitude of defence. A deputa-

tion from the Pavilion Hotel waited upon MR. FAULKNER, the intelligent Consul, and requested him to assume the command. Having consulted his own inclination, and retired into his brown study to deliberate, MR. FAULKNER drew up a plan of the operations that he desired to recommend. He ordered all the posts on the pier to be immediately doubled, and he advised that the chain of communication should be unbroken; a measure that rendered it necessary to send for the ironmonger, as part of the chain of communication between the posts had for some time been out of repair.

Recollecting what had been done with the lines at Torres Vedras, he sent for the thickest clothes-line the place could afford, and had it arranged in such a manner that persons landing from the boat would still have this line to pass; and, having called out a detachment of light portery from the railway station, he placed them in such a position that everything coming off a vessel must fall into their hands. These precautions having been taken, he sat down upon the pier parapet, as if wrapt in deep thought; and as the inhabitants gathered round him with eager interest, to catch from the expression of his features the result of his deliberations, the scene strongly resembled the celebrated picture of NAPOLEON'S famous bivouac.

At length the vessel came round the pier point, and MR. FAULKNER, placing himself in the gap, while one of his trusty officers appeared in the van—used for carrying luggage—the very stones of Folkestone seemed ready to rise as one block against the expected foe. By a prompt intelligence between CAPTAIN MONGER and MR. FAULKNER, the fact was ascertained that the French invaders were only National Guards come over from the Boulogne Fête to take a peep at England; and, beyond the firing of a few charges into them from the Pavilion Hotel—none of the charges being very heavy—the visitors were utterly unmolested, and many of them left for London by the first train.

RESPECTABLE CRUELTY.

WE think, if we wanted to bait a badger, or fight a main of cocks, or skin a cat alive, or indulge in any other of those recreations proscribed by the law under the head of "Cruelty to Animals," we should—having first taken care to put our best clothes on—repair to the City. This, at least, we should do if we expected to be called to account for such conduct before MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS. The reason which would induce us to adopt this course will be found in the subjoined Police Report:—

"CRUELTY TO AN OX.—MR. R. WARD, a salesman, of Leicestershire, appeared on an adjourned summons before SIR G. CARROLL and MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS, charged with having ill-used an ox.—Police Constable TREW deposed, that about five weeks ago, while he was on duty in Smithfield Market, he saw the defendant strike one of the cattle in the market a tremendous blow on the head. It was what is termed 'petting' the animal. Upon asking the defendant his name, he refused to give it until he was taken to the station-house.—MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS considered that the police had exceeded their duty. They had no business to interfere merely because the defendant struck one of his bullocks.—TREW said that he had seen many bullocks knocked down by a similar blow.—MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS: Admitting that he had, such a blow did no hurt to the animal.—TREW said he always understood that such a blow was termed cruelty.—MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS: It does not hurt the animal."

Now "petting" an ox, we believe, means beating him in a peculiarly savage and brutal manner on the head with a bludgeon; which, in an ordinary slaughterman, is accounted an act of remarkable barbarity, and as such punishable with fine and imprisonment. In this instance, however, it was ruled by MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS to be a perfectly innocent operation; first, on the ground already stated, that it did "not hurt the animal." It is dubious if the extreme of beef-headedness could so far enable even an Alderman to put himself in an ox's place as to justify him in such an assertion. We certainly should hesitate to "enter on our list of friends" a gentleman apparently so much "wanting sensibility" as ALDERMAN CHALLIS. Salesmen, however, may be of a different opinion, for—

"The defendant here said that the police had acted very improperly towards him; they came up and took him to the station-house.—One of the sergeants who was on

duty said that whenever they interfered with any of the salesmen they were laughed at, and told they had only to send for MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS, and it would be all right."

To which assertion of the police-sergeant, MR. ALDERMAN CHALLIS gave the following indignant contradiction:—

"ALDERMAN CHALLIS: You had no right to take defendant into custody."

No right to take the defendant into custody! Why? Well, first as aforesaid, because he did "not hurt the animal." Secondly, for a far more substantial reason—solid and weighty, as an Alderman's reason should be. Perpend it:—

"TREW said he should not have done so had not defendant refused to give his name.—ALDERMAN CHALLIS: But you could see that defendant was a respectable person."

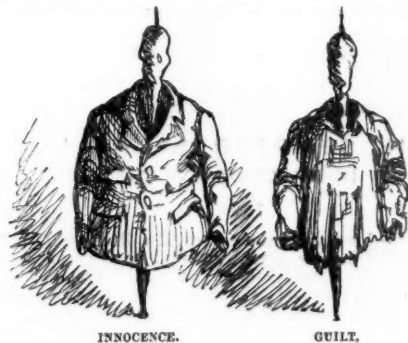
The interference of the constabulary, then, according to ALDERMAN CHALLIS, must be determined, not by the appearance of the act, but by that of the agent. TREW "could see that the defendant was a respectable person." We will not stop to inquire how. We will suppose the defendant to have been well shaved; to have had on a decent hat—whether with or without butchers' mourning—a clean shirt, and a good coat, waistcoat, and continuations, with a watch and seals, and perhaps top-boots. We will accept these from the worshipful Alderman as the obvious evidences of "respectability." Still we must remind him of a certain trifling inconvenience to be apprehended from the adoption of his principle, which would assuredly preclude the police from any intervention with the "Swell Mob."

The only doubt in the mind of TREW related to the nature of the defendant's conduct. He frankly admitted his perception of the individual's "respectability."

"TREW said he was aware of that, but as he refused to give his name, he had no alternative.—SIR G. CARROLL remarked that he thought the police did perfectly right in taking defendant into custody when he refused to give his name.—TREW said the instant defendant had given his name he would have been allowed to go away.—ALDERMAN CHALLIS thought such a charge did not come within the meaning of the Act; and the case was dismissed."

But whether the charge came within the Act or not, was, according to our Alderman, nothing to the purpose. The defendant was evidently a "respectable person." When he refused to give his name, the policeman should have been satisfied, and asked no more questions. Really his Worship ought to compose a "Guide for the Police," which, we are quite sure, would eclipse all the precepts immortalised in the third Scene of the third Act of *Much ado about Nothing*.

In the meanwhile, let all butchers who would work their own sweet will, unmolested, on their oxen, exchange the blue smock for a respectable *paletot*—which, we would suggest, may be called the "Cruelty Wrapper"—and cut away, regardless of the police and of any Act of Parliament in such case made and provided.



Victoria at Boulogne.

At the Boulogne fête the health of "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND" was given, and drunk by the French with, we are told, tremendous enthusiasm. We are glad to chronicle this delightful fact. Nevertheless, we cannot take the compliment as indicative of the better feeling of the whole of France towards *Perfidie Albion*. Boulogne, it must be remembered, is little other than an English watering-place on the other side of the Channel. It has become enlarged, beautified, and is mainly supported by English money. Hence, when the Frenchmen toasted VICTORIA, it may be a matter of nice inquiry, whether they drank to the English Queen or the English—sovereign.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

WE are strikingly reminded of the presence of Autumn, and the consequent dearth of intelligence, by the *American aloes* and *Lilia lancifolia*, which are now in full bloom in the newspapers.

FLUNKEIANA.



French Maid, "YOU LIKE A—ZE—SEA—SIDE—M'SIEU JEAN THOMAS?"

John Thomas, "PAR BOKHOO, MANZELLE—PAR BOKHOO. I'VE—AW—BIN SO ACCUSTOMED TO—AW—GAIETY IN TOWN, THAT I'M—AW—A—MOST KILLED WITH ARNWEER DOWN HERE."

THE SEMPSTRESS AT HOME,
IN THE UNION AND THE GAOL.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—I WELL remember when MR. HOOD sang his *Song of the Shirt* in your pages. Ha, Sir! what a song was that! and how it seemed to touch and tremble upon the heart-strings of all England! We sempstresses thought that one little song had made the selfish world ashamed of itself; that a few lines of verse had carried compassion and Christian tenderness throughout the land. A lovely song, Sir, setting free, as by a charm, thousands and tens of thousands from the bonds of slavery. Fine ladies sang the song, as though converted by it from the carelessness of plenty to think kindly, tenderly, of the sufferings of the sempstress. People talked of the sisterhood of woman; and the slaves of the needle and thread smiled at the words, and, in their simplicity, thought there was really something true and beautiful in them.

"All this, however, passed away. I once heard MR. HUCKABACK observe, 'Songs are all very well to humbug the ignorant, but you can't set 'em to political economy.' Now, Sir, I don't exactly know what political economy is, but I'm told it's an economy that's to teach the poor to live upon nothing. And this I know—a many thousands of 'em every day learn a good deal of the lesson."

"But, Sir, my reason for addressing you is this. I am a shirt-maker, and am desirous of getting into the Union or the Penitentiary (whichever you may advise as best), that I may be able to eat a little more from my needle and thread than I am able to do in my own garret."

"You must know, Sir (and MR. ROPER, the Secretary to our Society

of Distressed Needlewomen will be my witness), that there's a Union where they take shirts from warehouses at 3½d. each, that—to keep life and soul together in the needlewoman that makes them—ought at least to be 1s. 9d. At Millbank Penitentiary and other prisons, sailors' jackets and soldiers' great-coats are made at the rates of 2½d. and 5d.

"Now, Sir, as the pauper woman gets a farthing for herself out of every 3½d., I am sure I should be much better off in the Union than in my own attic. Because the Union finds board and lodging and coals; and there is, at least, the extra farthing clear for little luxuries, such as snuff and tea. But, Sir, with rent and food to pay for, I must starve (I mean, Sir, I *do* starve) in my own garret, with never a farthing to spare at all. Therefore, Sir, I have made up my mind not to attempt any competition with my Parish, but to go into the Union at once, and enjoy the independence of the farthing."

"Or, Sir, as I feel my pride pretty well starved out of me, if you think I should do better in the Penitentiary, I think after a few trials with myself I would attempt to steal a roll, or a bun, or some trifle of the sort, to get comfortably committed. Once I should have died to think of such a thing; but—I am sure of it—'tis nothing better than conceit in such as me to think to work against the authorities. I can't work at either the Union or the Prison prices, and keep myself, but am content to take their 3½d. and 5d., with the understanding that they must keep me. We must all come to this sooner or later, and I may as well go among the first as the last."

"Your obedient Servant,

"SUSAN JONES."

"P.S. I've got a linnet and a geranium, and as I hear I mustn't take 'em either to the workhouse or the gaol, they're at your service, dear Mr. Punch, if you will do me the kindness to accept 'em."

THE VEGETARIANS.

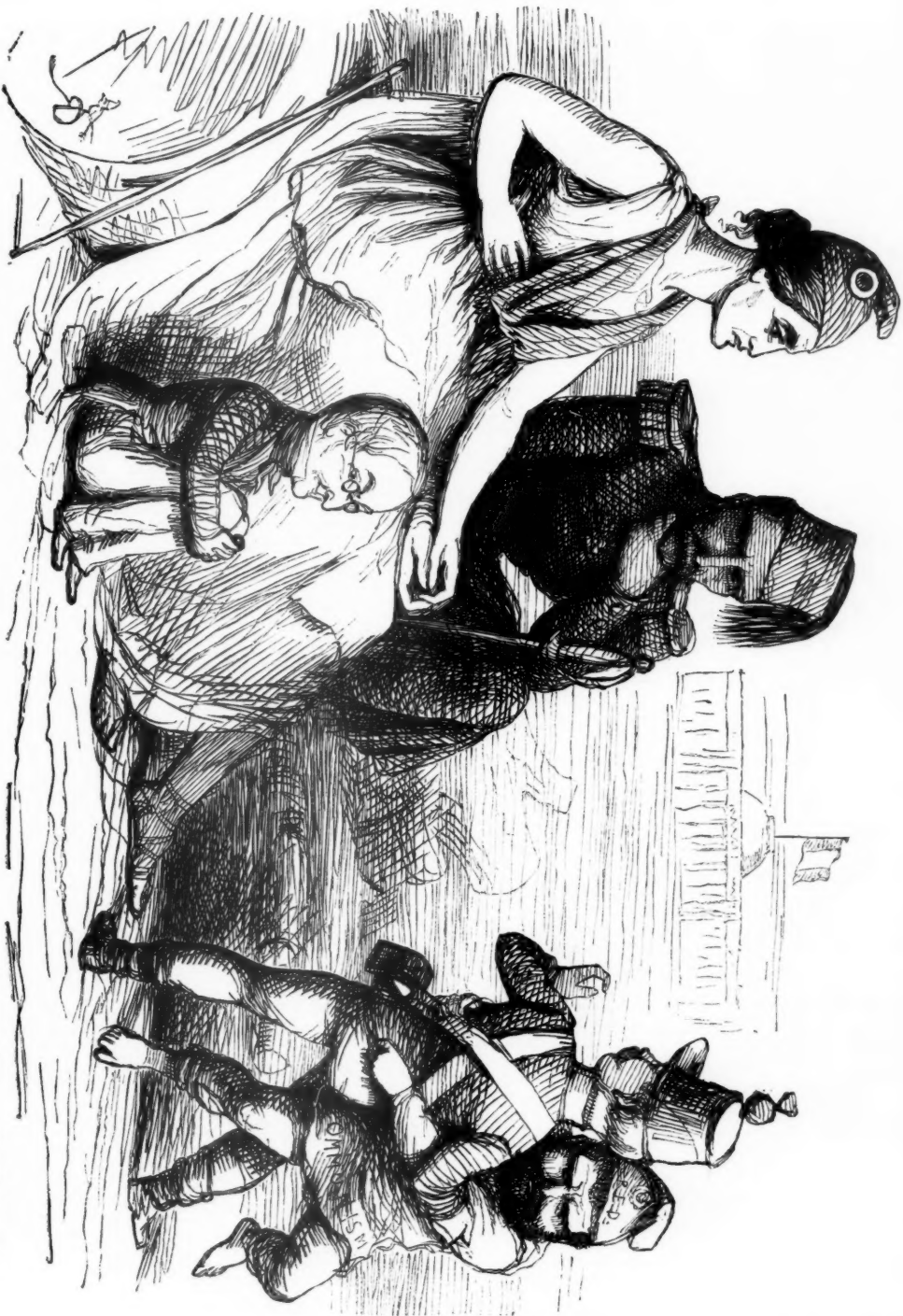
WE see by the papers that there is a society existing in Manchester, that devotes its entire energies to the eating of vegetables, and the members meet occasionally for the purpose of masticating mashed potatoes, and munching cabbage leaves. "Sweets to the sweet" is a popular maxim, and "Greens to the green" may fairly be applied to the Vegetarians. At one of their recent banquets, a party of 232 sat down to a couple of courses, in which sage and onions, beetroot, mushrooms, and parsley, were the principal luxuries. JOSEPH BROTHERTON, ESQ., M.P., the gentleman who is always wanting to get the House of Commons to bed by 12 o'clock, was in the chair, and proposed a series of toasts, which were drunk in plain water, and as several odd fish were present, they no doubt felt themselves quite in their element. We do not quite understand the principle upon which these gentlemen object to animal food; but if health is their object, we do not think that will be promoted by the mixture of messes they sat down to the other day at Manchester.

In addition to their sage and onions, they disposed of several dishes of plum-pudding—in itself as heavy as plumbago—almonds and raisins, cheesecakes, custards, grapes, gooseberries, sago, figs, and flummery. There is something very infantine in the pretended simplicity of this fare, for none but a parcel of overgrown children would sit down seriously to make a meal upon sweetstuff. We look upon the vegetarian humbug as a mere pretext for indulging a juvenile appetite for something nice, and we are really ashamed of these old boys who continue, at their time of life, to display a puerile partiality for pies and puddings.

The Future of the Royal Academy.

THE *Athenaeum* publishes a report, relative to the National Gallery, of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, composed of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, SIR ROBERT PEEL, and other legislators of all parties. "So that," observes our learned contemporary, "whatever party shall be in power, something will be done to enlarge and new front the National Gallery. Where will the Royal Academy go to?"

Considering what have been the doings of that same Society, we should like to know where the Royal Academy expects to go to?



LIBERTY.

THIERS.

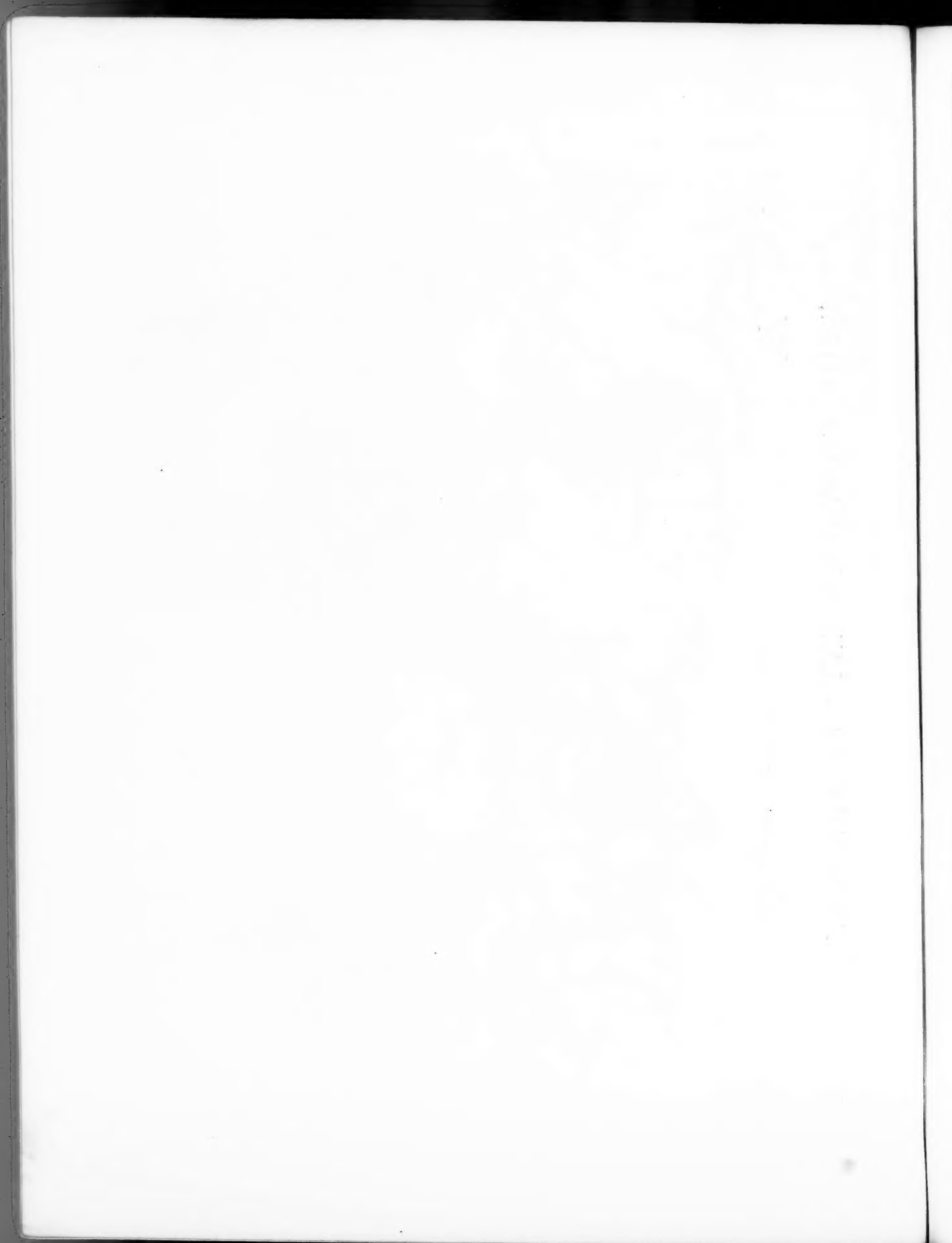
CAVAIGNAC.

GARDE MOBILE.

RED REPUBLICAN.

"THE CONVALESCENT" IN FRANCE.

[After Mulready.]



HEMIGRATION MADE HEASY.

TO LORD HASHLEY.

"SIR, "The Cabbys Hinstatute, Blue Postes. "Lookin hover the Times at our Hinstatute on Sattaday, I sea that 2 wimming have come up Before MR. HARNOLD, the Wushup Street Beak (whomb I ope he is quite well & know very hintimit) quaralen quite outragus (as there is no satisfyink some of em) about their usbands hemmygrating without them.

"Has I thought it mite interest I prigd the hextrack out of the paper, and send you the sam.

"The woman ANNE LOVINCK stated that in consequence of her husband, a cab-driver, being unable to procure employment, he determined to emigrate with herself and child to one of the colonies, and for that purpose, with a number of others, attended a meeting at the Irish Ragged School in the Minorities, at which LORD ASHLEY and many other influential persons were present. A subscription was then set on foot to provide a free passage to America for as many as the funds would cover, and the whole superintendence of the undertaking was intrusted to Mr. JACKSON, who placed her husband on the list of applicants. She and her husband both remained in the fullest conviction that she and the child would be sent out with him, until a short time before his embarkation, when to her astonishment she was informed that the funds were insufficient, and that the child and herself must remain behind. She subsequently sought an interview with the manager, Mr. JACKSON, and pointed out to him the hardship of their separation, but he told her he could not assist her, and that rather than thwart her husband's prospects it would be much better for her and the child to enter the workhouse. Her husband had now gone off to America in an emigrant ship called the Victoria, leaving his family entirely destitute."

"The other woman's usband went off without so much as with your leaf, or by your leaf.

"He left her and the infant in the morning, promising to be home at 10 o'clock at night, and she had never seen him since. She was involved in the deepest distress, the infant in her arms was dangerously ill, and she had no means of procuring support for herself or medical attendance for the child.

"MR. ARNOLD said, that it was so extraordinary a case that he should like to know what it all meant. He felt perfectly satisfied that LORD ASHLEY would not have contributed his money to an undertaking which had for its object the separation of husbands from their wives and families, leaving the latter in the position of destitute paupers; and as the fact of the second case coming so soon after the other rendered it a matter of much public importance, one of the officers must go at once to the house of the gentleman complained against, and request his attendance, with an explanation.

"MR. JACKSON stated that the object of the gentlemen present at the meeting referred to, in entering into the voluntary subscription, was to send out a number of reformed and repentant thieves and criminals, and that both of the brothers LOVINCK had represented themselves as convicted felons, and, therefore, qualified as the objects intended by the meeting. Numbers of such characters had waited upon him, for it was a work of months, and he felt satisfied he had accomplished a great deal of good. With regard to the wives, he was not at all aware that the younger brother was a married man, and although he knew that the other had a wife and child, it was distinctly understood that the husband was himself to provide the means of conveying her to his place of settlement.

"HOLLAND, the warrant officer, repeated the statement the first woman had made, that MR. JACKSON had advised her to go with her child into the workhouse, but that gentleman made no observation in reply.

"MR. JACKSON.—These men came to me representing themselves to be thieves and felons of seven, eight, or ten years' standing, and repeatedly convicted, and by so furthering their interests I was providing them with the means of becoming respectable and worthy members of society. I certainly should not have done so if they had not positively assured me they had led such a life.

"EMMA LOVINCK declared that there was not a word of truth in it; her husband was a shoemaker, and, though out of work, had never committed an offence in all his life.

"MR. JACKSON.—I assure you, Sir, I displayed the utmost caution in the execution of the office intrusted to me.

"MR. ARNOLD.—Must I do not think so. Did you make inquiry as to the men's former character of any one else but themselves?

"MR. JACKSON (hesitating).—Why, no; but they were in the company of known thieves and felons, and appeared to be conversant with the haunts and slang of such characters, and I founded my judgment of them upon that, which seemed to me satisfactory."

"Satisfactory—werry as far as it goes. But please let it be hall explained—for I think I'd like to take advantage of this hadmarable charaty.

"I ham myself in the cab line, No. 9999 by name, my life is ard, my work arder still, my wife scolds like a wixen, and my children heats like hoguers.

"Will it be necessary for me to commit a bugglary before I awail myself of the charaty, or will larny du, or 3 weeks which I ad for hovercharging a passenger and itting him hafterwoods about the Ed? Robbry I never yet dun—to ouise braking I'm awuss; but hif by a little on it I can git rid of my Missus and famly, and make myself comftable for life, present best compts to your Lordship, and saye Hime your Mann, and your Lordship's grateful Servant,

"NINTHOWNNDNINUNDERDANNINETYNINE."

Disqualification for Billingsgate.

We feel called upon to withdraw our nomination of the HON. CRAVEN F. BECKLEY as a fit and proper person to represent the electors of Billingsgate. By the publication of a very handsome apology to MR. ROUNDELL PALMER, the honourable gentleman has completely disqualified himself for the representation of that constituency.

THE CROWNING EVIL.



"TAKE away that bauble!" was the first exclamation that occurred to us when we saw one of the new Post Office crowns on the lamp-post in Fleet Street, that it is our almost daily lot to pass. With our well-known respect for the monarchy, we confess we felt it difficult to restrain ourselves from demanding the surrender of the diadem into our own hands, in order that we might for ever destroy such a shameful insult to Royalty. We should like to know who can have been the artist that has dared to desecrate the type of Monarchy by constructing a crown out of a couple of tin uprights, with an iron centre bit, and a rim of some inferior metal, relieved here and there by two or three ungainly-looking stars, cut apparently from the lid of an old saucepan.

We cannot, dare not, will not imagine the head of our beloved Sovereign block'd in this block-tin, the bare contemplation of which caused



our indignation to rise so high, that it only required a ladder to rise still higher, and "dash the bauble down." Fortunately for the security of the Crown, as represented in the street regalia furnished by the Post Office, it is "fixed on such a height" that, like *Richard the Third*, we feel we must "strain" our "inmost workings" to an extent that might jeopardise our braces, if we were to allow ourselves to be strung up to too high a pitch of indignation by the unseemly sight. We can very well understand the monarch who says,

"Uneasy is the head that wears a crown,"

if it was such a crown as the one at the Fleet Street Post Office that his most uncomfortable majesty had run his head against. SHAKESPEARE, when he lays down the beautiful proposition that—

"Crown's got by blood must be by blood maintained,"

must have had in his eye such a crown as this, which could not be maintained upon anybody's head without scratching it or tearing it in the most dreadful manner.

WHAT MAY BE BOUGHT FOR FIVE POUNDS!

If you are a married man, you may buy these luxuries for the small sum of £5!—

You may, with your clenched fists, beat your wife until her eyes shall be "dreadfully bruised and swollen."—For £5.

You may "take the bellows from her hand," and with them "strike her several blows upon the head," until she falls "senseless on the floor."—For £5.

You may further kick and beat her "while she is down."—For £5.

These things—free and enlightened Englishmen, blessed with laws that make you the envy of surrounding nations—these things you may do, if you have £5.

"But how"—you ask—"if I have not £5!"

Why, then, inhuman pauper—hard-hearted outcast—penniless miscreant—why, then, in default of payment of £5, you shall taste the bitterness of captivity and oakum-picking for two statute months!

For an illustration of this ennobling legal truth, see Marylebone Police Report, in the case of MICHAEL GORE, late of 25, Orchard Place, now on a two months' visit to COLONEL CHESTERTON, at the House of Correction.

MICHAEL GORE is punished—not, in very truth, for beating his wife—but for not having £5 to pay for it. Is not this the highest triumph of property?

Rebels' Weapons.

We take from the *Chronicle* the following paragraph, dated from Clonmel:—

"During the present harvest the wages of agricultural labourers have not exceeded an average of threepence a day, with diet—black bread or diseased potatoes—and in numerous instances so low as one penny per diem has been paid."

It is true there is a foolish, a wicked spirit of rebellion waking, and, tiger-like, watching, in Ireland: there are pikes, and guns, and pistols in the hands of knaves and fools. But, after all, are not the worst weapons against us to be found in that fatal three-pence a day—that filthy black bread—those loathsome potatoes? The penny per diem is harder to contend with than the hourly bullet.

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. IV.



AS YOU ARE LABOURING ON YOUR GREAT WORK (IN A STYLE, LET US ADD, EQUAL TO THE SUBJECT), LADY ANNA MARIA TOMNODDY'S COMPLIMENTS ARRIVE, AND SHE REQUESTS YOU WILL CAST YOUR EYE OVER THE ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPT IN SIX VOLUMES, "THE MYSTERIES OF MAYFAIR," CORRECT THE ERRORS, IF ANY, AND FIND A PUBLISHER FOR THE SAME.

N.B.—YOU HAVE IN YOUR BOOKCASE CAPTAIN BANGLES'S "BUFFALOES AND BANYAN TREES," IN MS.; THE REV. MR. GROWL'S "SERMONS TO A CONGREGATION AT SWANSEA," DITTO DITTO; MISS PIMINY'S "WILDFLOWER CORONAL, A WREATH OF VILLAGE POESY;" AND MR. CLAPPERTON'S SIX MANUSCRIPT TRAGEDIES; OF ALL OF WHICH YOU ARE REQUESTED TO GIVE YOUR OPINION.

"IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE PAPER?"

"WHITHER are we marching? Whereabouts are we now, and when are we going to stop? What is France, Germany, our dear little England, and all Europe about? And what is the Future preparing? What is to come of the institutions, faiths, ranks, honours, truths of the Old World; and are we coming to the general smash? Is the system by which the Past went on, found so incompetent to govern the Present, that we are going to repeal and abolish it utterly? If yesterday is all a doubt and an error, what a bewilderment to-day is, and what an awful perplexity to-morrow! Is it not time to think of emigrating to the United States, where some order is still left, or of retiring to the North Pole or the Desert, for quiet?"

As I sit in this railway-carriage, whirling down to Brighton at an infernal speed, borne along by a screaming engine which tears through the bowels of the earth, and before which rocks are cleft, and valleys are filled up; as I sit in this carriage, with the *Times* newspaper of this present Saturday in my lap, reading it until I am anon plunged into the sudden darkness of a tunnel underneath a mountain, or forced to lay it down, oppressed by that still more awful obscurity through which my own thoughts have to make an issue, there is no

wonder that the lady opposite, with the novel in her lap, stares aghast at the haggard countenance of the gentleman with whom she travels, and at the wildness of his eyes.

"Is there anything in the paper, Sir?" she says; for we had the honour of a trifling acquaintance.

"Anything in the paper! All the world is in the paper. This express train travels fast, but the world travels faster. Why, Madam, if you will but read what is written in the *Times* of this very day, it is enough for a year's history, and ten times as much meditation. If we have such a *Times* every day, life wouldn't bear it. How can we follow and remember such changes? The whole of Europe sends news, and every state is in revolution. States—we can't call them states any more: nothing is stable; it is overthrow after overthrow, a succession of convulsions. It is struggle, battle, barricade, murder, conspiracy, abortive or active everywhere.

"In Frankfurt there is a barricade, and one set of patriots firing against another. Because the majority of United Germany is for not making war with Denmark for the present, the friends of the minority tear up paving-stones, fire on flags of truce, and shoot down unarmed Deputies in cold blood. Men who were beloved patriots yesterday, are carried away to their homes stabbed and dying. A great red flag, surrounded by riflemen, flares out over upset omnibuses in the street, until artillery comes down and pounds them into flight.

"In Spain, 'Our Own Correspondent' says, a vast Montemolinist conspiracy is organised throughout the country, and about to burst on a given day. Meanwhile, the Government is engaged hourly in arresting, not the Montemolinists, but the Constitutional opposition.

"In Paris, they have just elected LOUIS-NAPOLÉON; the band of the National Guard is playing *Veillons au Salut de l'Empire*, and the people shouting out *Vive l'Empereur*. So who knows but that GENERAL CAVAIGNAC may be preparing to pack up his portmanteau, and to join LOUIS-BLANC and LOUIS-PHILIPPE in this country?

"Meanwhile the Red Republicans are organising with great alacrity, and after the chief of the Provisional Government has evacuated it, the Emperor may come in for his turn of exile.

"The Emperor being disposed of, and communism in permanence, the partisans of HENRY THE FIFTH will naturally have their chance. Their party is increasing daily in strength and favour, and the white cockade may take the place of the red one.

"In Petersburg, they have erected barricades too, and attempted a little murder; but this is as yet confined to the persons of a few physicians, who are accused of desiring to poison the people; and the revolters knelt down when the Emperor alone mounted the barricades, and told them that those defences could not keep out the Cholera. But who shall say, a practice of barricading having once been tried in a country, when that sort of experiment shall cease?

"All the towns of Sicily are barricaded against the Neapolitan enemy, except Messina, and that is blown up.

"In our own dear United Kingdom of Ireland and Great Britain, they are trying SMITH O'BRIEN and his associate leaders of the Ballingary fight in Tipperary, while other patriots are still robbing, and in arms in Waterford and Cork. The younger MITCHEL is represented as carrying out the precepts of his enthusiastic brother in exile, and engages with others in the pursuit of freedom, and in cutting down the crops.

"At Dublin, other advocates of liberty are tried for stabbing a policeman on his beat. And O'CONNELL, not having done anything in particular, yet longs to be tried too, and calls upon the LORD LIEUTENANT straightway to put him in the dock.

"In the Central Criminal Court, close by our own Newgate and Ludgate Hill, MR. WILLIAM DOWLING, a very mild and inoffensive young artist, is being tried with a number of his friends, martyrs to their political opinions. Their project, as announced by a witness (a traitor to their sainted cause, as it must be confessed), was a gallant one. It was concisely announced by the patriotic MULLINS. 'Mind, gentlemen, he said, 'our object is, if possible, to destroy the power of the QUEEN, and establish a Republic.' There was a general acquiescence in this, by every one. Some 'conversation' having then ensued, 'about vitriol and assassinating the police,' an honest fellow, by the name of ROSE, remarked—'We must first assassinate the police, pull down the station-houses, and build barricades.'

"So that, though we have had no barricades, nor much murder, for our parts, in London, yet we might have had them but for an untimely interference of the tyrants in power. Our city contained many Clubs, who had numbered off their 'fighting-men.' Besides the surveyors in the Crow's-nest of Saint Paul's, Liberty had appointed her men of

science, who had mapped out the they would put their red flags up.



butchered our police, and set up a republicanism form of government. All this is in the paper, Ma'am," I said.

"And anything more?" asked the opposite.

"Yes, indeed,—one thing more: there is the history of a nobleman cut off in the vigour of his life, powers, and fame—of one who had a great name yesterday, and was the chivalrous leader of a great English party. All the broils and battles of the Session were over; the triumphs, the turmoil, the excitement of attack, the cheers of friends, the discomfiture of enemies; a truce was sounded, and he was taking his rest after his labour. We were caricaturing him but yesterday, and his manly nature was the first to join in the good-natured laugh: to-day, and all is over, and he is to laugh, and cheer, and battle no more. No more jovial sounds of hound and horn for him; no more shouting on the course as the race passes by like a storm; no more cheering of companions in the House of Commons: in the midst of life, strength, and triumph almost, lo, the end comes, and the Loyal George goes down.

"The next day there appears that fatal notice in the *Times*—that column of inevitable history. Is it not awful to think of that necrographer who sits in some crypt in the *Times* office, and who, as sure as you die, will have your history in print! What will the sunrise be to you then, or the fame of a newspaper, or all the fights, revolutions, and conspiracies of all this struggling world?

"I think here is quite enough, then, in the *Times* paper of the 23rd. Besides, there are the advertisements and the Court Circular.

The Watchword of Order.

THE *Moniteur* has published a decree of GENERAL CAVAIGNAC relative to the Legion of Honour, commencing with what is equivalent to "Whereas." Ah! This is the style for a Proclamation. What an improvement upon "Frenchmen! Citizens!" and all that interjectional humbug. There is something solid and rational in "Whereas." It looks like business. Now we begin to have some hope of the French Republic. "Whereas," as an honest Hampshireman said when he had put sugar in his Claret, is "zummat like."

Write and Wrong.

THERE is to be a Grand Lottery of Books at Paris, at which the grand prize is to be 10,000 *Livres de Rentes*. This may be all very well for the Publishers, but we do not see what the Authors are to get by it. We suppose the Publishers will pocket the *Rentes*, and the authors will be left to fall upon their *Livres*? It scarcely required a lottery to prove this.

REPUBLICAN MAGNANIMITY.

A FINE instance of magnanimity has recently been given by the French Republican Government. From the statue of JOAN OF ARC in the palace of Versailles the name of the sculptor has been erased, because the artist happened to be MARIE, a princess of the fallen house of Orleans. We had flattered ourselves that there was already a republic of art as well as of letters, and that the late PRINCESS MARIE, as a member of the former republic, would have had her genius recognised and her memory respected by the present fraternal rulers of her country. If no other restoration should take place in France, we do at least hope to see the restoration of the name of the royal artist to her work, as well as a restoration of their original beauty to the public places in Paris, now so grievously disfigured by the lanky skeletons of dead Trees of Liberty.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

"Under the patronage of LORD ASHLEY and many other influential persons."—See "*Times*" Report.

PARTIES having wives and families to desert, are provided with a free passage to America, and every comfort, on application to MR. STIGSON, Scotch Ragged Schools, Minorities.

Honest men cannot be received, as this enterprise is only for the benefit of thieves and felons. Every attention paid to Burglars, and gentlemen already returned from the hulks. A fine opening for a few experienced cracksmen.

LOST, A PLANET.



OH, YES! OH, YES! This is to give notice, that the Planet called NEPTUNE has absconded, and it is not known where. He went out one night last month, and has not been seen since. It is supposed he has gone to meet the Comet, or that the vagabond is busy star-gazing. In either case any astronomer who meets him in his walks is requested to keep his eye upon him, as the said Planet is absent without leave, and has no right to be away sky-larking.

All Letters to be sent (pre-paid), to MONSIEUR LEVERRIER, at the Observatoire, Paris. The said Planet answers to the name of NEPTUNE, winks very much, and never keeps long in the same place. *Long live the Zodiac!*

ROYAL CARRIAGES AND CATTLE.

THE *Edinburgh Witness*, in reference to the QUEEN's visit to Scotland, says:—

"The Royal horses and carriages selected for the use of HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, on their visit to Balmoral, arrived in the harbour of Aberdeen on Monday afternoon."

Royal horses! We have heard of Royal tigers often, but never, till now, of a royal horse. There must also be a royal road leading somewhere, because it is said that there is none to Mathematics; but we can hardly fancy a carriage invested with the attribute of royalty. We should be seriously puzzled how to address a royal horse. Ought we to say, Wo! your chesnut Majesty? or, May it please your Royal Nagship to gee up? We should wish to observe all proper etiquette in talking to royal blood horses.

Gai Bono?

EVERYBODY is asking what on earth took LORD JOHN RUSSELL to Ireland? for, beyond a visit to the Castle and a few other complimentary calls, he might as well have been out of Erin, for he does not seem to have lent an ear to anything that the Irish people might have had to say to him. He, however, had much communication with the Lord Lieutenant; and the probability is, that the Premier, who is extremely fond of Constitutional inquiry, went to Ireland for the purpose of studying CLARENDON's *History of the Rebellion*.

THE NATIONAL EXCRESCENCE.

THERE is a person who keeps eternally advertising an "EFFICACIOUS CURE FOR CORNS, BUNIONS, AND CALLOSITIES, &c., WITHOUT CUTTING." We wonder if this man could enable us to cure that troublesome excrescence, Ireland, without cutting it.

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED STATUES.



ANOTHER statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is to be put up in the Tower, and in fact, London is becoming a sort of livery stable, where the Hero of Waterloo and his horse are being constantly put up. The Duke's head will soon be as familiar an object in the metropolis as the top of the monument or the dome of St. Paul's. The plume of his helmet has already begun to take its place among the established London weathercocks; and, as to his nose, there is scarcely a bridge on this side of Westminster that is half so conspicuous. There is hardly a street where the DUKE OF WELLINGTON may not be seen looking in at the top windows, or inhaling the smoke from the chimneys, or preparing to take a gentle trot over the tiles. As to poor NELSON, the DUKE OF YORK, and the two or three others scattered about town, they are completely lost in the crowd of DUKES OF WELLINGTON, who are beginning almost to jostle each other at every turn.

If we want a new site for a statue, we shall soon begin to find that "the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's horse stops the way." For it must be remembered that the steed generally shares with his master in this great game of thoroughfare cribbage, and that if the former needs one yard for his head, the other requires at least two for his heels.

THE SHERIFFS' LIVERIES.—(IMPORTANT.)

WE stop the press to announce that last week London was thrown into a state of delicious excitement by the exhibition of the new Sheriffs' (FINNIS and GOODHART'S) new liveries, destined for November the 9th. Could GOG and MAGOG condescend to pluck—could they so far forget the *moyen age*—as to creep into the coat and waistcoat of degenerate 1848, we think they would choose the cut of DOUDNEY and of CLIFFORD, as shown in their respective windows. The *Morning Chronicle* revels in each suit; "JEAMES" himself was never more ecstatic in a livery, which our gifted contemporary calls "a brilliant specimen of civic splendour!" Perhaps the gorgeousness of London is more largely developed in the livery of FINNIS, though there is an unspeakable mixture of taste and grandeur blushing unseen in the plush of GOODHART. As the reader has already concluded, all the footmen remaining in London visited the private view at DOUDNEY and at CLIFFORD'S; and, as is usual on similar critical occasions, partook of a champagne breakfast, doubtless the better to cultivate the purity of their opinions.

The coats are of spring green, embroidered up and down with chains and fetters, illustrative of the sterner duties of the shrievalty. The waistcoats and breeches are of kerseymere and plush; the waistcoats worked all over in golden letters with *fi. fa.*, and the breeches' pockets with *nulla bona*. Among the crowd of distinguished footmen there was just a sprinkling of sheriffs' officers, and they, viewing the embroidery, declared the execution perfect.

COINING LIKE BLAZES.

THE Two-Shilling Piece has made its appearance. They say it is very pretty. There is every chance, then, of its being snatched out of our fingers as soon as it is in our hands. The crown-piece was never circulated because it was found too beautiful. The Mint was afraid that people would wear them round their necks as ornaments, and that women would hide them in their stockings, as being much too pretty to spend. However, people do say that the Moneyer's Company set their faces against them, and that the amalgamation of silver and brass was found not to mix at all. It seems that these gentlemen do all the coins by contract; that is to say, they clip a fourpenny-piece as much as they can, in order to get the greatest possible profit out of it. Their motto is "Never say die," unless they pocket a very handsome percentage out of every one they strike. This is the reason why the five-shilling pieces went up like sky-rocket pieces, creating a great blaze for the moment they were

up; but when the public looked for them they found nothing but the sticks that issued them. In the same manner, we suspect, will the two-shilling pieces shoot up, shine, and disappear.

"AN EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS."

OUR suggestive contemporary, the *Builder*, who has laid the foundation, occasionally, of some of our jokes, gave forth a suggestion not long ago, that glass doors might be adapted to houses



with considerable effect. We have heard of people living in glass houses, and it has been said they are the last persons who ought to throw stones; but as our population has not arrived at that pitch, we think the objection would not apply, at all events to the experiment of beginning, as it were, with glass doors. There are numerous advantages to be derived from such an arrangement; and, in the first place, it would be highly desirable that a dun or a bailiff knocking at the door, under the false pretence of a visitor, should at once be seen through—which he would be if the door were of glass; and by being kept out, he would at all events be debarred from the right of saying that his debtor had let him in.

The usual excuse of "not at home" might, in some instances, become rather transparent, if a glimpse of the denied individual should be caught; but an inner door of some opaque material would provide against this disagreeable contingency.

In the matter of wine, the glass would frequently save the bottle; for if a dining-room door were made of glass, no wine-bibbing butler could, without detection, drain the last drop of the generous liquor, of whose generosity he takes an undue advantage, when he consumes its entire substance by a single draught.

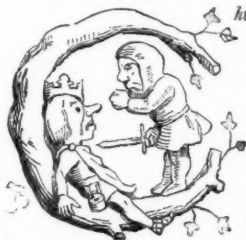


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PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

FURTHER PROGRESS OF THE LIBERTIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION.
A FEW WORDS ABOUT KING JOHN AND MAGNA CHARTA.



*hi va sano va piano** is an Italian proverb, which, when education has so many irons in the fire—Italian-irons of course included—we need not translate; but it is a proverb exceedingly applicable to the progress of our Constitution, which perhaps derived its quality of *forte* from the very *piano* character of its gradual development.

Were we to follow the example of our fanciful French neighbours, and give an allegorical representation of Liberty, we should typify her under the form of a slow coach, which, in the

absence of any determined patriot to put his shoulder to the common weal, would frequently remain for years in exactly the same position. The great political vehicle achieved something in the way of progress under HENRY THE FIRST, who had robbed his elder brother ROB of the British crown, or rather had bought him out of the concern with an annuity of which the instalments were not long kept up with due punctuality. When the instalments got into arrears, ROBERT expressed a wish to be paid off, and he was paid off by imprisonment in the Castle of Cardiff until his death—an early instance of fraternity, resembling in quality the specimens of the same article, with which the French Republic has recently favoured us.

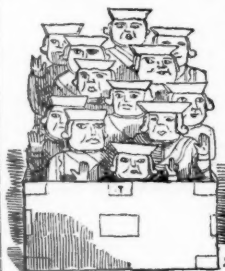
HENRY being thoroughly aware that his conduct towards his own family would not entitle him to respect, adopted the course usually followed by men who behave ill at home, and courted out-door popularity. Though he had cheated and ill-treated his brother, he started as a philanthropist upon a large scale, and like many others in a humbler sphere—the would-be heroes of Trafalgar, for example, who met with such a severe cross in that noted Square—whose private actions are heartless, oppressive, and fraudulent, he was seized with a wonderful amount of tenderness towards his species in general. He became a wholesale dealer in the milk of human kindness, taking good care, like others in the same line, to keep all the cream to himself; and he relaxed the rigour of the laws because he knew that if too much strictness prevailed, his right to the crown might undergo some awkward questioning.

Pretending to be the friend of enlightenment, he abolished the curfew, that extraordinary arrangement which enforced the putting out of all the candles in the kingdom just as it was getting dark, which was, of course, the only time when they would be wanted. The curfew was one of those institutions which, assuming to take a parental view of the people, decreed that sunset was the proper time for all good children to go to bed; but the arrangement was of course prejudicial to the few lights of the age, and particularly to the development of that wonderful composition-candle which has grown, as it were, upon the fat of the land, and to whose wick—if we may be allowed the allegory—we all of us so cheerfully cotton—the light of Liberty. The curfew, by putting an extinguisher—after a certain hour—upon every light in the realm, from the “mould of fashion” to the dip of no particular form, was felt as a hardship upon all classes, and particularly upon those who, before the latch-key had opened the door to midnight revelry, were not permitted to keep sitting up for them even the rushlight, that beautiful type of domestic patience, shining appropriately, like modest merit, in the shade. It has been beautifully said by SPELMAN, that the light of science received material aid from the abolition of the curfew; for, as the candles were permitted to burn all night, it was necessary that some one in every family should be up to snuff, and hence knowledge began to spread among the whole people.

Under HENRY THE SECOND, Liberty, which had previously been making a series of imperfect hops, began to take large strides, and Trial by Jury—emblemed by twelve men in a box—began to start up again, after a long repose; for it is a curious fact that these twelve men in a box have appeared and disappeared, upon the principle of the Jack-in-the-box, at frequent intervals in our Constitutional history.

* We would not insult our readers by inserting a translation of this in the text; but lest some melancholy ignoramus may require enlightenment, and instinctively drop down among the notes, we tell him that our own saying, “Slow and sure,” amounts to the same thing as the Italian proverb we have quoted.

It was his successor JOHN, however, who gave himself all the exaggerated airs of a royal Jack-in-office, and, treating the prerogative as if it had been made of caoutchouc, stretched it to such a degree, that it must have cracked if he had not let go his hold, and allowed it to shrink into such littleness as it never need have known had he been expert in handling it. The humiliated sovereign having roused the discontent of the whole country, found himself without resources, and was at last glad to put his name to a bill which the Barons had drawn and offered for his acceptance at Runnymede. England still lives upon the interest attached to that glorious bill, which takes the name of Magna Charta to distinguish it from other promissory notes of Royalty which have been, in early days, shamefully dishonoured; but this valuable security has been endorsed from reign to reign, and every succeeding sovereign has never failed to put a fresh name upon the back of it.



TWELVE JACKS IN THE BOX.

We suspect that, as far as the great majority of our countrymen are concerned, Magna Charta is little more than a great constitutional Mrs. Harris; for, although everybody talks about, very few have read or seen this marvellous guarantee for our rights and liberties. We regret to be obliged to strip off much of the gilt that adorns this magnificent lump of historical and truly wholesome gingerbread, by announcing the fact that its chief provision was the equalising of weights and measures; so that, if it raised the social scale, it had an opposite effect upon scales in general. It secured to the villain his implements of tillage, or rather, it looked upon the owners of spades as trumps playing the game of life with their hands, and deserving of every encouragement. Magna Charta declared also that no freeman should be imprisoned; but somehow or other mistakes often happened afterwards, by the incarceration of a *liber homo*—the lawyers doubtless holding that “upon being imprisoned he was no longer free, and that, consequently, upon his coming within the jail, he no longer came within the statute.”

This venerable principle of drawing nice distinctions without differences has descended to us from our very earliest lawyers; and there is

DRAWN AFTER THE QUICKIE



no doubt that the modern judge was backed by an ancient precedent when he declared, in the celebrated Duck case—which has since become a leading case, from *duco*, to lead—that “a dead duck by induction is no duck at all,” and acquitted the thief who stole the living duck, because the dead duck, when laid on the floor of the court, did not seem properly laid in the indictment, and had not a leg to stand upon as against the prisoner.



The Charter provided also that justice should never be sold—a provision that would seem at first sight to annihilate all lawyers' bills; but when we recollect the enormous difference between justice and law, we see at once that the prohibition against the sale of the one could not in any way affect the practice of charging most extravagantly for the other. Notwithstanding all its drawbacks, Magna Charta was valuable as a collection of rare old clap-traps; and it was at least satisfactory to the people to be told that certain rights and privileges belonged to them, though, how the prize was to be got at, might not have been very obvious. In the frame-work of our Constitution, Magna Charta figures rather more for ornament than use, since, notwithstanding its arrangements for equalising weights and measures, every housekeeper knows that Magna Charta does not prevent him from getting an ounce, occasionally, short in a pound of tea; and, as long as old TIME's hour-glass shall exist, the sand will run into the grocer's sugar cask. We must

not, however, be supposed to undervalue the great caligraphic effort of JOHN, whose signature was the happy result of the numerous lessons he had received from the barons. So pleased were they with their bargain, that they were always calling meetings for the purpose of having the proceedings at the last meeting at Runnymede read and confirmed, until Magna Charta had been signed and re-signed so often that poor JOHN could do nothing but resign himself to the task, which kept him almost perpetually with a pen in hand, and wore out "his nibs," as the courtiers were familiarly in the habit of calling him.

Having traced our Constitution as far as Magna Charta, we pause in reverence over that venerable parchment, and shall leave the reader to digest that astounding and most satisfactory roll in the interval between this and the ensuing chapter.



THE SERPENTINE REPORT OF COMMISSIONERS.

We have been favoured with a sight of a Report about to be forwarded to the Woods and Forests by the gentlemen employed in surveying this elegant sheet of water. It embraces several heads; and, we need not say, strongly condemns any interference with its present condition.

With regard to the greenness of the water, of which so much has been said, they find it due to a beautiful little plant exquisitely organised, under the microscope, and which MR. HASSALL calls the *Stick-to-skin vericlos*. This plant has been sent to DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, who finds that it is composed of the same elements as cabbages and green peas; and the reporters suggest, that instead of destroying this valuable matter, that a highly economical use might be made of it in the making of green soup for charitable Institutions. The reporters also found that the green colour of the skin produced by this plant, after bathing, might be easily removed by gently sponging the body with a diluted solution of muriatic acid.

The next point examined by the reporters was the deep holes alleged to exist in this piece of water. They found these holes to vary in depth from twenty to forty feet, in addition to several feet of black massive mud; but, in consideration of the number of persons employed by the Royal Humane Society in rescuing persons from drowning in these holes, and the moral benefit of persons subscribing to such a Society, they do not recommend that these holes be filled up, or that any alteration be made in the present dangerous character of the whole bottom of the Serpentine.

The reporters had observed several lizards in a very lively state, as well as innumerable animalcules, which could not have existed if the waters of this place were so unfavourable to animal life as was ordinarily supposed.

As another reason for continuing the Serpentine in its present condition, the reporters had found that the number of bathers had been reduced from three thousand daily, to five hundred; and they feel assured that anything which could thus deter so large a number of reckless youths from playing with so dangerous a temptation as deep water, could not be wished to be removed by an enlightened and civilised community.

With such powerful reasons for keeping things as they are, we feel that our Serpentine Reformers will not have another word to say.

QUERY.—Are not the French going fast enough to the Devil without calling a Cab-eh? (CABET!)

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND ON TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.



AGRICULTURE draws forth the natural man. He cannot, let him be sophisticated as he may, forget the original ADAM. The sweet smell of the country awakens his old love—lulled to sleep, it may be, by the whirl of London carriage wheels—for his mother earth. All objects that remind him of tillage, of seed-time, and harvest-time, draw forth his purer tastes; and man is never so truthful as at an Agricultural Meeting. Therefore was it with peculiar delight that we read the speech of the DUKE OF RUTLAND at the recent Waltham

gathering. His Grace spoke to farmers; and—

"He assured them that he had always felt, and that he always should feel, a superior pleasure in finding himself in the village street rather than in the crowded ways of the great city, in associating with the honest yeomanry of England rather than with that society which he should have to mix with in the metropolis, and in visiting the interior of the humble cottage of the honest and independent labourer than in visiting the splendid mansions of the great." [Loud cheers.]

His Grace has mixed alike in village life and in London life—he has alike visited the mansions of the great, and the thatched cottages of bedgers and ditchers—and he acknowledges purer happiness in the village street than in May Fair, and has tasted sweeter repose on the three-legged stool of DAME DUCKWEED than on the velvet ottomans of the DUCHESS OF DIAMONDS. We have before heard the same sort of preference avouched at the Coburg Theatre, and the gallery—like the Waltham farmers—exploded in loud cheers: nevertheless, we attributed the sentiment to the harmless spirit of clap-trap; to the excusable desire, on the part of the bard, to obtain a burst of applause at any cost. We beg his pardon: he was right. We beg pardon of the galleries: they were right. We erred in our cynicism and our ignorance; and therefore beg additional pardon of the DUKE OF RUTLAND and the Waltham farmers.

How are the medals reversed—how are the tables turned—by the confession of his Grace! He has tested city and village, lowly cottage and splendid mansion, and is happiest when with the humblest! It is clear, then, that the honest yeomanry, the lowly cottager, are the people to be really envied, and the Peers the unhappy individuals to be much commiserated. The burthen of life is in the coronet; the weight, dragging the wearer to the earth, in the ermine and velvet. Happy, thrice happy, the gaitered leg, bound and cramped by no gold-and-purple-garter; light the rustic breast that carries not an Order!

"Ye cl-dhoppers of England,
That quaff the nut brown beer,
How little do you think upon
The sorrows of the Peer!"

At length, however, the honest souls of Waltham must be awakened to the sufferings of the Duke, when distant from the village street, and seated under the fretted ceilings of the great. At such hours, the yeoman and labourer must feel their superiority to his Grace—must acknowledge their better cast in life—seeing how very much he prefers its lowliness to his own gilded condition!

We marvel, however, that men, oppressed by the burden of wealth and state, and finding their best enjoyment in a village street, and on a cottage stool, do not resolutely make up their minds to put their sincerity beyond question. History gives us several instances of royal abdication; but we do not remember any case in which even an Earl—much less a Duke—bade farewell to his state, and became a humble cottager. Very probably the original example is reserved for the DUKE OF RUTLAND. After what he has said, he will by no means take us by surprise, should he set aside his robes and coronet, undo the garter from his leg, pack up his Orders in silver paper, and appear, for the rest of his days, like COMUS, "some harmless villager." And whereas the cell of CHARLES THE FIFTH became a place of pilgrimage, so in due course of years the "humble cottage" of labourer RUTLAND may become a shrine, whereat the pomps and vanities of the world may swallow wholesome medicine.

As MADAME TUSSAUD will never die, posterity may hope to see, duly advertised—"The DUKE OF RUTLAND as an honest and independent labourer, seated on his original three-legged stool, when finally retired from the mansions of the great."

In conclusion, we beg to assure his Grace that it has given us great pleasure to chronicle his sentiments upon the superiority of village streets to metropolitan highways, and honest yeomanry to "that society" that is ignorantly understood to be the politest and the best.

A SET OF GRINDERS.—Oxford Street has been blockaded now for upwards of a month. Our Paving Commissioners evidently think that the London thoroughfares should be treated like teeth—when a little decayed, they ought to be carefully stopped.

LIBERTY'S VISION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO PARIS.

DEEP in her cell sick Liberty heard a hurry and a hum,
And she lifted up her aching head, and wondered who might come:
"Though little matters it to me," quoth she, as she turned round,
And felt, amazed, her lips were gagged, and hard her wrists were bound.

Then wearily her fettered hands she press'd across her brow:
"Have I been drunk, or dreaming? Am I mad or sober now?
What memory is this I have of struggle, shot, and shout,
Of King Mob sea-like sweeping in, and KING LOUIS slinking out?"

Could that be me, red flag in hand, astride a barricade?
Wast't *my* voice, that club-clamour, that made the world afraid?
Is this *I*, in a strait waistcoat, to a prison-pallet shrunk—
Eh? What? How? Why? I really must have been extremely drunk.

I suppose some good souls caged me here to keep me out of harm—
Well—if ever I—" but here again broke in that strange alarm;
And Liberty, to listen at the grate her ear inclined,
And the far-off whisper of a name came to her on the wind.

What was there in that name that made her, all her chain's length, start?
What was there in that name that drove the blood back on her heart?
That struck her, faint and shivering, with clasped hand and failing knee—
"Oh, not like him—oh, not like him may his Nephew prove to be!"

Still I feel *his* scourge upon my back, *his* brand upon my brow;
Thro' Russia's snows or Egypt's sands I do his will e'en now.
Once more before his slavish work I seem to hold a blind,
Again light up false beacons for that wrecker of mankind.

I have had grinding masters, but none that ground like him;
Tyrants have baited me for sport, and whipped me for a whim—
Fools have held dominion o'er me—of slaves I've been the slave—
And lightly went I to the block, and as lightly left my grave.

But could Death have pass'd upon me for ever and a day,
Ne'er had I risen from the tomb where *he* my bones did lay,

Piling a-top, from spoil of war, a towering trophied mass,
Which, like *his* power, was based in clay, altho' its head was brass."

So speaking, Lady Liberty had dragged her to the grate,
And there she saw the Nephew ride by in solemn state;
The crowd to gaze upon him, no martial music drew,
Unless 'twere the small trumpet that for himself he blew.

He comes!—"The same!" cries Liberty—"The very same—'tis flat—
Eagle! jack-boots!!! well-known grey coat!!! and better known
cocked hat!!!!

Alas! alas! But, as the form more narrowly I scan—
Hat, coat, and boots—I see them all—but where, then, is *THE MAN*?"

Showering its tinsel crosses, the phantom moves along,
While to the shadow of a shade low lout the applauding throng;
With hiss and bray, in Freedom's name those chariot-wheels they grace,
Where Freedom, erst a captive, walked with bowed and burning face.

Poor Liberty, lugged from her cell, must stand without demur,
To see, borne by, a hideous Guy, which men adore for her,
Crowned with her cap, and carried (scarce the gag her groan can smother)
By a litterateur at one end, and a soldier at the other.

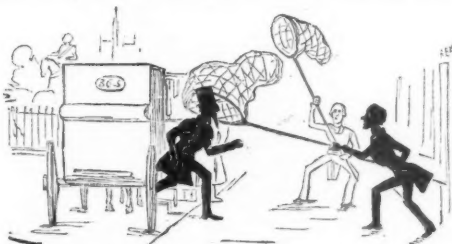
And still as moves the cavalcade, the Future looketh down
With scorn on him that gripeth still at a ghostly iron crown,
And the brass bands that blow in front, and the brazen bands that follow,
All play one tune, whose burden still is "Hollow, hollow, hollow."

Yes: as the shrewd bagged eagle, that, when he should have flown
To the columns, in the Prince's cause, sought the tripe-shop in his own,
To that fierce bird whose talons grasp'd the thunderbolt of war,
That swoop'd from northern snow-steppe to African Sahar;

As the return from Elba to Boulogne's unlucky "do,"
As the sawdust strife of ASTLEY's to the real Waterloo,
So is the BUONAPARTE of word to the BUONAPARTE of deed—
He that rides there, to him that sleeps within the Invalides!

KIDNAPPING IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE days of the old Venetian
Doges are nothing to these days of
new dodges, in which a man may be
suddenly pounced upon and carried
off against his will, not perhaps to
a dungeon, but to some gloomy apart-
ment in a Leicester Square hotel.
It is true he is not liable to be laid
hold of by the Shirri, who once used
to excite such terror, nor by the
familiars of the Inquisition, but he
may be clutched by those horrible
familiars in the form of waiters, who
tout à tout prix for the rival hotels
in the neighbourhood of Leicester
Square, of which they are the repre-
sentatives. The rattling of a cab-wheel
upon the unwary traveller; and no sooner do the landlords of the

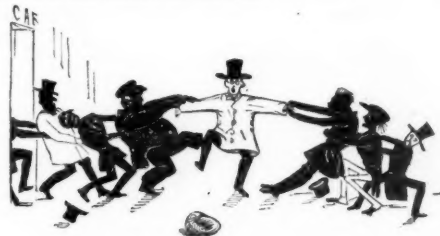


two opposition houses catch the distant rumbling of a vehicle than they summon their myrmidons as MACHEATH would have assembled his band, singing—

"Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
Now the hour of attack approaches;
To your posts, brave boys, be bold,
Let the cabmen beat their horses,
To the 'fare' direct your forces,
On them you must lay your hold."

The neighbourhood of Leicester Square is becoming a sort of miniature
Terracina, infested with rival *Fra Diavoli*, who affect a degree of
courtesy in the treatment of their captives, and politely demand the

ransom-money that is exacted, in the form of a regular hotel bill.
Every attention is shown to the kidnapped travellers; a Bill of Fare
is set before them, and choice wines are presented; but all this does
not compensate for the terrific struggle in which they are involved
when the booty they are expected to furnish is the object of a scramble
between the rival competitors for the spoil.



We have heard of some heart-rending incidents that have occurred,
in the separation not only of travellers from their carpet-bags, but of
wives from their husbands, ladies from their dressing-cases, children
from their parents, razors from their strops; and we have known one
dreadful instance of a gentleman who was carried to one hotel while
his clean shirt-front, his only luggage and the only friend of his bosom,
was lying as a neglected parcel in the hall of the rival establishment.
But perhaps the most lamentable case of all, is that of a distracted
father with nine children, who being attacked by the rival touters, was
compelled to effect the horrible compromise of handing over four of his
helpless innocents to one of his assailants, and surrendering himself
into the hands of the other, with his five remaining little ones.

Nothing more affecting than this has happened since the appalling
—but fortunately apocryphal—affair of the travellers in the Pyrenees,
who, followed by a flock of wolves, threw out, one by one, their babes,
to assuage the ravenous appetites of their pursuers. The wolves in the
ravine of Leicester Place are not so easily satisfied, but must have an
entire family to glut upon, and every traveller becomes a bone of con-
tention, under the snappings and snarlings of the voracious tribe.
Would that the beadle were a VAN AMBURGH, to act as a brute-tamer
in this fearful locality! for, while it is infested by that most formidable
of animals *ferce nature* a touter, there can be no sense of security for
the voyager, who should avoid as he would a jungle, or a *loup hole*, the
precincts of Leicester Square.

LIBERTY'S VISION OF



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO PARIS.



DIRTY FATHER THAMES.

FURRY river, filthy river,
Foul from London to the Nore,
What art thou but one vast gutter,
One tremendous common shore?

All beside thy sludgy waters,
All beside thy reeking ooze,
Christian folks inhale nephitis,
Which thy bubbly bosom brews.

All her foul abominations
Into thee the City throws;
Thence pollutions, ever churning,
To and fro thy current flows.

And from thee is brew'd our porter—
Thine, thou gully, puddle, sink!
Thou, vile cesspool, art the liquor
Whence is made the beer we drink!

Thou, too, hast a Conservator,
He who fills the civic chair;
Well does he conserve thee, truly,
Does he not, my good Lord Mayor?



A BAD JOB FOR BADEN.



HE readers of the advertisements—which are really the most interesting department of the newspapers just now—must have been struck by the occasional appearance of an announcement from Baden-Baden, as to the continued tranquillity and undisturbed gaiety of that most diminutive of Duchies. Travellers had been informed that the hotel charges were as moderate, the Grand Duke as accessible, and his brass band as well conducted, as usual; and that “bed and breakfast,”

including a presentation at Court, with “no fees to servants,” either at the inn or at the palace, might be had at the customary reasonable figure. The Grand Duke himself was clearly at the bottom of these little commercial puffs for the Duchy, as he naturally might be, for his revenue depends a great deal upon strangers.

We are not sure that a suite of apartments taken for six months certain would not purchase a Marquisate, at least, for the fortunate visitor, and six days’ board and lodging paid for in advance, insure a Knightsip of the Golden Kangaroo, or some other Order at the disposition of the Grand Dukedom. The very last advertisement, issued only a few days ago, contained the following very enticing paragraph:—

“Our delightful valley, which has not been agitated by the least political disturbance, affords its numerous visitors the most secure and attractive retreat. Concerts and fêtes succeed each other . . . The magnificent conversation saloons have never been frequented by more brilliant and sociable assemblies. Of the many families of the highest rank residing amongst us, we may mention their Royal Highnesses,” &c., &c.

Here comes a long list of Royalties, including some half-dozen families of the tremendous house of Furstenberg, and a catalogue of Serenities, whose serenity did not appear to be threatened by any convulsions—such convulsions as Revolutions in their infancy experience when beginning to show their teeth; and it was added that numbers had resolved to spend the winter in this Elysium of fourteen acres by six, which we believe is the extent of the Duchy.

Unfortunately, when people are just beginning to think about their passports for Baden, under the impression that,

“Oh, if there’s peace to be found in the world,
The Tourist that’s anxious may meet with it there,”

they are startled by the frightful intelligence, in a third edition of the *Times*, headed

“REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN BADEN.”

The “peaceful valley” is in a regular revolutionary storm. The “magnificent conversation saloons” are cleared by a *sauve qui peut*; the bank of the *ronge et noir* table is in the hands of the Provisional Government, intent on providing for itself in the first instance; and “the public chest,” with its entire contents of small change, and the whole of the money taken at the *caf  * on the preceding evening, is in the hands of the insurgents. Those who were in the act of taking ices, chocolate, or anything else of the kind, received formal notice that they were to hand over the cups, the glasses, the spoons—when done with—and the price of the refreshment, to the red and always ready Republicans. MR. STRUVE was the leader of this uncomfortable affair, and, breaking in upon the *sor    * at Baden, proved himself a very nice young man for a small party of Radicals. It was in vain that a counter-movement was attempted at the counter, and an effort made to save the wine-cellars; for the insurgents blockaded all the ports—six dozen—in the name of the Republic; at the same time threatening the keepers of the Restaurant if they attempted a restauration.

DESCENT OF AN EAGLE.

LAST week, during the sitting of the National Assembly of France, an eagle perched upon one of the benches. For a short time there was considerable excitement in the Chamber, all eyes being directed towards the imperial bird—the legendary thunder-bearer. After a time, it was satisfactorily discovered that the bird was perfectly harmless: there was not an inch of thunderbolt between its claws, and it behaved itself in the tamest manner possible. No cockatoo fed on sugar and toast could have done better. It had been predicted that the eagle—for its descent was by no means unexpected—would show very carnivorous propensities. But there is now every belief that the royal bird has made up its mind to forget all sorts of regality, and to live on bloodless corn, like the most peaceable poultry of the Republic.

THE PILGRIM OF CHANGE.

AIR—“*The Pilgrim of Love.*”

Now Europe is all in a state of commotion,

One turbulent scene of insensate revolt,

Unruly as Bedlam, St. Luke’s, or the ocean,

And Princes abscond and their Ministers bolt.

Like scared birds of passage, on double-quick pinions

What numbers of foreigners, seedy and strange,

Flock o’er to HER MAJESTY’S peaceful dominions!—

No host but JOHN BULL for the Pilgrim of Change!

KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE here at Claremont is lurking,

And GUIZOT in some place is lying perdu;

And hither we’ve had MASTER LOUIS BLANC shirking—

Perhaps we shall soon have CAVAIGNAC here too.

Amongst us old METTERNICH also’s in hiding,

In somebody’s castle, or mansion, or grange:

All exiles of rank are in England abiding—

No host but JOHN BULL for the Pilgrim of Change!

It is likely enough that the Monarch of Prussia

Our guest will become before Time has sped far,

And should Revolution extend into Russia,

We may see you here some day, likewise, MR. CZAR.

To-morrow the steadiest throne may reel over,

The firmest of dynasties chance may derange;

Each sovereign will find, when he’s forced to turn rover,

No host like JOHN BULL for the Pilgrim of Change!

CHARLES ALBERT is King of Sardinia at present,

And QUEEN ISABELLA is ruler of Spain;

But who can assure them that something unpleasant

May not suddenly shorten of either the reign?

A rival may triumph—the people’s affection

This, that, or the other offence may estrange;

There’ll be, if their lieges should cut their connexion,

No host but JOHN BULL for the Pilgrim of Change!

Just now things are in such a terrible tangle,

That it would by no means surprise us to see

Both MARSHAL RADETSKY and GENERAL WRANGEL

Take refuge in this little Isle of the Free—

To hear, for no matter what Prince or Commander,

That MIVART apartments was bid to arrange;

For hither such exiles are certain to wander—

No host but JOHN BULL for the Pilgrim of Change!

E’en PIUS THE NINTH, if the tempest should shake him,

Could hardly obtain an asylum elsewhere;

To England he too would be forced to betake him,

Establishing here his pontifical chair.

With the POPE we could form diplomatic relations,

To Rome without having the trouble to range;

His HOLINESS crying, “Oh! nation of nations!”—

No host but JOHN BULL for the Pilgrim of Change!

THE MARCH OF MORALITY.

THE following appears in the midst of a linendraper’s advertisement:

“SEVERAL ASSISTANTS WANTED.—None need apply but men of high moral attainments, good abilities, courteous demeanour, determined energies, and strict integrity of character.”

We were not aware that “high moral attainments” were required to get off “fifty thousand straw bonnets;” assist at “alarming sacrifices;” officiate at “tremendous failures;” help to “give things away;” and perform the last sad duties of “clearing off one hundred per cent. under cost price,” by way of climax to “another awful bankruptcy.” We can comprehend the necessity for “determined energies” in a linendraper’s assistant, for his duty seems to consist in encumbering people with what they do not want; preventing them from getting what they do; and tempting them to the purchase of dozens or half-dozen of an article of which only one is required. We have often been victimised by the determined energies of an individual who has emptied our pockets of cash, in exchange for bits of ribbon, pieces of sheeting, or rolls of jaconot, merely because they happened to be “remnants” that we might have for a series of mere nothings, amounting in the aggregate to something rather inconvenient. The “high moral attainments” needed for this sort of thing, remain to us a mystery.

THE WORSEST OF THE WORSEERS.

AMONG the names of magistrates lately dismissed in Ireland for joining in the Repeal Movement, we find that of MR. DENNIS SHINE LALOR. We presume this gentleman will be obliged to drop at least one of his appellations, for by his dismissal the SHINE is completely taken out of him.

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. V.



THE PRINTER'S BOY IS SITTING IN THE HALL; THE EDITOR HAS WRITTEN TO SAY THAT YOUR LAST CONTRIBUTIONS ARE NOT UP TO THE MARK, AND THAT YOU MUST BE MORE FUNNY, IF YOU PLEASE. MR. SNIP, THE TAILOR, HAS CALLED AGAIN THAT MORNING; YOU HAVE A SPLITTING HEADACHE, FROM A TRANSACTION OVER-NIGHT, AND AS YOU ARE WRITING AN EXCEEDINGLY LIGHT AND HUMOROUS ARTICLE, YOUR DEAR ANNA-MARIA WISHES TO KNOW HOW YOU DARE DINE AT GREENWICH, AND WITH WHOM YOU DINED?

I SUPPOSE SHE FOUND THE BILL IN YOUR COAT-POCKET. HOW CHANGED ANNA-MARIA IS FROM WHAT SHE WAS WHEN YOU MARRIED HER! AND HOW UNCOMMONLY ILL-TEMPERED SHE HAS GROWN!

TO CUFFEY IN MISFORTUNE.

DEAR MR. CUFFEY,

As I read over your Trial, and that of your associates, which has been occupying the public inattention for the past week, and has afforded a spectacle of legal bally-ragging which covers Themis with contempt, and drags the long robe in the mud, I have been made to think, as many others no doubt have thought, too, of what *would* have happened after the 16th of August last, if the Cuffeyites had had their wicked way with the present Institutions of the Country.

I wonder whether you now can lay your hand on your heart, and say—"I wish we could have done it! I think if we could have piked the Cabinet; cut the throats of the police; shut up the two Houses of Parliament; dismissed ALBERT and his family to privacy and Saxe-Gotha; seized the Bank; smashed the gas lamps; taken possession of the Tower, and proclaimed the British Republic, we leaders should have very greatly benefited, and the whole nation would have made an incalculable advance in liberty, comfort, and prosperity."

Let us suppose the 16th of August turning out favourably for the friends of Liberty, and the town in their possession. CUFFEY would probably take up his quarters in the Tower Arsenal (for the gallant little spirit does not care about money so much as war), and distribute a couple of hundred thousand guns and bayonets to the people to keep down the atrocious tyranny of the police. But all the leaders are not probably so careless of gold as the little tailor. MOONEY, ROONEY, LOONEY, HOOLAN, DOOLAN, and some of our Irish allies, who did us the kindness to sympathise with us, would probably like the specie with which the City abounds. I must confess they are not far wrong, and shouldn't have the slightest objection, for my part, supposing the general scramble or re-distribution of the property of the country (such as the new philosophers propose) to take place—I should not, I say, have the slightest objection to have the Bank for my scene of operations.

Well, we are in possession of the City. We announce that the Government and the property of the country are henceforth for the people; that working men's wages are trebled, and bread and mutton brought down to a reasonable price; that the tyrant landlords are to get no more rent, their land being assumed by its rightful owners, the people; and a decree from St. James's or Northumberland House, prefaced with God Save the British Republic! and signed LOONEY, and countersigned MOONEY—(if that child of Erin condescends to adopt the usual orthographic symbols to represent his respectable name)—signed, I say, LOONEY, and countersigned MOONEY, informs us that they have taken the high offices of state, and have constituted themselves the Government of the country.

Now, CUFFEY, with your hand on your heart, say, do you think you would have been better off, and that the people would have profited by the change? You may have your doubts about LORD JOHN, as other people have, but would you rather have him or DOOLAN for a Premier? Which is the best informed man, the most conversant with public business and persons? which would you trust, we will not say with a large sum of money—for that is neither here nor there, and an offensive supposition—but with a complicated set of accounts? Though birth goes for nothing, and DOOLAN is a MAN, a capital man, just as much as my Lord—yet, as the life of the former has been passed in the rapid ascent of ladders, the laying of bricks, and the skilful management of hods, and, as a bricklayer, his brother MAN is not fit to hold a trowel to him; so, in like manner, in an affair of government, the advantages of early practice, and the prize for intelligence, political information, and habits of labour, would be awarded to the other individual. I am as good a MAN as you, CUFFEY, but I don't know how to make a waistcoat near so well.

In the various conversations which are reported as having taken place between the gentlemen about to arm against Government, the destruction of the police, I perceive, is always a preliminary measure.

The murder of the Peelers is the beginning of the Republic. That seems to be a settled plan. Every new constitution or plan of liberty commences with the extermination of the poor Blues. I suppose a Revolution successful, and the police hung up in blue clusters to the lamp-posts—a curious, edifying sight!

Now, the policemen hung, are we to go without guardians altogether, or will you have gentlemen in brown coats in place of the blue? Even a Republic must have some guardians; for who knows what would be the quarrels about the distribution of property; and whether DOOLAN, having taken possession of the Bank, might not have a fancy to the Mansion House opposite too, temporarily, and after the massacre of the LORD MAYOR, in the occupation of HOOLAN? These quarrels, divisions, would be endless, and always turning to the benefit of the rascals of the community; for though you and I, CUFFEY, as honest men, would not wish to rob our neighbours were the temptation ever so, yet if there are no guardians, we may be pretty sure thieves will flourish; and as, after roasting and cutting the throats of the Municipal Guards in Paris, the great French people found they were obliged to have an Urban Guard, or a guard by some other name established, so our Peelers being confiscated, you may be sure that LOONEY and ROONEY would be the first to bawl out for the organisation of a body of men who should keep property and patriots in order.

I mean, there is no use in killing policemen. We must have them under any form of government, and as long as thieves and rogues exist in this life. I daresay there are some folks (though I mean no personality) who would be for abolishing locks to doors, and turnkeys to Newgate. What is the question, then, but a question of brown instead of blue, and brass buttons in place of pewter? The uniform may be changed, but the MAN, CUFFEY, (the fellow in large capitals, whom I love,) would remain the same.

It stands to reason, too, that you would have to abolish the Press as it at present exists, and as they have been obliged to do in France. There is an office in Printing-House Square, another opposite Somerset House, in the Strand, nay, a third little shop near St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, where I expect no slight interruption of business, and to see plenty of broken glass. Nobody can doubt for an instant that the Irish and English patriots who are bawling out about the bloody Government and the enslaved Press, would, on the very moment when they came into power, abolish every one of the Opposition journals. They would be fools if they did not do so. We should all be gagged, smashed, and silenced: the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, poor old *Punch*—(for if we have the fortune to pass for dangerous levellers with some people, we are considered aristocratic sneaks by others)—we should all be sent to the right about; and all our compositors, reporters, editors, thundering-leading-article-writers, wags, wives, servants, tradesmen, children, their schoolmasters, and all depending on our labour, would be ruined at once.

And it is a fine thing to think that not we only, but all the commerce of the whole City of London, would fall to ruin; the Stocks would fall to zero; the merchants would not meet their bills; goods would tumble to no price at all; rents would be nothing, and then they wouldn't be paid; the Early Closing Movement in the shops would be impossible, as the shops would never be opened—at least all this has happened on the other side of the water, in consequence of disturbances caused by the political opinions of many honest folks.

I picture to myself the City, the Republic having been proclaimed there, and a few Irish battalions with venerated chiefs quartered about Threadneedle Street and the Mansion House. Of course all the bankers, brokers, and monied men in the City would be obliged to shut up their shops, and all their hundred thousand of clerks, with their neat little houses about Stockwell, Camberwell, Kennington, and Camden Town, with their wives and families would be in desolation and ruin. The house is shut up in the City—there is no money to pay the butcher; the butcher has nobody to buy chops—the grazier cannot get off his stock, because CUFFEY is in possession of the Tower, and the City barricaded with omnibusses or blown up with ginger-beer bottles.

The Republic and the Rights of Man proclaimed—everybody being thrown out of work—the great Banker and the little clerk at forty pounds a year, who keeps his mother at Anna Maria Villas, Hoxton New Road—Moses and the sempstress who works that eminent manufacturer's chemises for him—*Punch* and his poet, and the little errand-boy who gets five shillings and is waiting in the hall for this very copy—everybody being thrown out of work, and a general ruin ensuing, I want to know who would be bettered by a Revolution? The Five Points of the Charter may be good and wholesome in themselves; but what are they without a dinner? I would rather eat roast beef under a tyrant NICHOLAS than starve under the most glorious Republic. It is a vulgar and humiliating confession, but I own to it. Universal Suffrage is a doubt, but Mutton is a certainty. I should not enjoy the one, if I had it ever so much, without the other.

And after all, what is a vote, my CUFFEY? Perhaps it is only a clumsy, barbarous, and absurd way of governing. If I, for instance, and my neighbour, vote that your manner of stitching waistcoats is not the correct one, neither of us knowing anything about tailoring, and if we force you, who are sixty years old, and no doubt accomplished as a snip, to alter your present method, we are certainly not working out freedom for you nor benefit for us. A thing is not good because I vote for it. A vote! Why, the Cross was raised upon Calvary by a popular vote; and the death of SOCRATES was voted by an immense majority. My poor old CUFFEY, I have read nothing that was said at the *Orange-Tree* or other houses-of-call of patriots, and nothing in your own remarks, that makes me think it would be a particular benefit to me to have you, and many millions of folks even inferior to you in intelligence, legislating for the country in general.

And if, in order to procure you this,—what you call your undoubted right,—we must undergo ruin, as in France, tyranny, as in France, we must wait in daily expectation of conflict, and doubts of the future, we must submit to strong military government, and rather than have Red Republicans firing into bodies personal and legislative, our Archbishops, and other recognised institutions, must defend our lives with bayonets, at the sacrifice of our peace, press, freedom, customers, workpeople, families—why, I say no; I had rather not murder my commerce or my policemen, for the sake of any of those prospective benefits about which I doubt very much, or those undoubted rights which I am perfectly ready to forego.

Yours, in sympathy, dear MR. CUFFEY,
PUNCH.

Give Ireland its Due.

WE have heard of certain persons whose claims to distinction arose from their being the "best abused men in the world." This honour has been disputed at times by innumerable claimants; but we never recollect a country putting forward its pretensions to the title. We demand it, therefore, on the part of Ireland, who, with all its faults, has an undeniable right to be called "THE BEST ABUSED NATION IN THE WORLD."

The Last Week of the Season at Vauxhall.



WE regret to say that Vauxhall experienced its usual luck during the final week of its season, which was a nightly succession of "tremendous overflows." Who can wonder that the lessee, the waiters, the vocalists, and the fire-works, were all most terribly put out? The managers had resolved on winding up brilliantly, and making a regular splash of it, but they little expected that the only splash would be caused by the paddling of the waiters and the visitors into the puddles caused by the elements having turned on the water with all their might and all their mains. Even the grog became dispirited by the cold water thrown upon it, and the fifty thousand lamps felt as if every jet was a *jet d'eau*. PELL could scarcely keep his countenance for the wet that continually fell upon it, giving to his nigger personations a new and rather varied complexion, as the rain kept pouring into every pore. His attempts at dry humour were utterly fruitless, and the moisture seemed to have penetrated even his renowned bones.

FIGHTING FOR A SONG.



EVOLUTIONS come and go in France, and each leaves behind it a song. Thus, for the first Revolution, France was endowed with the *Marseillaise*.

For the Second she received as a legacy the *Parisienne*.

For the Third she has come into possession of *Mourir pour la Patrie*.

That song, by the bye, has not been so popular lately. Are Frenchmen beginning to find out that there is a "*sort plus digne d'envie*" than dying for one's country in the very "fraternal" manner in which they have lately been doing it. No fashion, we know, lives long in France, but this new *Mode* of patriotism has been short-lived indeed. Perhaps the fact of so many Frenchmen having carried out literally the particular "*sort*" of thing prescribed by the song, may have had something to do with it? Dying must come very monotonous at last, even when you have such a *Patrie* as France as an inducement to go out of the world.

To sum up: France has had three Revolutions, and she has three songs to show for it. For ourselves, we would sooner be without any songs at all, unless they contained far better "*motifs*." France has always styled itself "*Le pays des Chansons*." The title is only good by one half. Henceforth it should be altered into "*Le pays des Chansons et des Révolutions*."

Here's to You.

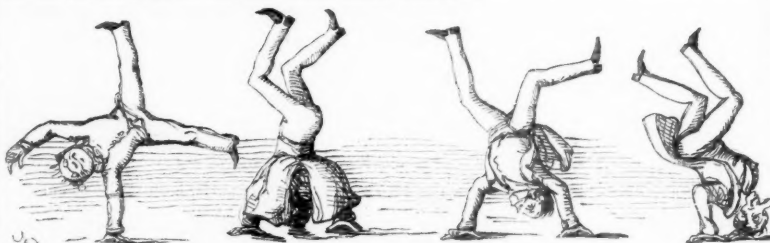
LORD ASHLEY and MR. CHADWICK have already commenced their sanitary labours in good earnest, and they have intimated to FATHER THAMES that they hope soon to have the pleasure of drinking his health; with a view to which excellent object they trust he will be fully prepared to "stand a drain." LORD ASHLEY, whose zeal has been very active on behalf of the sempstresses, is now about to assist in seeing what can be done for the sewers. We are glad to see this promptitude, for "a stitch in time saves nine."



"DID YOU WANT A DONKEY, SIR?"

A ROTATORY IRISH PUNCH.

ROTATORY Parliaments are the last new panacea proposed for the evils of Ireland, which they are as likely to cure as Vegetable Pills would be to arrest an attack of cholera. To send a Parliament whirling through Ireland would not even have the effect of suggesting to the Irish the industrious art of spinning. It would be almost as wise to start LEDRU ROLLIN, as to cause Parliament to rotate over the Emerald Isle. The circumgyrations of such a senate could have no other effect than those of a top; namely, to produce a mere hum. Rotatory Parliaments, we are quite sure, would only prove the wheels of Irish misgovernment. There is, indeed, a rotatory power which might be set in action with great benefit in Ireland. We modestly allude to ourself; for we feel confident that a Rotatory Punch would in a short time be quite certain to rub down all Irish asperities. With this view we are making arrangements for periodical publication in all the principal towns in the sister kingdom; and it will only rest with the Irish to put their shoulders to the wheel, and communicate to it the requisite rotation. We should at all events succeed in amusing the Irish mind—a result which could never be accomplished by such childish playthings as the proposed Parliamentary whirligigs.



BARON NATHAN ON THE BENCH.

It is with unmixed satisfaction that we have heard of our being likely to meet with BARON NATHAN in a new and highly important character. The same ambition which egged him on to the new-laid eggs, and the same blind goddess who put the cambric handkerchief over his eyes, in that famous reel when he reeled with the intoxication of success—these same stimulants have taught him new steps, and have directed him even to aim at judicial honours in his baronial capacity. BARON NATHAN has actually advertised his intention to "proceed on his arduous duties in the North Riding of Kennington."

Ay, and he will accomplish the great task he has undertaken. Who that has seen him twirl and twirl, and twirl again, in the graceful fandango, will doubt his capacity for "going the Circuit?" Who that has heard him order about the waiters at Rosherville, will question his power to make his own "rule absolute?" Who that has witnessed the easy, undulating movement of his hornpipe, will fail to recognise, in his natural and effortless action, the very

principle of that "motion" of course, which is no less important to [law than characteristic of the Baron's deportment.

When, after the dignities of the day, after a fete at Tivoli, he has thrown himself on the Bench before the door of the tavern department, and ordered the flipping of just one of those eggs upon which he has lately conferred hornpipe honours—when, we repeat, he is seen reclining on the Bench under such circumstances, who shall say that his *sittings in banco* will not be equal to the most dignified *seance* of POLLOCK, WILDE, or DENMAN? Under BARON NATHAN's judicial auspices, if he condescends to criminal matters, we may expect to see the hornpipe in fetters revived in full force, and the *chaine des dames* arranged for female prisoners.

A WALK FOR SIR PETER LAURIE.

SOME short time ago SIR PETER LAURIE declared that he would at any time walk twenty miles to see a reformed culprit. Only last week, one SARAH ANN FRENCH—an old associate of "dashing housebreakers," an offender who had seen the inside of Bridewell—was brought before the LORD MAYOR, having broken a pane of glass in order to be sent to prison. She said, "she had been pursuing very abandoned courses, was in a desolate condition, and hoped in time, through the interference of the magistrate, to be restored to society again!" His Lordship seemed inclined to believe the sinner; and, it is said—though we vouch not for the truth of the report—ordered his clerk to drop a line to SIR PETER, advising the knight to put himself in walking condition. As it is not twenty miles from SIR PETER's town-house to ANN FRENCH's prison, he will—for conscience sake—go backwards and forwards until he completes the promised distance. SIR PETER's match is not against time but repentance; in which case we hope repentance may win.

THE COUNCIL OF ONE:

A GAME AT "DEFINITIONS."



MR. ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE has given the public the definitions of his *Council of Four*, and very good we allow some of them to be. Having five minutes to spare before dinner to-day, we throw off the following, and—to speak modestly and within bounds—our fourteen are certainly worth all the four hundred contained in MR. WALLBRIDGE's book. *Council of Four*, indeed! What is a Council of four to a *Council of One*, when *Punch* is the Council?

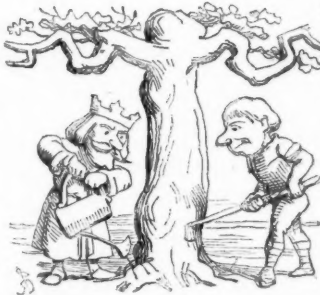
GENTILITY. French-polish for deal tables.
RAILROAD. A fast friend.
PORTRAIT. A self-approved caricature.
BOTTLE. The skin of the devil.
BIGOT. Every man's opponent in argument.
MARTYR. A rough thistle "chawed up" by donkey custom.
FOG. The halo of the Lord Mayor of London.
TIME. A locomotive that no buffer can check.
SURGEON. A man who keeps you alive that you may keep him alive.
SCULPTURE. Nature cut out.
INCANTATION. An evening invitation to the "darkies."
BOOK. A friend who is bound for you.
BABY. A young person who drinks.
ROPE. The latest noose.

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PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

PROGRESS OF ENGLISH LIBERTY UNDER HENRY THE THIRD AND EDWARD THE FIRST.



THE British Constitution, like the British baby, was frequently in extreme peril during the period of infancy; or, to use a more apt illustration, the British Lion was as troublesome to rear as a young child, and experienced its regular routine of maladies peculiar to the early stages of all our existences. In the midst of convulsions it had cut its teeth—a process typified by the bristling up of the steel-pointed swords of the discontented Barons, who swore “by gum” that they would never “bite the dust;”—it encountered its moral measles when an eruption of a “rash” character broke out in the time of HENRY THE THIRD by the turbulence of the nobility,—and there were symptoms of a sort of Constitutional weakness of the chest, in the drain continually made on the Treasury by the same monarch.

Perhaps, however, the more or less gentle irritation that was kept up preserved the blood of the nation at a wholesome heat; and it is not improbable also that the frequency of the attacks which the Constitution in its infancy was doomed to undergo, caused the adoption of a strict regimen, which has laid the foundation of future strength and salubrity. However great may have been the value of Magna Charta to succeeding generations, we doubt whether it can be said to have paid the original grantees, for it cost them enormous sums in renewals, repairs, and additions, which, whenever a king was short of cash, were always resorted to for the purpose of replenishing his coffers. HENRY THE THIRD carried this principle to a ruinous extent, for he passed the whole of his minority in obtaining fresh advances upon this great Constitutional security, which, on coming of age, he repudiated under the plea of infancy; and after he had turned twenty-one, he negotiated the same bill, taking care to exact a tremendous bonus as the consideration for his undertaking so large a liability.

Throughout the whole of his reign HENRY THE THIRD was continually trampling the Charters under his feet; or, to speak figuratively, he danced over them a series of hornpipes, in which the double shuffle was the most conspicuous step; but he generally had the cunning to get the Parliament or the people to pay the piper. Sometimes, however, he carried his antics a little too far, and the Parliament took the great Constitutional liberty of declining to send an answer when he called for a subsidy; and in these cases his anger was shown in his declaring that if he was not enabled to liquidate his debts, he could at least do something in the way of liquidation by dissolving the Parliament. This great and glorious privilege of refusing the Supplies was practised with such effect, that in one instance HENRY was compelled to sell his private plate, which, as kings are born with silver spoons in their mouths, he could not have missed very grievously.

But a new actor now comes upon the Constitutional stage, and we greet him with a cry of “Hats off!” “Down in front!” For it is EDWARD THE FIRST who passes before the footlights of History. He made such a hit in the character of a law-maker, that he got the name of the English JUSTINIAN, just as COOPER was called the American WALTER SCOTT; and as a certain Albatra philosopher—a spoon making some stir in the present day—might deserve the title of the British Plate-o. This sovereign, whose approach is trumpeted by several flourishes of our brazen pen, was called Long-shanks, as some say from the length of his legs; but, in our private opinion, from the enormous strides he took in advance of all former sovereigns. He was a man of somewhat expensive habits; and, being fond of the amusement of war, he required a good supply of its sinews; “which of course,” says that odious SPELMAN, “he could only obtain by insinuating himself into the good graces of his people.”

Having flattered the vanity of the nobles by fleecing them until any further shearing them would have been a sheer impossibility, he bethought him of the Commons, and caused them to be invited by the sheriff to send deputies for every city and borough,—an invitation which, as it was only intended to give them an opportunity of contributing to the Supplies, was equivalent to the old cry of “Dilly, Dilly,” &c., with which the ducks of nursery tradition were



lured to the sacrifice. Nevertheless, it was a “great point gained,” as DE LOIME truly observes, for it gave the Commons the pleasant privilege of assisting at their own victimisation; and the words used in the writ of requisition, being *ad faciendum*—literally, *to be done—et consentiendum*, and to *consent to it*, would seem to imply that there was little attempt to disguise the object for which the towns and boroughs were required to send deputies. It is, however, one thing to bring a horse to the water, but another to make him drink; and though the Commons in those days could be got to swallow a good deal, they were not always to submit quietly to have crammed down their throats whatever was set before them.

They at all events had the opportunity of complaining; and the luxury of grumbling has been, from the earliest times to the present, one of the most delicious enjoyments of the English people. The roar was always the most formidable attribute of the British Lion; the growl was ever the most alarming symptom of the British Bull Dog; the complaint that “things never were worse” is, to this hour, the great consolation of the British merchant; a lamentation over its own decline, is the only thing that keeps the British Drama alive; and grumble, grumble, grumble, is the great safety-valve of the British public in general.

There is no doubt that the taking part of the Commons in the business of the legislature, was a great privilege, for they thus formed a portion of the organ of Government, and even if their position relative to the organ was only that of bellows-blower, it was natural that they should sometimes get rather inflated themselves; for the occupation of raising the wind, even for other people, is an office of some dignity.

It would seem that the invention of the friends of Freedom was not very fertile in former times, for we find little originality in the efforts made for advancing the cause of liberty. Nothing new was devised; but the people were continually falling back upon Magna Charta, which underwent the process of confirmation no less than eleven times during EDWARD THE FIRST's reign, until the old roll must have become perfectly stale, and the desire for something new must have been general.

EDWARD seems to have become blasé of Magna Charta himself, for he introduced a most successful novelty in the shape of the statute *de tallagio non concedendo*, which provided that no tax should be laid nor impost levied without the joint consent of both Lords and Commons; an arrangement which placed the Royal purse in the people's pocket, though it was very long before the pocket was protected against the fingers, both royal and aristocratic, that took the liberty of dipping into it. Sovereigns and nobles continued the practice, or rather, kept their hands in, until very recent times; and, feeling it to be our duty to trace the progress of the great moral and social watchword, “Take care of your pockets!” through every reign, we shall mark how the most flagrant instances of high-fingery were visited with a rap on the knuckles, until the system has reached such perfection that the most itching palm can grasp nothing that must not on the nail be accounted for.

THE EARLY TWANKAY MOVEMENT.

“MR. PUNCH,

“WHERE are we going? More shops shutting up at six o'clock? Why, after dark, London streets won't be worth looking at; and nobody will be about their business but pickpockets. I've just read it in the papers that the grocers are going to put by their canisters and put up their shutters at six at night; so if anybody's aying for an ounce of tea, or a half-pound of sugar, they may die till next morning, for nobody will serve 'em.

“And they say this is all to improve the young men's minds. No doubt of it. Improve their billiards, *Mr. Punch*; improve their cigars; improve all sorts of idleness. Why, Sir, we shall have balloons from all sorts of places at half-a-crown a head; and all the 'prentices of London will be always going up a purpose to look down upon their betters.

“Why, *Mr. Punch*, half the pleasure of life was doing a little bit of shopping at night; and, as for the young men behind the counters, it kept 'em out of mischief to keep 'em at business till it was time to go to their honest beds: now, they'll give their minds to dominoes, and politics, and Chartism, and high treason. Early closing of shops will be the early opening of the Old Bailey. Besides, some colours never looked so well as by candle-light; and Regent Street never so handsome as by gas. And now young men are to shut their shops that they may open their minds! Do you think HER MAJESTY could be persuaded to go in state to TWINING's at nine at night—just once, by way of protest; and the aristocracy be made to dine at eleven, that they might shop up to ten at night? Depend upon it they ought, if they knew their own interests; for this counter-movement—as my husband says—is sure to end in counter-revolution,

“Yours,
“BOADICEA.”

“P.S. I send my real name and direction, if you like to use 'em.”

SKETCHES IN FRESH AND SALT WATER.

BY THE BUOY AT THE NORE.



It must be a curious spectacle for the old mariner who has not been down the river for several years, to watch the new towns that have lately sprung up, like so many aquatic mushrooms, on each side of the Thames. If the population only manages to keep pace with the mania for building, the "silent highway" will soon become as noisy and as populated as the New Cut. The river will be only one immense street, and wherries filled with vegetables, and funnies loaded with fruit or fish, will be rowing for custom up and down the two banks. Who can say whether large barges will not in time be fitted up as hotels, and a little town of inhabited boats moored in the middle of the stream, in the same way that the Chinese take to the water, and cast their anchors for life from the cabin of some pictorial junk, when the land is not large enough

to hold the tremendous overflow of population? A gentleman's card, with the address, "21st Yacht, Collier's Canal, London Bridge," may create no more surprise in 1948 than the simple address of the "Albany" does at present.

The newest of these new towns is North Woolwich. It is the younger brother of Woolwich, or rather it looks like a poor relation of Old Woolwich, which, finding it cannot prevent its having the same name, is determined to keep it at a respectful distance, and so sends it to the opposite side of the river.

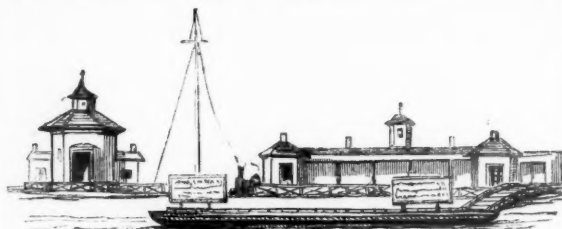
I doubt if North Woolwich has taken its dot yet as a town on any map. The only gazetteer that mentions it is BRADSHAW. It may be necessary, therefore, to describe its locality.

North Woolwich is situated on the Wapping side of the Thames. After you leave Blackwall, it is the first town on the left, on the road to India. It is well worth stopping at to explore, for it is a perfect curiosity of a town. It is a little bijou of a place, that you might almost wear in your scarf as a breast-pin. I should not advise any lengthened stay, however, at North Woolwich, unless you have an intention of turning hermit, or meditate writing a tragedy, or wish to escape from a wild mother-in-law or creditor; for, to tell you the truth, there is not a bed in the place.

"No bed!" exclaims the reader. "Then there is no hotel?" Oh yes, there is; that is to say, if you can call a Railway Refreshment-room an hotel. You can live very well, too, if you have a taste for cherry-brandy and ginger-beer, and are fond of captain's biscuits for dinner.

There are not many buildings at North Woolwich; in fact, there is only one, but that is a good-sized one. It is the Railway Station. Trains run between North Woolwich and Shoreditch, which has a great influence at certain hours upon the population of the former place; for, with the Stoker and the Guard, there have been as many as four souls at the same time in this promising little watering-place; but then this has included the Railway Clerk and the young lady at the Refreshment-room, both of whom are day-boarders.

I should say that the traveller had better visit its hospitable planks (like St. Petersburg, it is all paved with wood) when it is at high tide, for then it is easier to land, and you can admire the scenery

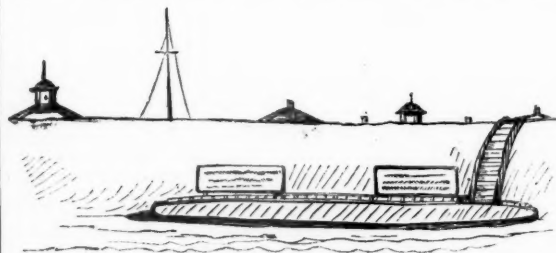


NORTH WOOLWICH AT HIGH WATER.

without dislocating your neck, as the pier is on a level nearly with the shore. Here and there it is decorated with a flower-pot, and at one end is inhabited, for the Jack-in-the-Water has constructed for himself a snug parlour in the interior of the barge. This, with true hospitality—which, I may say, is without its peer in London—he allows

any one to enter when it is raining; but this generous privilege is very rarely abused, as there is never anybody stopping at the place.

At low water there are certain difficulties that require a strong pair of legs, and a natural gift for climbing, like that of the Boy



NORTH WOOLWICH AT LOW WATER.

JONES, before you can surmount them. The pier is accommodated with a suspension bridge, which must be made of Gutta Percha, for it bends and stretches just like a silk stocking, and allows the pier to walk out to any distance that it pleases into the surrounding mud. The consequence is, that at low water, North Woolwich has such a dreadful sinking, that you fancy it never could rise again or possibly recover itself.

Above the bridge is a plantation of first-rate sunflowers, very prettily laid out, and edged with a running border of flints, so white outside they look as if they had been lathered for shaving. In the centre of the most gorgeous group sprouts a tremendous flag-staff, which reaches here a very high state of cultivation. This is accounted for by the fact of its serving as a landmark when the spring-floods are turned on, and the face of the country is covered over with one immense sheet of water. The weathercock of North Woolwich then is of the greatest service, for it serves to keep up the post between the mainland and the Isle of Dogs, when the latter cannot show its head for a similar cause of depression. If it were not for this communication, the natives would never be able to receive their letters, and the Revenue, probably, would be a considerable loser.

There is not much Commerce at North Woolwich. I have referred to the last Census, which professes to give a correct account of the persons who slept there on a certain night, and I find the return exactly 0. Since that period, however, the watering-place has grown bigger, and now, I understand, there is one person who remains there regularly every night, and that is the Policeman, who goes his rounds punctually every half-hour, to see that no one runs away with the Pier.

The best time to view the whole resources of this juvenile, but already manly town, is when the twelve o'clock bell rings. The natives come pouring down, then, from far and near, and there is quite a rush to get over to Woolwich for their mid-day meal. The conflict to get into the boat is almost too painful to witness, and only proves that clerks will actually put themselves into a hurry when they are afraid of losing their dinners.



NORTH WOOLWICH GOING TO DINNER.

Altogether North Woolwich is well worth a visit. I will warrant the visitor has never seen anything like it. It is neat, humble, beautifully clean, can boast of a flower-garden, and the handsomest pier on the river. It must rise, and will rise, despite the attempts of every tide to pull it down, and I have no doubt that in time it may be a second Chelsea, and will be sending its cabbages to Covent Garden; or, like Greenwich, be returning its two Members to Parliament. I have no doubt North Woolwich will feel the "Good time that's coming, Buoy." But, *nous verrons*, as the Owl said to the Hermit, when it doubted the 10,000 additional lamps at Vauxhall.



THE ONLY RESIDENT OF NORTH WOOLWICH.

FLUNKEIANA.



Enter THOMAS, who gives warning.

Gentleman. "OH, CERTAINLY! YOU CAN GO, OF COURSE; BUT, AS YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME FOR NINE YEARS, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE REASON."

Thomas. "WHY, SIR, IT'S MY FEELINGS. YOU USED ALWAYS TO READ PRAYERS, SIR, YOURSELF—AND SINCE MISS WILKINS HAS BIN HERE, SHE BIN A READING OF 'EM. NOW I CAN'T BEMEAN MYSELF BY SAYIN 'AMEN' TO A GUV'NESS."

A TOAST FOR THE CITY.

At the next civic dinner that *Mr. Punch* is invited to, he will take the liberty of proposing a toast. The subject to which *Mr. Punch* will allude, will, he is sure, be one of interest to all present. *Mr. Punch* will observe, that at a Court of Common Council lately held for despatch of business the following motion was put and carried:—

"That this Court do agree with the Commissioners of Sewers that it is highly necessary that a medical officer be forthwith appointed, and that a sum for the purpose, not exceeding £150, be paid out of the City cash, and that the Court of Sewers be required to nominate two fit and proper persons, of whom this Court will appoint one, to be the medical officer of health for this City and Liberties."

Mr. Punch will congratulate the Court of Common Council on their considerate desire to render their medical officer exempt from Income-tax. He will also congratulate them on the skill and talent which they may expect to get for a sum not exceeding £150 a year. *Mr. Punch* will venture to suggest that a young man just out of his apprenticeship, or an old one in despair of a practice, will be the kind of man for their money. Whether he will exactly be a fit and proper person for the rather important office to be intrusted to him, *Mr. Punch* will not undertake to determine. *Mr. Punch* will preface, with these brief remarks, the proposal of a toast, which he feels sure will be cordially responded to. *Mr. Punch* will then give "The very good Health of the City of London and its Liberties, and may it be attended to as well as it ought to be by the medical officer to be appointed to take charge of it, at so liberal, munificent, and remunerative a salary!"

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"—"Well, my dear, these lodging-houses are dreadfully full of draughts, and it's getting very chilly; so, do you know, I think we had better go back to town as soon as possible."

THEATRE ROYAL, NEWGATE.

THE burlesque of *Tom Thumb* has been produced at this dreary establishment for domestic tragedy; and, although there was considerable drollery manifested in the course of the piece, the curtain fell upon a very serious interest. The part of *Grizzle* was performed with delightful ferocity by a MR. EDWARD KENEALEY, an actor from the Sister Isle, almost new to the Old Bailey boards. It was impossible not to admire the energy and precision with which he flung about him those flowers of rhetoric whose native soil is Billingsgate. He pelted *Lord Doodle* (represented by SIR JOHN JERVIS) with considerable felicity; now and then hurling at him—as a change from blossoms—some very bad, and much blighted potatoes. The audience testified their admiration of the genius of the young actor by very significant shouts of laughter.

The Attorney-General's *Lord Doodle* wanted dignity. There was nothing of the Court about him, unless it were Russell Court. The triumphant crow of *Tom Thumb's* (LORD JOHN)

"Rebellion's dead—and now I'll go to breakfast,"

may, in the words of a distinguished critic, "be more easily conceived than described."

The piece excited much attention during the lengthened performance; but, we trust, will never be repeated.

A Liberal Offer.

THE purchaser of the Quadrant Columns sold the whole of them to a Railway Company for forty pounds per column. A celebrated penny-a-liner has undertaken to supply as many columns as anybody can possibly require, at forty pence per column, and he will head each column with any capital the purchaser may suggest.

A PEEP AT LONDON THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

THERE can be no doubt that London is on the point of finding its level very soon; for, when viewed through a telescope, we make the wretched discovery that the capital is in the hands of a set of levellers, more determined and more dumpy than even CUFFEY himself. At the corner of every street may be seen a sort of military occupation going forward, and at a distance the whole city seems to be studded with odd-looking erections, intended to ascertain "the decline and fall" of the great metropolis, in the gradual descent of its sewers. To the uninitiated,



the effect is somewhat alarming, for in these days of barricades it is a suspicious circumstance for soldiers to be seen planting their apparatus in the public thoroughfares, as if there was some idea of an intended "fraternisation" of some kind or other. It is satisfactory to feel that the warlike preparations now going forward are directed only against the dregs of our sewers, not against the dregs of our population; and that, instead of being called upon to "drain our dearest veins," we are only required to drain our houses rather better than heretofore.

THE MANAGER AND THE PLAYERS.

"That strain again."—Shakespeare.

THE Bard of Drury Lane—removed to Covent Garden—has precluded in the newspapers. "Several journals," he sings, "have observed upon the omission of the names of the professors of the legitimate Drama in my programme." For ourselves, we would sooner see legitimate elephants and legitimate zebras at either Drury Lane or Covent Garden than any of the legitimate little ones of the spring-cart of THESPIA. We know that many very worthy old gentlemen are troubled—regularly as with winter cough or periodical shooting of corns—with twinges of grief at what is now regularly accepted as the desecration of the boards where GARRICK trod and SIDDONS fainted. We are above such weakness. We could see a dromedary take either of the patent stages, and feel no sympathy for any absent *Gloster*; and for this sufficient reason: the patents abolished, *Gloster* may be had at any other establishment. Now, he has a wide range; being permitted to pitch his tent anywhere, from Whitechapel to London.

This being the case, *Gloster's* boat—if introduced in a drama measured for his tusks—is much better placed at either of the late patents than *Gloster* himself; whose artistic beauties are surely more visible to the naked eye at the Haymarket than at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. The Manager, however, gave handsome invitations to a certain number of the legitimate actors—wandering stars—to come and shine in his play-bills. He says (or sings):—

"I offered Miss HELEN FAUCIT the highest salary (£25 per week) given to that delightful actress Miss O'NEILL, when she was drawing all the world after her, but Miss FAUCIT demanded £15 per night, which is £90 per week."

MRS. NISBETT is offered Mrs. JORDAN's salary, £25 per week; but, says the Manager—

"I was scared by her intimation that she had recently been in the receipt of £60, and was exempt from playing in after-pieces!"—

MRS. NISBETT being, no doubt, a staunch advocate of early closing. The Manager next turned to MR. ANDERSON.

"I was prepared to give MR. ANDERSON £20 per week—higher terms than he had with MR. MACREADY at Drury Lane; but he required £10 per night—£60 per week—with certain other drolleries, quite *bijoux* in their way; and recollecting that the KEAN had £23 per week in the plenitude of his attraction, I felt called upon to decline the difference."

After such terms demanded, ought we to condemn the Manager if, in the course of the season, he should wander to the Zoological Gardens, and—like his brother bard, ORPHEUS—soothe the beasts into his own terms?

The letters in answer to the Manager have, of course, come into our hands. *Punch* will not print the epistles of the ladies—(be feminine pothooks ever respected!)—but the letter of MR. ANDERSON is so good, is so full of the art and the actor, that justice to the noble and disinterested profession of which MR. A. is an effulgent member, compels *Punch* to hand down the missive to the very last posterity.

MR. ANDERSON to the Manager of Covent Garden.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter addressed to me, and signed by yourself, but which letter, I doubt not, in the vortex of your various engagements, has doubtless been misdirected. I at once jump to this conclusion, from the fact that you offer me £20 per week to act the first business at Covent Garden Theatre. Of course, the letter was intended for some unknown person—some barn-door fledgling. By the way, I now recollect; there is a person—a young

man—named BANDERSON, playing at the Theatre Rural, Salisbury Plain, or Chiltern Hundreds—I forget which; and, as I said, in the hurry you doubtless misdirected the communication to MR. B.

"However, my dear Sir, as we are upon the subject, in 'what so poor a man as *Hamlet* can do,' you may command me. I am not aware of any insuperable objection on my part to a few nights at the Garden—say twenty to begin with. My terms are only £10 per night. And, Sir, when you recollect that I have been to America, and that even the merest butt of an actor, like the merest butt of Madeira (excuse the pun) is always improved by a sea-voyage, I do not think I ask an unfair advance upon what I will venture to call the additional salt in my tragedy. There is no doubt that a trip across the Atlantic enlarges the histrionic faculty, and the tragedian thus increased, is entitled to a higher price; just as a full-grown Michaelmas goose in the market fetches more than a green gosling.

"I can only play four parts, *Hamlet* for one: with a *Ghost* and *Horatio* of my own choice, and entirely new scenery by STANFIELD. I next propose *Macbeth*, *Henry the Eighth* (to conclude with last scene of *Wolsey*), and the melo-drama of *The Lady of Lyons*. I am sure we shall not disagree upon the point, but the entire cast of these plays must be submitted to my approval.

"Terms, as I said, £10 per night. I am aware that MR. EDMUND KEAN received only £25 per week. Poor fellow! How the manager who robbed him could sleep in his bed, I can't tell. To be sure, MR. KEAN was merely a natural actor; no art much about him. Again, when he took the pittance of £25 per week, he had not visited America, where actors grow as big as pumpkins, and then put upon the article the price of Covent Garden melons.

"Having been some time absent from England, I am not aware whether it is yet the custom—as with the Opera people—to allow the principal tragedian a carriage, covers for twelve, four dressers, and sixteen wax candles. However, should this practice have obtained, I know that I am in the best hands in trusting to the justice and generosity of a manager and a poet, and am, my dear Sir,

"Yours, truly ever,

"JAMES ANDERSON."

"Sept. 27th, Garrick Club.

OLD FAVOURITES RETURNED.

In the revived piece of *Court Beauties*, now performing at the Lyceum, two old performers have been restored to the stage in their original characters. We allude to the re-appearance of two little dogs of the real KING CHARLES's breed, who made some sensation a few years ago, under MADAME VESTRIS's management at the Olympic. The return of these old favourites was greeted with considerable applause, which was increased almost to enthusiasm when the dogs made the faintest of bows (wows) in acknowledgment. Such, we understand, is the sagacity of these performers, that when the call to rehearsal was first put up in the theatre over which they have the run, they barked in acquiescence at the prompter, and sat at the wing waiting for their cues while the earlier scenes of *Court Beauties* were being proceeded with. We understand that these extraordinary animals were punctual in their attendance at the treasury door on Saturday, when six nights' full salary, in the shape of a couple of pounds—of dogs' meat—was dealt out to them. The dogs went through their respective parts with all that smoothness and polish for which they were so remarkable a few seasons ago, and the usual admiration was bestowed upon the costs of both, which are exactly in conformity with the costume of the period.



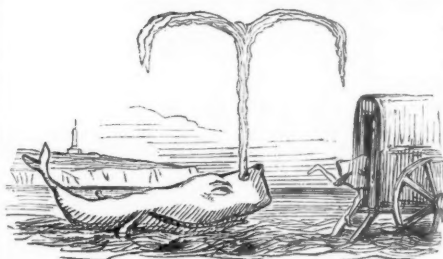
JOHN BULL STRANGLED BY £. s. d.



TOM THUMB AT THE OLD BAILEY.

Tom Thumb (L—d R——l). "Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go—to Breakfast."

HOPES FOR HERNE BAY.



THE present state of the Continent, which has closed its ports against pleasure-seekers, blocked up the gangways of our steamers against travellers, stopped the sale of MURRAY'S *Hand-Books*, and driven no end

of kings from their thrones, has nevertheless opened out to Herne Bay a prospect of not only taking its well-merited place in the scale of watering-places, but of building for itself, on the ruins of monarchies, a substantial prosperity. It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the blasts of revolution which tore up the Orleans branch of the Bourbon tree, without leaving it time to secure its trunk, but sent it packing, without even a portmanteau to pack—these very same gusts will probably fill with a prosperous breeze the sail of Herne Bay's luggage-van, turn once more the long stagnant arms of its deserted windmills, and breathe a healthful inspiration into its commerce, hitherto struck with an almost deadly dormancy.

We know that, in the opinion of many, the shout of "Revive Herne Bay!" will seem almost as wild as the cry of "Restore the Heptarchy!" A scornful world looks at the potato crops luxuriating in what ought to be the kitchens, sees a horse munching grass in a front parlour, and meets with a cow uttering its lowly in some half-finished scullery, while the farmer cuts his wheat—amidst his neighbours' chaff—from the centre of an acre of coal-cellars; but we look upon the Bay of Herne with a different eye, and see not why civilisation and progress should necessarily be kept at bay—or rather kept from bay—in the midst of all the world's vicissitudes. We have a proposal for its benefit. Our plan is to convert the really beautiful Bay into one great substitute for all the watering-places of the Continent, by the introduction into its bosom of every source of attraction for which the famous foreign rendezvous are remarkable. It only wants a pasteboard Cathedral to make it a Cologne, a set of canvass Alps to render it a Geneva, the Surrey Zoological Vesuvius to turn it into a Naples, a brass band to make it a Darmstadt, a dice-box or a *rouge-et-noir* table to constitute it a Baden-Baden; a sprinkling of sprouts to realise a Brussels, an artichoke or two to flavour it with a Jerusalem aspect, a few Venetian blinds to invest it with the air of a Venice, with moonlight nights from the Colosseum, warranted to last all the year round.

With its wonderful extent of acreage, exceeding the area of Vauxhall in the proportion of ten to one, Herne Bay may hope to realise to the imagination of every banished outcast the picture of his own native land. As the Albata is recommended to the lover of plate as the only perfect substitute for silver—in every respect but its value—so Herne Bay can offer to exiled foreigners the only perfect substitute for their own sunny climes. To travellers, also, the Bay will present a grand *réunion* of all the attractions of all the foreign resorts they have been accustomed to visit, if our plan should be carried out. Let the inhabitants summon BRADWELL, and the thing is done. Herne Bay, in spite of all its great natural advantages, has long languished for want of men of property, but it is clear that property men, in the theatrical sense of the term, must be the regenerators of the place.

"PICK UP THE PIECES."

WHAT does the word "United" mean? It must have different significations. We always imagined it meant "firm, compact, bound together, of one piece;" but late events seem to have broken up this meaning into a thousand pieces, and there seems now to be nothing binding about it.

For instance, there were the "United Irishmen," who were always divided; for some "Rent" or other invariably caused a distance between them, and then they went at it like hammer and tongs, or like Conciliation and Confederation Halls. And yet they were called "United."

Then there is the United Empire of Germany, parcelled out into hundreds of little States, no bigger than pins, all knocking their heads together, and calling out for Unity. Occasionally there is a disturbance at Wurtemberg; then you hear of a few crowns being broken at Baden-Baden; and after that you read of a violent collision at Frankfurt; and yet, far and near, the cry is raised for the German People to be United.

The same clamour is heard in Italy, and as yet with no better result. There are bombardments, royal butcheries, towns taken and retaken,

armies organised and disorganised, and all to enforce the necessity of the Italians being "United."

The United States might also be called as a witness, to prove that "United" has not the same meaning with nations and persons as it has with things. It seems to us that one side of a kingdom may be at open variance with another, either about rent, slaves, religion, taxes, beer, or potatoes, and still the kingdom will be called "United." We cannot make it out, and vote that a Commission be appointed to inquire into the meaning of the word—only there must be no Irishmen upon it, or else the result of the inquiry will infallibly be that "United" meant nothing more than "Disunited." But who knows whether this very Irish Bull would not toss us right into the middle of the meaning of the word, whilst we might be beating about the bush for weeks to find it?

So, till Unity can be bound to keep the piece, we beg all lexicographers to amend the definition in their future Dictionaries, and write down—

UNITED, *a.* Broken, Disjointed, Mutilated, Disunited.—*Ex. gr.*, Germany, Italy, France, and Ireland.

A DREAM IN THE SHERIFF'S COACH.

OH then, I see, young LAURIE's been with you;
He is the Sheriff's coachmaker, and builds
A drag no smaller than is suitable
For the dimensions of an Alderman,
Drawn by a team of little elephants,
To bear his worship as he lolls asleep:
The chariot wheels of pink, picked out with blue;
The body like the wings of butterflies;
The traces studded o'er with silver knobs;
The collars gilt, and glittering with japan;
The whip of amber, and the lash of green;
The coachman a lace-coated liverman,
Not half so slender as a beadle, bred
To twenty stone upon parochial fat;
The coach is made by LAURIE and his Co.,
Time out of mind the City coachmakers.
And in this state the slumbering Sheriff rides
By butchers' shops, and then he dreams of beef;
By fishmongers', and then of turbot straight;
By poulterers', then of capons dreameth he;
By cooks', and then he doth on turtle dream,
Or haply venison comes athwart his nose,
And then he dreams of gloating o'er a haunch;
And sometimes Fancy, with a roast-pig's tail,
Tickles his palate as he lies asleep.
Oft times he rideth to the Mansion House,
And then he dreams of feasting foreign kings,
Italian, Russian, Prussian, Spanish blades;
Of toasts five fathom deep, and then anon
Cheers in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus roused, gives a hooray or two,
And snores again. True, these are only dreams,
Begot of nothing more than phantasy,
Suggested by the Sheriff's flaming coach.

PRETTY LICENSE INDEED!

THE "Killing of Hares of Scotland Act" has conferred upon the landowners of Scotland a privilege which, if carried out, would be likely to rid them far more rapidly of the burden of the Entail Laws than the provisions which the same Session made for that express purpose. The Act above mentioned allows any landlord to "kill himself," which is the most suicidal Act ever committed by Parliament; but more than this, it allows "another person to do so," which is carrying the license a little too far. But really it is too bad to make game of the Scotch landlords in this pointed way. It could not well be worse, if they lived over in Ireland. We expect to read in next year's debates (though we are by no means anxious to anticipate that pleasure) the following motions of course:—

"MR. ANSTERY moved for a return of the landlords in Scotland who had killed themselves."

"MR. URQUHART moved for a return of the landlords in Scotland and Ireland who had been killed by others."

Seriously, however, there should be a gamekeeper appointed in the House, to prevent Honourable Members walking over the QUEEN'S English, and sporting with such deadly aim amongst the pronouns. We know nothing is too "personal" for M.P.'s, but we should like to be informed how many "relatives" of LINDLEY MURRAY they bagged last Session!

ALARMING PROSPECTS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—We live in awful times, as my late husband remarked at the time of the Reform Bill; but what would he have said now? And what with Prussia, and France, and Red Republics everywhere, and countries one never heard of—such as Jellachich (where that can be, 'Evins only knows)—I am sure one needn't have had that wretch CUFFEY and the Physical Force at our own doors, as I may say, and we not to know when one went to bed at night, whether one mightn't wake no more, with a fireball on one's pillow, and turpentine ruining the furniture.

"But we have not seen the worst yet, depend upon it; and what's brewing I'm sure it would take a wiser woman than me to tell; but I call upon you, Sir, to explain the awful advertisements one sees every day—which I send parts of one copied straight out of the *Daily News* last week, called the '*Paleontographical Society*'—something republican, at the least, if not worse, as one may see by the name.

"What the intentions of this Society is, I dare hardly guess, but awful they are, and must be—Professors, as they call themselves—especially one BELL, who 'will describe the *Chelonians of the London Clay*;' and what should that mean, but some project for frightening, and burning, and destroying the respectable inhabitants of the Metropolis?

"I can't get any information from anybody of what these words mean, but depend upon it it's a Secret Society, and well they know their own meaning, I'll be bound. And there's MR. MORRIS and MR. LYCETT, have undertaken for the Society a monograph of the Testacea of the Great Oolite. Who the 'Great Oolite' may be, I don't know for certain; but no doubt it's their horrid slang for the QUEEN, or LORD JOHN RUSSELL, or the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, or somebody. And a MR. RUPERT JONES there is,—which you will remember, Sir, one ERNEST JONES,—who is to deal with the '*Entomostraceous Animals of the Chalk Gault and Greensand*.' Dreadful doings these will turn out to be, mark my words; and I am surprised Government should allow such advertisements. Who knows, one mayn't be an '*Entomostraceous animal*' oneself? If you can throw any light on these dark doings, which, to say the least, are very suspicious, you will oblige, and very much ease the mind of,

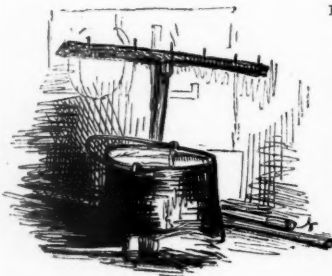
Yours truly,

"A LONE WIDOW, with a small independence and ditto family."

British and Foreign Street-sweeping.

SOME of our readers may have noticed a machine of ingenious construction, drawn by a horse, which makes the circuit of the western thoroughfares of the metropolis, and in its progress brushes up all the mud. We allude to this contrivance for the purpose of remarking how much preferable is the above-mentioned mode of sweeping the streets to that which has been lately adopted in certain continental capitals, of sweeping them with grape.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.



THE following advertisement lately appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—

A BARGAIN.—Y. Z. being placed by circumstances so that he does not require the following, which he offers for Sale:—The Receipt for making a Patent Medicine, which he brought out four years since. It is quite superior to anything OF THE KIND, has TAKEN remarkably well, and REALLY AN EXCELLENT MEDICINE, and very pleasant to the taste. It is a gentlemanly employment, requiring but little attention, and from which a fortune may speedily be made. Apply, &c., &c.

Here, then, is a real opening for an enterprising capitalist, who is disposed to go heartily into the Patent Medicine line; but, as we think the advertisement scarcely does justice to its object, we propose a sale by auction, which should be announced in the following manner:—

PILLS! PILLS! PILLS!

The present proprietor, who has lived for many years upon a Pill, from which he is about to retire to a Box in the country, having amassed a plum, has resolved on offering the Pill to public competition. The

Pill needs only to be known to be appreciated; and such has been its success, as far as it has been tested, that it is generally talked about, and is in the mouth of every one who has taken it. In addition to the Pill itself, the proprietor will submit to auction



THE SPLENDID ADVERTISING CART.

Which has been twice in custody for its admirable barricading qualities, and is warranted to create a crowd, with that most desirable incident—a quarrel with the police—in any thoroughfare in which it makes its appearance. The whole of the valuable Bill-sticking Apparatus will also form a separate lot, including—

200 POUNDS

Of thick Paste, with Brushes and other materials for laying it on so thick that some will be sure to stick on to the gullibility of the British public. There will also be submitted to the hammer the entire Live Stock, consisting of a small select Kennel of Dogs, including

THAT VERY CLEVER DOG



The Poet;

The former being kept for the trial of experiments, to ascertain how far the Pill may be safely administered, and the latter to testify to its most marvellous cures, in the choicest lyrics. Among the materials will be found that truly golden investment,



A Cask of Gamboge,

Which forms the principal ingredient in this most eligible Pill, which only requires a few pounds

spent in advertisements to convert it at once into a

CERTAIN CURE FOR EVERYTHING.

In connection with this investment will also be sold the Undertaker's Concern, which has always gone with the Pill; but which may be taken separately if the purchaser should wish to divide the hitherto united properties.



PHYSICAL FORCE.

THE National Assembly are still upon the Draught of the Constitution. This only proves how averse the French must be to physical force, when it has taken four months to induce 900 Members to swallow a mere draught, and they have not got to the bottom of it yet!

THE ENGLISH PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

THE following extract is taken literally from a late number of the *Constitutionnel*. It is a chapter of a romance, called *Le Cabinet Noir*. The sooner this *Cabinet* is thrown out, we should say, from the specimen below, the better. However, it is too peculiar to be lost. We are sure the British Peerage will be a little astonished at the new genealogical tree introduced, root and branch, into it. One thing, however, is certain, that no noble house in England can boast of such a peculiar line of descent as the one at present eulogised. Without further flourish, we inform the reader it is the "House that JACK (KETCH) built." The writer (a MONS. CHARLES RABOU, a name that henceforth must upset LODGE, and throw BURKE from the Sublime into the Ridiculous) devotes a whole chapter to "KITTY KETCH." Amongst other absurdities, too numerous to mention, he informs us that—

"This KITTY KETCH was a young and pretty girl, having the purity and the sprightly *tournaure* of the lily, with the freshness of the rose in the mouth of May. "She was well known in the capital of England, first of all on account of her beauty, but more especially on account of the profession exercised by her father. Since the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST, the KETCHES have been the public executioners in London. It is a family which does not yield ANYTHING in NOTORIETY (en notoriété) to the PROUDEST NAMES of the ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY, and which has established for itself a sort of nobility with the people, by the cord and the gallows."

"Far from detracting from the success of the lovely KITTY, the lugubrious profession which the worthy author of her days followed seemed rather to have multiplied the number of her admirers and sighing lovers. For many she had the particular attraction, which is found amongst actresses, of occupying a prominent position before the public eye. For others, which is generally the result of contrast, the glory (*l'auréole*) of blood which circled her fair forehead spoke with a strange eloquence to the imagination; and upon the foggy banks of the Thames, where the national character delights rather to come in contact with gloomy ideas, KITTY had become such a matter of fashion, that bankers, the most opulent Jews, the greatest political celebrities, and even several Members of the Royal Family, would willingly have laid down, if her heart had only listened to their appeals, the most fabulous prices for the possession of her hand."

We hope the absurdity of our extract will compensate for its length. But, absurd as it is, we can deduce several facts from it most interesting to English history.

First, We learn that the family of JACK KETCH competes with the BEDFORDS, and NORFOLKS, and NORTHUMBERLANDS, &c., &c.

Secondly, That JACK KETCH has created a nobility for himself with the British mob.

Thirdly, That the banks of the Thames are always foggy.

Fourthly, That we Englishmen revel in gloomy ideas, and that every Anglaise is in heart a lugubrious fellow, who makes a cemetery his playground, and MISS JACK KETCH his playfellow.

Fifthly, That English bankers and English Ministers, carrying out this national taste, are apt to prowl about Newgate, and wait in ambush round the corner of Horsemonger Lane, with the view of meeting the lovely daughter of the public executioner.

Sixthly, That members of the royal family are not too proud to follow in this English pastime. It is a thousand pities MONS. RABOU never mentions the name of the royal prince who wanted so madly to elope with MISS JACK KETCH, for it would make a very valuable illustration for the next edition of MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S "Pictorial History of England." It could never have been JAMES?

By the bye, what an amusing book it would make—"The History of England, written by a Frenchman!" When we have nothing to do, we will write it ourselves, just "for the fun of the thing."

POMPEY AND CÆSAR IN AMERICA.

THE *Times*, in allusion to an anticipated state of anarchy in the American Union, says—"Such are just the times for a MARIUS or a SYLLA, a POMPEY or a CÆSAR." There is really something ominous in our contemporary's remark.

The American Republic may not have much to fear from a SYLLA or a MARIUS, but JONATHAN may well entertain a pretty considerable apprehension of a CÆSAR or a POMPEY. Thanks to the institution of Slavery, the United States already produce POMPEYS and CÆSARS in abundance. There is a black spot in the American horizon, which is daily growing bigger and blacker. The Black Republicans may prove as troublesome in the States as the Red have been in other quarters; and, should they acquire the upper hand, there is no knowing to what a pitch the blackness of Transatlantic affairs may grow. At present, GENERAL TAYLOR and MARTIN VAN BUREN are contesting the Presidency; but we may live to see the American Dictatorship, the bone of contention between POMPEY and CÆSAR.

Bourbon Liberty.

THEY write from Naples—

"A Neapolitan steamer left for Sicily on the 23rd (ult.) with fresh supplies of bomb-shells."

Thus the KING of NAPLES supplies his subjects with bombshells, as a conscientious egg-wife supplies her customers—namely, with the commodity fresh and fresh.

MODEST MERIT.



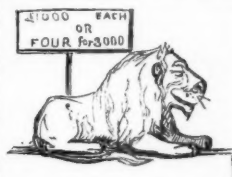
WE have long come to the conclusion that "Modest Merit" is one of the worst specs. in the world, and that a dumb waiter upon fortune may wait long enough, unless he will speak up for himself and proclaim his own deserts to an indiscriminating public. We are afraid that the NELSON Monument in Trafalgar Square owes at least half the contempt of which it is the object to its omission to proclaim its own value, or rather, its own cost, to the passing stranger. We recollect hearing of a person who, by way of advertising his literary achievements to the world, hung a placard about his neck, inscribed with the words, "The author of a hundred pieces," and thus labelled, he obtained not only publicity for his books, but occasionally a few odd coppers for his dinner.

We think this system might be applied with success to some of the monuments about town, which the public do not appreciate. The NELSON Column, for example, would never be suspected of having run through £23,000—to say nothing of the amount of capital expended on its top; and those precious stones at the base do not bear the appearance of having cost close upon £4000—two little facts that ought to be notified by having the component parts of the column duly ticketed. The Lions, who are daily expected from the mason's menagerie, where they are only waiting to have the last blow of the mallet on their noses, and the final chiselling out of the whites of their eyes, will never look like their worth—or rather their price—of £3000, unless means are taken to state the fact by

hanging a copy of the bill and receipt round the neck of each of them.

As to the ginger-beer fountains, we should recommend their being decked out with one of the old familiar haberdashery puffs, inscribed "Look here! Alarming Sacrifice!" which will be more expressive than naming any actual amount as the price paid for their erection.

The National Gallery buildings should be ticketed *en masse*, as "All these at"—whatever the figure may be which the nation has paid for them. The statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON at the Royal Exchange should be decorated, like the bread when it has risen, with the words "Up again!" and the price, whatever it may be, should be added in very large capitals.



A Slight Contradiction.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES published, last year, a Book called *The Last of the Fairies*.

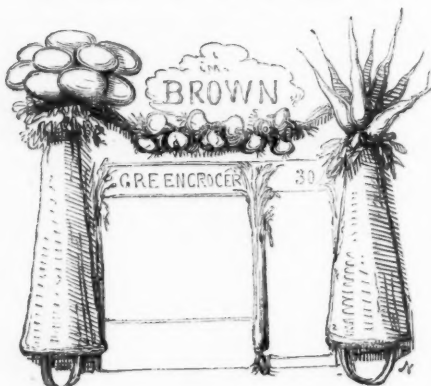
This year again he has published another Book full of Fairies.

This is the worst of JAMES—he is determined you shall never hear the last of him.

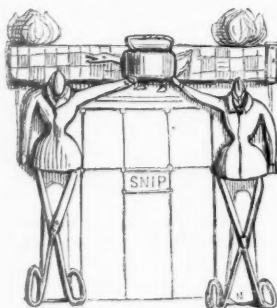
SABBATH LOLLIPOPS.

THE REV. W. S. BRICKNELL of Easham, Oxfordshire, has fined a fruiterer, named BARTON, in the penalty of 5s. for that—in his absence—his daughter, a child of nine years old, did on the Sunday, instigated by the enemy of man, serve another child of the like mature years with lollipops to the amount of one halfpenny. It is really delicious, in these days of laxity, to find clergymen so apostolically precise! It is no less gratifying to know that such sweet single-mindedness on the part of a divine, meets with its appropriate reward. For we have heard that a meeting is to be convened at Easham, for the purpose of voting a piece of Art to the REV. W. S. BRICKNELL, commemorative of the lollipops and the offending children. The substance of the Testimonial will be neither gold nor silver, but the hardest hard-bake; and the subject—*Herod and the Innocents*!

DESIGNS FOR SHOP FRONTS.



SOME of the Shopkeepers of London, who rely upon the external singularity of their establishments to attract customers, are in despair at the difficulty they find in hitting upon something new for their shop fronts. Original ideas seem to be exhausted, and the old ideas no longer take effect. "Little Dustpans," measuring some four or five yards square, dangle in vairs from the upper stories of tinware establishments, and red or yellow, golden or silver boots, kick their heels equally to no purpose on the outside of their owners' doors. Idle are now the efforts to obtain into the second story, and turning the house—not exactly out of window—but into one window; for all this only serves to make more conspicuous the smash that frequently ensues. The cry is still for more novelty in the shop fronts; and we considerably add a few specimens from that best of all Schools of Design, our own busy brain.



offered to him, upon which he is at liberty to propose any amendment that may strike him, if he dislikes the style of our peristyle.

MILITARY "BEASTS."

THE *Post* says:—

"The poor ex-Queen's apartments in the Tuileries have just been converted into barracks for the infantry; thus fulfilling the prophecy in the Eastern tale.—'The beasts of the field shall whelp and litter in the Sovereign's chamber.'"

French soldiers—according to the logical *Post*—being beasts that whelp and litter!—"Dogs of war!"

LOOK TO SPAIN, GREECE, PENNSYLVANIA, &c.

We are always boasting that "England stands alone in the world." We really think that England is the only country in the world that does stand a loan—and never gets paid for it.

MORAL FOR CONSPIRATORS.

It is well that conspirators of the CUFFEY stamp should know that the only approvers they can expect to meet with are such gentlemen as MR. POWELL.

PHYSIC FOR THE "MORNING POST."

As the winter Medical Sessions are now commencing at the various London Hospitals, we recommend our contemporary the *Morning Post* to enter himself at one of them, for the purpose of acquiring a little pathological knowledge, which, when he next adventures to decry sanitary reform, may perhaps prevent him from committing himself in the manner following:—

"In London there are many slaughter-houses, the air of which is most offensive. The effluvia they send forth is sufficient to give character to a neighbourhood, being far too strong for the endurance of gentility. None of our readers may have seen the interior of these obnoxious dens, but within them may be beheld a race of beings neither undersized nor weakly. The fellows are huge of frame, and in the tainted atmosphere they appear to thrive, actually growing fat and full of blood. The men may be said to be too full of health; for, seized with illness, their disorders have a tendency to run into inflammation, which cannot be reduced. The same, but in a milder degree, is witnessed in the butcher, who, though he lives where flesh abounds, nevertheless displays a bulky body and a ruddy face."

What our friend of the *Post* means to infer, we presume, is that these "fellows" live and thrive amid filth, as eels do in mud, and are, like eels, uninjured by it because used to it. According to him, being "fat and full of blood," they partake of the quality of the atmosphere they inhale, which is "far too strong for the endurance of gentility." But our philosopher argues that they are "too full of health; for, seized with illness, their disorders have a tendency to run into inflammation, which cannot be reduced." If he will consult the requisite authorities, he will find that the end of healthy inflammation is what is termed "resolution," which means, simply, subsidence, or getting well of itself. It is well known that if a slaughterman scratches his finger he is very likely to be attacked with fatal erysipelas, or, as the *Post* says, "inflammation which cannot be reduced." And as the acute Dr. JENKINS himself adds, "the same, but in a milder degree, is witnessed in the butcher." Exactly so. Atmosphere less foul, disease less malignant. Why, the Doctor himself establishes the ratio existing between factors and lesters. It is not often we are thus scientific, not to say unsavoury; but really we should feel that we were deserting our *Post* had we neglected to rectify the very erroneous medical views advanced by the journal in question.

BOTTLED CLIMATES.

AMONG the triumphs or alleged triumphs of modern science, is the effecting of a change of climate through the medium of a respirator, by means of which it is professed that the air of the "balmy South" may be inhaled at pleasure, and the draughts of the blustering Boreas be rejected in favour of a soft Italian air, or any other species of atmosphere that may be desired. If this can really be achieved, we may expect to be soon choosing our climates as we do our wines, and, with respirators on our mouths, discussing the merits of a fine old dry Neapolitan zephyr, or a rich full-flavoured and fruity Florentine breeze, including beeswing fresh from the bee, to give a sharpness—a sort of *agro dolce*—to the luscious flowery flavour of the composition.

It will indeed be luxury to be enabled to get our "change of air" without going abroad for it, but to have it sent home to our own homes in pints or quarts, so that we may sip it after dinner, and in the middle of crowded London breathe the soft atmosphere of Italy.

At dinner parties the respirators will take the place of the wine-glasses, and the guests, instead of being invited to partake of champagne, sherry, or hock, will be asked what they think of the gust recently imported from Genoa—of which the host has just received a few dozen—or they will be entreated to "put that away, and try another climate." We shall be having "sample hamper of sirocco" advertised, and consignments of "fine old crusted monsoon" announced in the newspapers. We long for the time when bottled climates will be as common as bottled ports, and the air of Madeira may be had, like its wine, at so much per dozen.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

THERE is a sing-song tune which has for some months past been so continually squalled, bawled, drawled, ground, fiddled, drummed, and otherwise dinned into our ears, that it has at last put us into such a rage, that we have set upon it, and picked it to pieces. This perpetual blister upon our organ of music is called *Jeannette and Jeannot*, of which, having reduced it to its component smithereens, we here present an analysis to our readers. It consists, in nearly equal proportions, of *When we went out a Gipsying*, *The Fine Old English Gentleman*, and *John Anderson my Jo*; with about half a bar of the *Soldier's Tear* and a cadence from the *Return of the Admiral*; exhibiting, besides, a distinct trace of *Lucy Neal*. We can bear this strain upon our philharmonic nerves no longer, and we beg all small children, organ-grinders, and other offenders, to take notice that we desire that the nuisance may no more be repeated.

PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

PROGRESS OF THE CONSTITUTION UNDER THE THIRD AND FOURTH EDWARDS AND HENRY THE FOURTH—THE ORIGIN OF ELECTION CONTESTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED—THE WAR OF THE ROSES A THORN IN ENGLAND'S SIDE IN THE DAYS OF HENRY THE FIFTH AND HENRY THE SIXTH.



If we might be allowed to compare our incomparable Constitution to anything at all, we should liken it to the American Aloe, which, though always vigorously alive, condescends to blossom only once or so in a hundred years, when it yields something like a Magna Charta, a glorious Revolution of 1688, or a Reform Bill. The last of these we have had in our own day, and we must rest, therefore, satisfied until the 20th century, when we may expect the British Constitution to blow again with some new flower for JOHN BULL to wear the usual time in the national button-hole. Magna

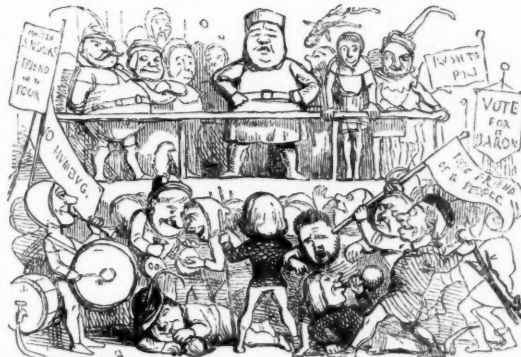
Charta was the first great contribution to our select constitutional flower-show; and though it was long before there was such another full-blown blossom on the stem, every succeeding reign since the time of EDWARD THE FIRST has assisted the development of our budding liberties. The representatives of the nation were now in Parliament; and though they were only required to furnish subsidies, they used to smuggle a Petition now and then into the body of the Bill by which they granted the supplies, as Moses and others, in the presentation copies of their works, blend a solicitation of our custom with the literary banquet they gratuitously serve up to us.

Though the laws were submitted to the Commons for their assent, their dissent was never asked, or at all events it was never attended to; and, with reference to a new Act, to like it or to leave it alone, was the only option allowed to them. Under EDWARD THE THIRD, however, they began refusing to acknowledge the laws they had not concurred in making. But the king and the nobles often flew to the "mean subterfuge" of, "It's the same concern," when they turned out of the legislative workshop an article that the Commons had had no hand in the manufacture of.

The next step was to claim the privilege of impeaching ministers of State; and, as sovereigns sometimes found it convenient to favour their favourites with all the odium justly due to themselves, the liberty of impeachment was not much objected to. The plan enabled a despotic monarch to reserve all the glory of success for himself, and to visit upon his unfortunate tools all the disgrace and punishment that his failures richly merited. This was the origin of the great doctrine of Royal Non-responsibility, and the foundation of the maxim, that "The king can do no wrong;" which, beginning as a fulsome fiction, has grown into a solemn truth, the impossibility of doing wrong having gradually been accomplished by the withdrawal of the power of doing anything. The fact is, that the Executive in this country is like the hand of a clock, which cannot go otherwise than right, while all the works are regular in their action; and though the hand of a clock, like the hand of the State, seems the only thing that moves, it is the most passive portion of the whole machinery it is connected with. No one, however, will deny that the hand is both useful and ornamental in a very high degree, and that it has its appointed share of duty to go through, which cannot be well performed without a due sympathy with every vibration of the pendulum, whose ticking may be typified by the voice of public opinion, and a promptitude in keeping pace with well-regulated movement—two qualities possessed in an eminent degree by the illustrious pair of hands that mark the present time in England.

Under HENRY THE FOURTH, the Commons began the new, and, with small dunning tradesmen, the now favourite, dodge of waiting for an answer when they came with their bills, and refusing further supplies until their demands were satisfied. It may be presumed that now, for the first time, a seat in Parliament had become an honour worth starting for, since the Commons had got considerably above the state in which we found them in the days of HENRY THE SECOND, when they used to be called up in batches of a dozen or so before the Norman King, and were informed through an interpreter that it was only for the purpose of emptying their pockets that he desired the pleasure of their company. It was certainly a very happy and appropriate idea to summon these poor victims by writs—for it was equivalent to having a writ served upon them, in the familiar sense of that odious term, when they received their invitation to the presence of their Sovereign. When, however, the power of selection was placed in the people's hands, and

their representatives began to indulge the luxury of having a fling at the higher powers—for there is nothing so much pleases JOHN BULL as bullying those above him—then it was that some of those election scenes may have commenced which have since woven the cabbage-leaf among the flowers of our Constitution, beaten up the rotten egg with the purity of election, converted the common cat into the pole-cat by its constant presence at the poll, and identified gammon with its inseparable spinach, by stopping the issue of the former from the mouth of the candidate with large bunches of the latter, thrown by those who have his fate, and a vegetable missile, in their hands.



Then it was that the earliest of our English SNOOKSES began to kiss our babies, fraternise with our wives, and shake hands with ourselves, to secure our "vote and interest." From that period may be dated the birth of that intolerable nuisance, "The Poor Man's Friend," who has ever since worried the "Poor Man" almost out of his life, by persuading him to feel as miserable and as malignant as possible. Then it was that the awful option of "MUGGINS and Freedom" or "BUGGINS and Slavery," was first offered to our forefathers, who were impressively informed, that "Now, or Never" was the time, and they firmly believed it was; though, if they had been asked what "Now" was the time for, or why "Never" would not be equally convenient, and perhaps rather an improvement on "Now," they would have been quite unable to answer the question.

Under the Fifth and Sixth HENRIES there was such a din of arms, such a clanging of battle-axes against breastplates, and such a rattling of the marrow-bones of one party against the cleavers of the other, that nobody could hear himself speak, and the voice of Liberty calling for changes in the Constitution was either mute or muffled in the miserable *mélée*. The Wars of the Roses were the pretext for all this to-do, and both of them were at last so terribly dyed in blood, that if the Red and White had not been happily united, it would have been difficult to distinguish one from the other. The partisans of the cabbage had so belaboured the adherents of the moss—from whom the famous moss-troopers perhaps took their name*—that for thirty years *couleur de rose* was suggestive of a state of things very different from that to which the phrase, in the present day, is applied; and in fact, England beat itself almost black and blue in settling the disputed pretensions of White and Red, as urged by the respective Houses of York and Lancaster. It was from the accession of HENRY THE SEVENTH, who grafted the two Roses on one stem, that the historian of our Constitution may begin to

"Sing the song of happier days ;"

and, in order to clear his throat for this agreeable vocal effort, he will fill up with a series of AHMS the interval between this and the ensuing chapter.

THE FALL AND DECLINE OF REGENT STREET.

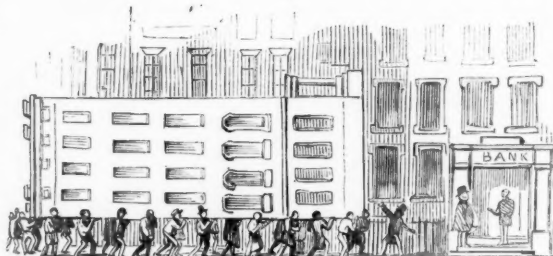
If the architect of the Regent Street Colonnade were only alive, how he would gnash his teeth, to be sure, at seeing the work of destruction that is at present sapping and undermining the beautiful fabric of his vision, leaving not a stick behind!

The mistake will be found out, we are afraid, when it is too late to repair it, and we shall behold Regent Street in its decline, without a pillar to rest its roofless head upon. We wonder the Woods and Forests do not take St. Paul's down, and sell it for old bricks, for we have repeatedly heard shopmen complain that it sadly darkens their drawing-rooms. But, after all, there is one consolation—let London be disfigured as much as possible, let things come to the very worst, we shall still have the National Gallery left us! Three cheers, boys. Hip, hip, hurrah!

* Perhaps—on further consideration—they didn't.

A MOVING EXTRAVAGANZA.

SINCE the new plan of moving houses has come into fashion, persons who are in the habit of going to the seaside every year, need no longer be afraid of leaving their property behind them. They will have their mansions taken up and carried to the bankers'; where we can imagine an extravagant scene taking place in a year or two, like the following:—



COUTTS'S BANK.

Enter MR. HUDSON with several hundred porters, carrying on their shoulders the *Albert House*.

Clerk. What is that, Sir?

Mr. Hudson. Oh! that is my little mansion; I'm going on the Continent for six weeks, and I want you to take care of it for me till I come back. Will you be very careful, if you please, and not turn it upside down?

Clerk. Very sorry indeed, Sir; but our cellars are quite full. We were obliged to refuse Buckingham Palace this morning, Sir, for want of room.

[Exit MR. HUDSON, followed by his House.]

THE WEAKER SEX, AND THE WEAKEST POLICE.

J. WILDE is charged at Clerkenwell with beating ELLEN HARRIS insensible. The fellow made use of a stone, whirling it about the woman's head in a handkerchief. The woman was shockingly beaten; nevertheless, the ruffian was charged only £5 for the damage committed. This—unfortunately for the dignity of property—he could not pay; he could not afford the recreation of beating young women's heads with stones; therefore, as a check to his extravagance, he was condemned to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.—A brief retirement this from the world, for the better contemplation of the rights of property. With £5 in his pocket, WILDE would have been free as a bird, and his fingers undefiled by oakum. However, the ruffian had committed another crime for which no money could be received in recompense. He had slightly hit—with the self-same stone—the sacred person of a policeman. Upon this, the villain was sentenced to an additional month's captivity, no money being taken by Justice as golden ointment for the hurts of her officers. The moral of this is: You may beat a woman if you can afford to pay for it; but money is of no avail if you smite a policeman. Hence, by a metaphor, the stone in the ruffian's handkerchief may be considered as the stone of Justice, and therefore one of the brightest jewels out of the British Crown.

MEDICAL ADVICE FOR ALDERMEN.

FOR reasons to which it is unnecessary to allude particularly, it is very requisite that all manner of persons, just now, should be very cautious in their diet. Your serious attention is therefore invited to the important subject of "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid."

Salt meat and cured fish are very unwholesome; accordingly, your food should consist much less of bacon than of venison, and much more of turtle than of red herring, provided you take only a very little turtle and venison, to which plain joints are preferable. Green vegetables are pernicious, so that you are not to be condemned to hermit's fare; and prudence, as well as inclination, will lead you to eschew all manner of herbs and roots, except good mealy potatoes. You may safely vary your dietary with hare, partridge, pheasant, grouse, snipe, woodcock, plover, quail, turkey, turkey pullets, and capons. All these are very excellent things, only it may be as well to observe that they should not be all taken at the same meal. You are recommended to eat as much as is good for you, and are at liberty to eat more, if you like.

You need not be afraid of truffles, stewed mushrooms, *courtes*, ice-

creams, lobster-salad, Chantilly biscuits, jellies, blanc-mange, oysters, trifle, and strawberries, which will not do you the slightest harm—if you will let them alone.

You may indulge in iced punch after your green fat, if you first take the slight precaution of making your will. Otherwise, you had better stick to good old port and sherry.

The point of clothing is one of great consequence. For the purpose of protecting the body against atmospheric influences, you will find it sufficient to devote half the pains to covering the surface which you have hitherto bestowed on lining the interior.

You will have observed that the foregoing dietetic precepts contain no recommendation to avoid fermented liquors. The truth is, that you must drink something, and every drop of water that you can command will be required to sluice, and cleanse, and scour your nasty dirty city.

THE HUMBLE PETITION AND REMONSTRANCE OF THE VERNON GALLERY.

TO MR. PUNCH.

WE, the undersigned, being perfectly resigned to our general lot, as pictures—for instance, to newspaper strictures, which, whether daily or weekly, we all submit to meekly; tho' it certainly were to be wished that, if we are to be dished, those who "do" the sauce and the dressing possessed, besides professing, some knowledge, however slight, in the subject on which they're writin'—being also prepared to endure all processes, whether for cure of horniness, mildew, or blight, or touching us up to be bright, or toning us down to be dull, or skinning our natural hull—a process by dealers called cleaning, (whose effects TITIAN's *Bacchus* are seen in); in short, all sor's of excoiation, restoration, lustration, purgation, to which works that belong to a nation, as to people of private station, must make up their expectation. So, had nonsense about us been written, or had we with acids been bitten, or *Art-Union* engraver been sittin', to gibbet us all bit by bit in his journal, all "in the line manner," we'd ne'er lifted Rebellion's banner in this Revolution'ry day, and rushed to our *Punch*, thus to pray his protection, our sufferings to stay, if but in a "provisional" way. But the fact is, believe it, oh *Punch*, even now they're beginning to "scrunch" our poor canvasses (truth and no rallery) all into that National Gallery! And if he get us all in, with our frames, thick and thin, EASTLAKE will have quite earned his salary. How ever we are to be packed, unless, that's to say, we are stacked like slates, one a-top of another, till each of us kills his poor brother; or packed—tho' like brothers we quarrel—like best Yarmouth bloaters in barrel; or stowed close, with no more regard than tramps in a "casual ward"—we can't think—in the name of OLD HARRY, perhaps you would ask MR. BARRY. The Old Masters may stand, if they like, being treated as bad as poor SMIKE; but we, true British Pictures, will strike, and ne'er to High Art turning martyrs, submit to such miserable quarters—if "quarters" they be, says a droll old WILKIE—being surely a "hole," we hear talk how they'll patch up and plaster it, how they'll stucco, and skreen, and plaster it; but BARRY will ne'er put a face, we should hope, on the Nat'l disgrace. And if BARRY declares he can alter the place for the better, we say that this Barrytone's base. In a word, Mr. *Punch*, we declare here that we, late one VERNON's, but now one JOHN BULL's propertie, being works one and all of the best modern artists, have made up our minds to declare ourselves Chartists, unless, without any more changing and dodging, we are found, not in washing, but suitable lodging; and we'll set up our Charter—its Six Points to be—

One—The National Gallery ceases to be.

Two—Givers of pictures shall see their gifts placed where the works by the walls shall no more be disgraced.

Three—No newspaper writers shall dare to be critics till examined in (read for the rhyme's sake) aesthetics.

Four—*Gil Blas* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* must not furnish subjects, on pain of the artist's being shot.

Five—Art-Unions are humbugs—so are the Trustees of the National Gallery—both Lords and M.P.'s.

Six—Each artist may think (and get others as well to think so, if he can) he's the new RAFFAELLE.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR IRELAND.

Two spinsters—in correspondence with the rebels—have been committed to Clonmel Gaol. They wore percussion caps in their hair; no doubt—with the spinster purpose—of the more readily going off!

LORD BROUGHAM'S PAMPHLET;

IN TWELVE DROPS.



WE have distilled LORD BROUGHAM, to be taken in *Punch*, and present to the world the quintessential properties of the philosopher and statesman. We purchased *A Letter to LORD LANSDOWNE, on the French Revolution* (a very thick and heavy epistle, price 4s.), and proceeded to extract the essence. After this fashion—for *Punch* has no secrets—did we catch and hold the volatile spirit of his Lordship's wisdom.

We first chopped the pamphlet into pieces about the size of an alderman's thumb. We then threw the pieces into a brass skillet, with a pint of aromatic vinegar—to negative the gall-nuts of the writer's ink—with a pinch or two of rock-salt, to supply the saline wants of the original material. To this we added a few drops of very old seal oil, with the smallest touch of mace; stirred altogether, and placed on a French charcoal brazier to stew and simmer. We occasionally fanned the charcoal with an old wig (turned inside out); and removed the scum as it rose with a tea-spoon of QUEEN CAROLINE's pattern.

When the chopped pamphlet was done to a pulp, and the vinegar reduced to half a gill, we carefully distilled it; and—in a quarter of a thimbleful of the blackest liquid—possessed the condensed properties of LORD BROUGHAM's many pages.

We shall proceed to dip a clean new pen into the essence that, when delivered to our page, shall present the whole of the pamphlet in a few lines. And we modestly call upon the world to admire our combined industry and ingenuity. It was, doubtless, held a good trick of magic to imprison *Ariel* in a pine-apple (for so we read SHAKESPEARE); but what was this to the potency of *Punch*, who wraps up a whole BROUGHAM in a page?

We shall now begin our task; prescribing our extracts of BROUGHAM to be taken in drops.

DROP I.—ENGLISH REFORM. FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I brought about the Reform Bill of 1832; I have consequently a clear right to review the French Barricades of 1848. They refused to make me a French citizen; I have, therefore—my old and excellent friend, LANSDOWNE—I have, therefore, an inalienable privilege to abuse all French citizens soever.

DROP II.—VULGARITY OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Revolution was effected by unknown Frenchmen; by men who never had a grandfather. My illustrious friend ARAGO was the solitary meteor that coruscated among the National Guards. The Revolution was effected by obscure men, who lighted the fires of rebellion from the dark-lanterns of their own reputations. They knew not the modesty of patience: they had, possibly, never heard of a BROUGHAM.

DROP III.—THE ENGLISH PRESS, AND "PUNCH" IN PARTICULAR.

I speak of my own knowledge when I aver that LOUIS-PHILIPPE was struck from his throne by the *bâton* of a miscreant hanging out in Fleet Street. The illustrious exile may thank the Press, and that miscreant in particular, that he was hooted from Paris. When LOUIS-PHILIPPE was compelled to call himself "MR. SMITH," the execrable *Punch* may be considered his inexorable godfather!

DROP IV.—CRASSITUDE OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

In 1840, I wrote *The Political Philosophy*, at once and for ever settling the destinies of nations. And yet a crass Parisian mob must throw up barricades in the very face of that immortal work! The Royal bed-chambers at the Tuileries and Eu were papered with early copies of that book, that an illustrious exile—awake and asleep—might always have it's pervading wisdom about him. Nevertheless, with the work, by no means out of print—I repeat it, by no means out of print—there is another Revolution! Why, what is all human foresight worth? and—I may particularly ask it—what is now the worth of those two volumes (post 8vo) of my *Political Philosophy*?

DROP V.—THE FRENCH IRRITATED BY WATERLOO.

The French were made sore by the memory of Waterloo. The more crass they. They should have forgotten it. Had I been made a French citizen, I would have denied the occurrence of such a battle. More: I would have written a book—two, three, four books if necessary—to disprove it.

DROP VI.—THE FATAL FAULT OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

The "illustrious exile" did not sufficiently attend to my advice. I well remember when I said to him, "LOUIS, *mon cher*, I tell you what you must do; you must put a patch or so upon the Constitution; you must not appoint *all* your Chamber of Deputies out of your placemen. You have only 250,000 voters in all France. Therefore, *mon cher*, extend the franchise; make them—for there is strength in caution, see my *Political Philosophy*—make them 250,001." Had this been done, I should not, in February last, have embraced an "illustrious exile" at Claremont.

DROP VII.—WHAT THE FRENCH HAVE LOST.

Half-a-year ago, the French had ample liberty, and some to spare. They had a wise Prince, and the inestimable benefit of commerce. Their capital was frequently visited by an illustrious foreigner—he had it in his intention to found a philosophic colony at Cannes—who is now resolved to pass every vacation in Westmoreland.

DROP VIII.—INCIDENTALLY OF GERMANY.

Speaking of France, I think Germany in a much worse condition. A late fellow-labourer of yours—(my excellent friend)—never had, and never proposes to have, a country seat in Germany. The Germans are slower to warm than the French; but iron that takes longest to melt, takes longest to cool. I fear the imagination, when once roused, of the Germans. I dread the *Marseillaise* when played with diabolic variations upon the German flute.

DROP IX.—THE RULER OF FRANCE.

Whoever he is, he must have power. You must not parley with a mob; bullets they may understand, but not words. Think of the dregs of the people—(when I was HARRY BROUGHAM the people, of course, had no dregs)—rising to the top at Neuilly, and overwhelming a king whose only faults were an excess of mercy and a too great contempt of money: a man who thought of his country first, of his family next, and perhaps of his own particular person afterwards.

DROP X.—THE PRESS AND THE MULTITUDE.

The Press, to repeat very significant words of mine—"has done it all." A newspaper lives upon untruth. It accidentally—I will allow as much—prints an error: it is too proud to swallow its words. Therefore, it goes on swaggering and vomiting forth all sorts of sophistries that honest men in gowns and wigs drop tears to think of. The Press ought to be the bread-tree, protecting and supporting all who seek it. My excellent friend, is it not rather the flaunting poppy, whose poison creates dreams, and delusions, and idiocy, and madness? I am, however, not yet prepared to say that I would destroy the Press, repeal the invention of printing, and bring in an Act of Oblivion that, in its first clause, should swallow up the memory of JOHN GUTTENBURG. I repeat it: I am not yet prepared for this.

DROP XI.—AN EXHORTATION.

And now, my old and excellent friend, let me not conclude without affording you some consolation. When, from your high position—when from the Pharos of Place—you look abroad and see the all but universal storm; when you behold France still heaving from the tempest—Germany in billowy strife—Italy with uncooled lava—Sicily bubbling liquid sulphur—when you behold all this, be not dismayed.

DROP XII.—THE REMEDY.

There is a man who is intimate with France, and can still her waves into a duck-pond—who can make the billows of Germany smooth as the native *meerschau*—who can render Italian lava harmless as Italian macaroni—and with Sicilian sulphur tip the lucifers of all society for the diffusion of political knowledge.

That man—it is a great happiness at the present time to think it—is still spared us, and he is

Your old and excellent friend,
HENRY BROUGHAM.

DISCOVERING THE LONGITUDE.

The Sea Serpent has been seen again; persons declaring it was several miles in length. We should not at all wonder if it was a stray column of one of MR. ANSTEY's speeches, for we know as a fact that that gentleman has been at sea for a long time.

MEETING HIM HALF-WAY.



Young Hopeful. "Well, it's of no use, Governor; I can't stick to business. I want to be a soldier, and you must buy me a Commission."

Governor. "No, my boy, I can't afford to buy you a Commission, but I'll tell you what I will do; if you will go down to Chatham and enlist, I will give you my word of honour I won't buy you off!"

AN INNOCENT IRISHMAN.

At a time when, unhappily, an innocent Irishman is somewhat of a rarity, it is really pleasing to meet with an undeniable instance of that character. There was a gentleman named WILLIAM M'CARTHY, who appeared on the trial of M'MANUS at Clonmel, as a witness, in which capacity he established an indubitable claim to the appellation in question. MR. M'CARTHY was examined by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. We borrow from the *Times* a little of his remarkable testimony:—

"Did you see any men about the door with a pike?—A pike! What's that? I would not know a pike. (*A laugh.*)"

No doubt he would not if he could help it.

"Would you not know one if you saw it?—I never saw one, to know it, in my life."

MR. M'CARTHY does not see pikes for the purpose of knowing them, or remembering anything about them. Probably he is subject to a fit of hard winking when he looks at pikes.

"Would you know a carving-fork?—Oh! indeed, I might."

It will be observed that MR. M'CARTHY speaks in the potential mood. He *might* know a carving-fork—but that would depend upon circumstances.

"Did you see anything in the hands of the people about?—I saw sticks with them."

"What?—Things I heard the people say were pikes. (*A laugh.*) But I did not know them at all. (*A laugh.*)"

The plainness which is proverbially ascribed to a pike-staff by no means appears to extend to a pike, in the eyes of MR. M'CARTHY. His ignorance on the subject of weapons in general is equally crass—indeed he appears to be quite an infant in arms:—

"Would you know the look of a gun?—Oh! I think I would."

THE ALDERMAN AND THE APOTHECARY.

SCENE—*The City of London. A Street in the Slums.*

Enter ALDERMAN.

Ald. I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabout's he dwells,—whom once I noted
In rusty black, and green steel spectacles,
Weighing out powders: scaly were his looks,
His frame appeared to be a bag of bones;
And in his petty shop his license hung
By ABERNETHY'S, matched with CULLEN'S phiz—
Two ill-framed pictures; and upon his shelves
A beggarly account of coloured bottles—
Green, blue, and red, labell'd with Latin names,
Haust: Sennæ Comp.; Syrup: Papav.; Mist: Camph.;
Were thinly stationed to make up a show.
Noting this seediness, to myself I said—
An if we need an Officer of Health,
To toil upon the lowest salary,
This obj-ct is the very man for us.
Oh, this same hungry did but forerun my greed!
And this same hungry wretch must be our drudge.
As I remember, this should be the shop:
Being dinner-time, the pauper's at his crust.
What ho! Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apoth. Who calls so soft?

Ald. Come hither, Sir. I see thou art hard up;
Hold. There are fifty and a hundred pounds
Per annum for thy wages. Let us have
Thy service to explore the sinks and sewers
Of our foul city and its liberties,
That it may be discharged of pestilence
As quickly as the words, JACK ROBINSON,
Do hurry from the fastest talker's mouth.

Apoth. Such pay is very small; and the employ
Is death to many a man who works at it.

Ald. Art thou so lean, so full of emptiness,
And carest for life? Whitecross is in thy face,
A wife is starving in thine anxious eyes,
Upon thy back hangs a large family;
Physic is not thy friend, nor physic's trade:
Physic affords no fees to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but cut it—and take this.

Apoth. My poverty, but not my skill, consents.

Ald. We pay thy poverty, and not thy skill.

This is not to be mistaken for "I should think so;" for mark:—

"Had any of the men you saw guns in their hands?—One had something with the appearance of a gun in his hand."

We should like to hear MR. M'CARTHY'S description of the "Hall so brave" of the "Fine Old English Gentleman," which of course he would have represented as "hung around" with the appearances of "pikes and guns and bows." We are indebted, by the way, to the fine and ready-witted, though somewhat short-sighted fellow, for a rich exhibition of genuine old Irish humour; only we should have enjoyed it better at a minor theatre in a melodrama, than in a Court of Justice on a trial for High Treason.

Modest and Benevolent.

A FOREIGN Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in the best dove's milk writes as follows:—

"It is a marvel that fire and flame have not descended from Heaven to sweep away Frankfort from the face of the earth; it would be well if the hand of man should supply the deficiency and lay waste the city with fire and sword."

What if the writer himself came in for a turn at the fire, and a cut of the sword? Truly, if all cities wherein horrors have been perpetrated were laid waste with fire, the map of Europe would inevitably have the appearance of a burnt ironing blanket.

SINK AND THE DEUCE.

A SEAL Engraver, hearing that the Thames so poisoned the atmosphere that it was dangerous to live near it, called it "a first-rate sink for a die!"



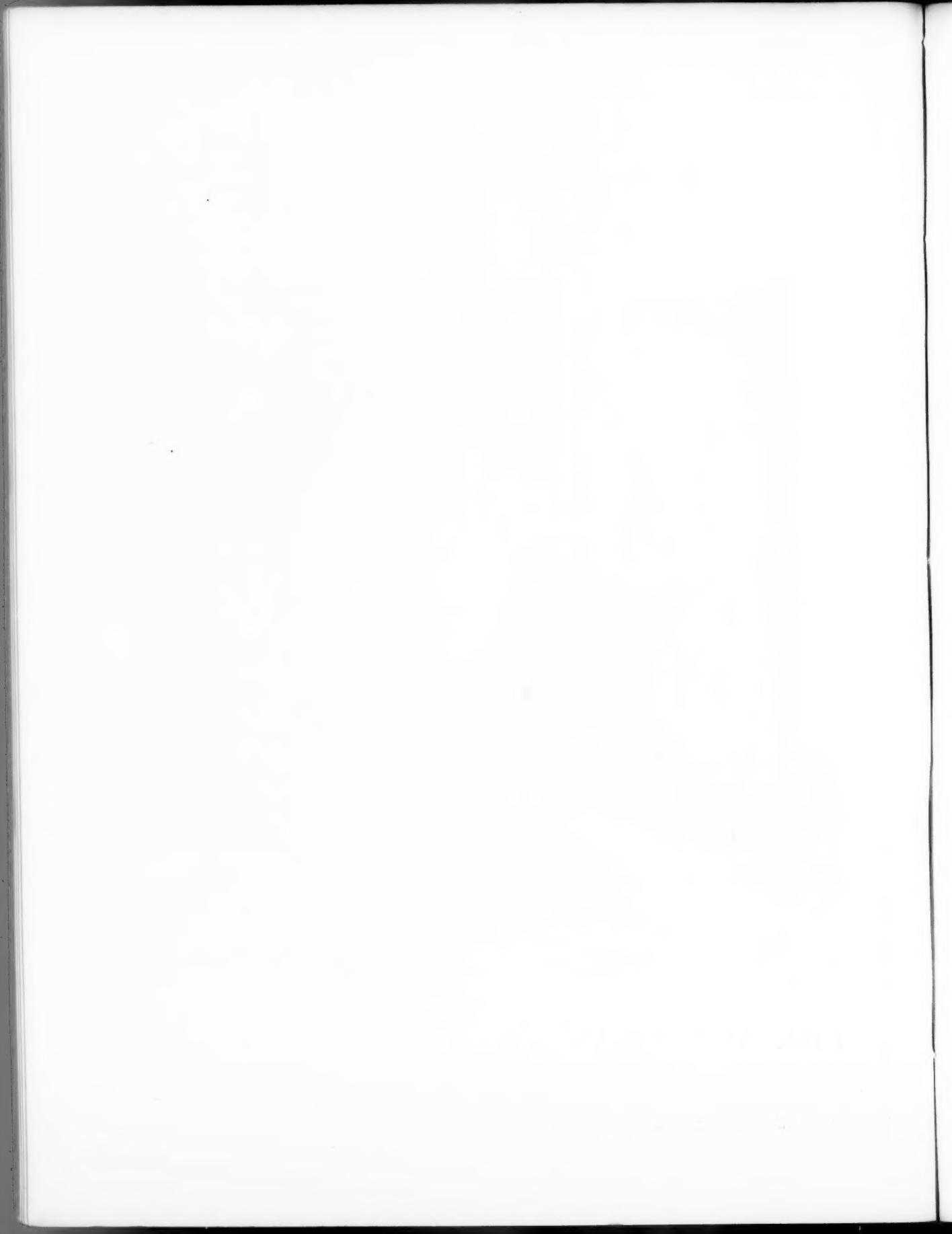
THE ALDERMAN AND THE APOTHECARY.

Ald. I do remember an Apothecary,
 And if we need an Officer of Health
 To toil upon the lowest salary,
 This object is the very man for us.

Come hither, Sir; I see you are hard up :
 Hold. There are fifty and a hundred pounds
 Per annum, for your wages. Let us have
 Your service to explore the sinks and sewers
 Of our foul city and its liberties.
Apoth. The pay is very small; and the employ

Is death to many a man that works at it.
 My poverty, and not my skill, consents.
Ald. We pay thy poverty and not thy skill.

Shakespeare (a little altered.)



A VOICE FROM "BROMPTON."

BROMPTON SQUARE is known to be the square of ease to most of the theatres. A complete company—tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, and a cut of the ballet—might be recruited in Brompton in less than forty minutes. Any Manager *THESES* might take a very brief turn with a van, and fill it. Hence, we are not taken by surprise when "an old actor" from "Brompton" wheezes to the *Morning Post* in defence of the high-priced stars. The "Old Actor"—as if intimately knowing the lady's arrangements—declares that Miss FAUCIT only expected to play three nights a-week at £15 per night, when—

"Her salary would amount but to £45 per week, £20 per week more than Miss O'NEILL certainly, but considering the high price of provisions, and the scarcity of leading artistes, ought not to be grumbled at."

Thus, the prices of *Juliet* are to vary with the prices of house-lamb, and *Romeo*s may be expected to "go up" with kidney potatoes!

The subjoined illustration, if not very new, is very happy:—

"Luxuries can always fetch their price. *Strawberries* and *green peas*, for instance, will be greedily sought after and cheerfully purchased at a guinea an ounce and two guineas a quart. There is but one Miss FAUCIT, one Mrs. NISBETT, and one Mr. ANDERSON; as there is but one JENNY LIND, one GRISI, one ALBONI, and one MARIO."

Therefore, as KEAN's (not EDMUND's) seedlings are cheerfully bought at a guinea an ounce, why should not *Belvidera* fetch, say five guineas a scream? Marrowfats command two guineas a quart, why not early *Lady Spankers* two guineas a laugh? The reasoning is very conclusive.

And yet, it may be answered, it is the public who give guineas for strawberries and green peas of Covent Garden salesmen; but the public will not give guineas to managers for FAUCITS and ANDERSONS. Gardeners and fruiterers, upon the profits of their commodities, retire into private opulence. Managers—with their peas and strawberries—go into the *Gazette*. One tradesman proceeds to invest in the Bank; the other rarely gets farther than Basinghall Street.

THE LABOURS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



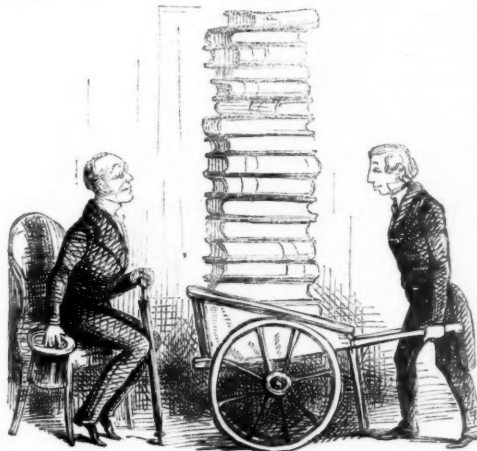
THE LABOURS OF HERCULES are nothing to them. Thousands of books are lying about the shelves without a local habitation—almost without a name. It will require the aid of the beneficent fairy in the story, who sorted all the feathers for the *Fair One with the Golden Locks*, to put them in their right places. The national cry of "Register! Register!" does not apply to our National Library. Valuable gifts are wasted for the loss of a common Catalogue to record their riches. Our grandsons, when they have arrived at the age of grandfathers, may be able to consult the precious volumes we are not likely to see, for the chance is so faint, that the librarians only laugh, when asked to bring some unrecorded book, and say, "Will you be kind enough, Sir, to call this day forty years, and I have no doubt Sir, it will be ready then for you."

This evil, too, instead of diminishing, accumulates every day; for it stands to reason, if half-a-dozen books are inscribed only, every week, and some twelve dozen new ones are published, that the balance must always be, even if they engaged an extra hand at sixpence an hour, against the possible completion of this dilatory invisible Catalogue. Will it be believed that not less than three gentlemen are engaged to finish this gigantic task? They have asked for assistance, but the expense was too awful, for it can scarcely be credited that the salaries of these three gentlemen amount to the ruinous sum of 12s. 6d. *per diem*—as much as 4s. 2d. each a day! The nation has so many burdens that it is quite clear it could not bear an additional inscriber put upon it! Besides, the payment for such services is disproportionately large. These gentlemen are expected to know eight or ten languages, and surely sixpence an hour for each language is most handsome remuneration. Why, a charwoman is not paid more! A man who bottles wine scarcely receives higher pay, and surely no one would think of putting upon the same footing with them one who merely drafts books from one ledger to ledger, and only scours acres of volumes, to make a stupid Catalogue!

The possession of languages may be a valuable accomplishment, and ought doubtlessly to be well rewarded; but there is a medium in all things, and we think a pound a week for a man who knows Sanscrit, Hebrew, Chinese, and other tongues that are much easier to catch than Welsh or Scotch, is most liberally remunerated, and we are quite sure every Whig Minister in his heart agrees with us. It is false to suppose that the subordinates in all Government situations are underpaid, and that the Directors and Commissioners get the large salaries. The fact of as many as three inscribers being engaged upon one Catalogue, when one would do it just as well with an equal chance of completing it, is a sufficient contradiction to this absurd delusion, especially when the large sum they receive every Saturday is taken into consideration.

The Catalogue will be completed in time, there's no doubt of that.

We may not exactly live to see it; but still, we should take courage from the above facts, and hope that our descendants of the fourth or fifth generation perhaps will. We can fancy, then, the height the Catalogue will have attained. A separate Museum will have to be built to contain it; and if some intelligent bibliopolist wishes, in 2048, to consult *Punch on the Constitution*, or any other standard work of English literature, we can imagine a mountain of huge quartos being wheeled to him by some one of Herculean frame, who comforts him thus:—



Librarian. "You asked to see the Catalogue of the letter P, Sir? I'm sorry it's not yet completed, Sir, but I've brought you all there is, as far as it goes."

Depend upon it, the Catalogue of the British Museum is not a work for one time, but for all ages!

HECATOMBS OF PORTRAITS.

OUR next-door neighbour over the water, the *Charivari*, informs us that portraits of the French Members swarm all over Paris. One house, it says, is quite blockheaded with them—the exterior is covered all over. The house may well hide its face for putting on so bold a front!

It seems there are no less than three editions of these endless portraits. Now, there are upwards of 900 Members, which only makes the pretty number of 2700 heads. The most Dantonian Red Republican could not wish to take off a greater number. Never did such a number of patriots put their heads upon the block before! Imagine having them all hung about your room! What an ugly view it would give of Universal Suffrage! The portraits, we are told, are so diversified, that there are not two alike. This makes the collection all the richer, and is only another proof that no politician is himself for two days together. However, it must be a festering *épiingle* to every Frenchman's vanity, that his *belle France* should possess such a cabbage-garden of portraits, and scarcely one good head amongst them. We would recommend vigorous weeding.

At all events, France cannot complain of being badly represented—in the shop-windows.

WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

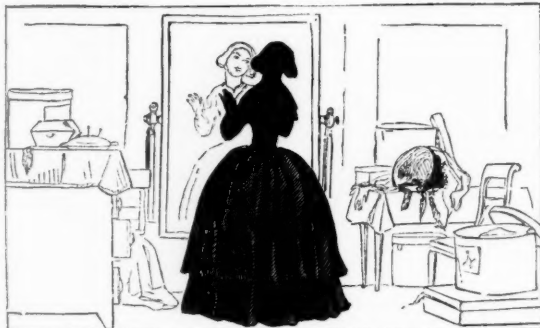
THE Pavilion at Brighton has been called, and very appropriately, the "Wreck of the Royal George." COLONEL PAISLEY has offered in the handsomest manner to blow it up, if the town will only find the gunpowder; but we believe this offer has for the present been refused, as the Woods and Forests are in treaty with the proprietors of the Chinese Collection, it being their intention to turn it into a travelling caravan. There is no doubt it would draw tremendously—if there is no gilding or paint spared to make it as showy as possible—as a new vehicle of attraction. It would be a pity to blow it up; though, as it has never had anything else all its life, it must be pretty well used to it by this time. By the by, the title of Pavilion ought to have foretold its fate, for, not being an English Pavilion, the Brighton Marines, if they had had any British loyalty about them, might have known it would be sure to be very quickly pulled down. As it will want a new name when it vagabondises through the country, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, may we be allowed to be its godfather? The name we would give at its second christening is one which it is well entitled to, from a long intimate connexion with it on the lids of work and snuff-boxes, and all sorts of toys. We would simply call it, "A TRIFLE FROM BRIGHTON."

"THE GLASS;" A COMPANION TO "THE BOTTLE."

We need not tell the world that we have a hearty contempt for that paltry spirit of imitation which exists by the adoption, second-hand, of successful ideas—a sort of trade for which theft and monkeydom combined are the only two qualities requisite. We abhor, therefore, the mere suspicion of having meanly availed ourselves of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK's genius by hanging our idea of "The Glass" on to his wonderful conception of "The Bottle." We were almost as disgusted as the artist himself could have been when the swarm of paltry plagiarists came out with their "Pint Pots in Six Plates," their "Beer Jugs" on stone; and when a mean caitiff had actually advertised "The Decanter," we had very serious thoughts of bringing out, on our own account, "A Tremendous Stopper," if somebody had not fortunately cut off "The Decanter" prematurely, or perhaps broken the neck of it. We are sure, however, that the renowned artist will not be angry with us for following up his great moral lesson of "The Bottle" by a little moral lesson of our own, under the title of "The Glass," more particularly when we inform him that our "Glass" has no connection with the subject of his celebrated designs, but has reference to a perfectly different article. In accordance with the prevailing custom, we have put the whole of the papers and drawings into the hands of our poet, with instructions to "peruse and settle," and subsequently to "prepare draught from Pierian spring," which he has accomplished in the following highly satisfactory manner.

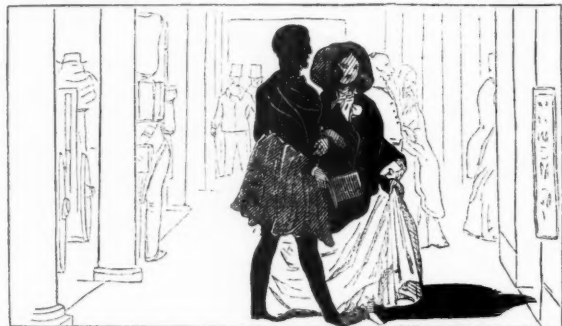
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PLATE I.—THE GLASS DISCOVERS TO ARABELLA THAT SHE IS PRETTY.



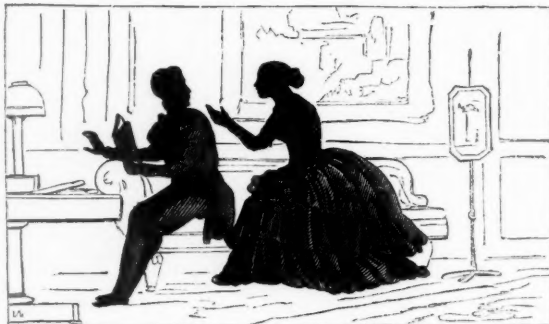
"There's no one coming, girl,
There's no one coming;
Stop and arrange that graceful curl
While there's no one coming."
Before the Glass she stood and gazed,
Attraction growing stronger;
With her own beauty quite amazed,
She thought, "A pleasure now I've raised,
I'll wait a little longer."

PLATE III.—ARABELLA, STILL DEVOTED TO THE GLASS, HAD LED HERSELF TO BELIEVE THAT HER ATTRACTIVE OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY SEEN.



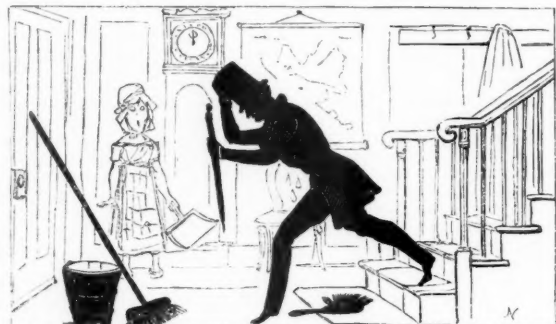
"There's JENNY LIND coming, sweet,
There's JENNY LIND coming;
To go and see her what a treat!
The JENNY LIND coming.
LABLACHE, GARDONI, and the rest,
No Opera could be stronger."
So, most extravagantly dressed,
He takes her there. It had been best
To wait a little longer."

PLATE II.—LED ON BY THE CAPTIVATION OF THE GLASS, ARABELLA WORRIES HER UNHAPPY HUSBAND FOR EXPENSIVE DRESSES.



"There's a new gown coming, dear,
A new gown coming;
What I am saying can't you hear?
There's a new gown coming."
Her husband angry turned around,
His passion growing stronger,
And cried, "The money can't be found:
The milliner"—he stamp'd the ground,
"Must wait a little longer."

PLATE IV.—ARABELLA NEGLECTS FOR THE GLASS THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE DOMESTIC DUTIES OF HER HOUSEHOLD, AND DRIVES HER HUSBAND TO HIS CLUB.



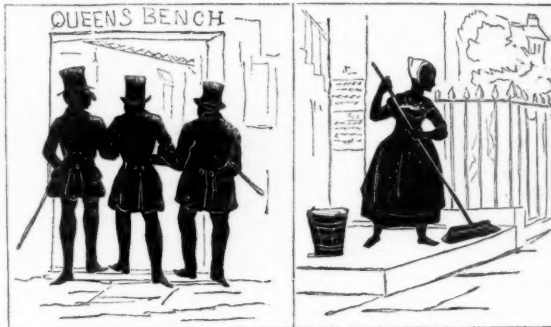
"There are two friends coming, love,
There are two friends coming;
I hope the room's prepared above
For my two friends coming."
Thus spoke the husband! Truth to say,
The Glass for her was stronger;
The house, neglected every day,
More wretched grew: he could not stay,
To stand it any longer."

PLATE V.—URGED TO THE UTMOST EXTRAVAGANCE BY THE GLASS, WHICH CALLS FOR FRESH SACRIFICES EVERY DAY, THE TRADESMEN'S BILLS INCREASE.



"There's a postman coming here,
A postman coming;
He's got a lot more bills, I fear,
That postman coming.
I hate to hear his dreadful knock,
I wish my nerves were stronger,
From every note I get a shock;
They tell me I their patience mock—
They're tired of waiting longer."

PLATE VI.—VICTIM TO ARABELLA'S ARDENT PASSION FOR THE GLASS, HER HUSBAND GOES TO THE QUEEN'S BENCH, AND THE WIFE IS FORCED TO GO OUT CHARING.



There are two men coming, now,
Two strange men coming;
'Tis useless making any row
With the strange men coming.
They take him slowly to the Bench—
No prison need be stronger,
And soon, the wretched tale to clench,
The wife will be a charing wench—
Only wait a little longer.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

THE *Dædalus* Frigate, which dropped anchor at Plymouth on the 4th, brings news of an old friend—

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT!!

The wonderful animal is still "to be seen alive! alive!" for the captain, most of the officers, and crew of the frigate have seen it. Incapable as we are of suspecting the veracity of a gentleman who writes R.N. after his name, we immediately dispatched "Our Own Reporter" to Plymouth, who brings us back the subjoined depositions of several eye-witnesses, who, without any "cracking," describe the Kraken in detail. As the deponents are "true British tars," their veracity is unquestionable.

"The 'davy of me, THOMAS CAREY, Quartermaster on board H.M.S. *Dædalus*, 20 guns, CAPTAIN MCQUHAE, R.N., commanding; off *Santyleny* of a Friday, September 7th, six bells; weather clear; strong breeze S.S.W., under close-reefed top-sails, and all well on board. The following remarkable occurrence, as by my private log:—"

"I, THOMAS CAREY, was at that time a standen at the larbud gang-way, conversin with a ship-mate, which I remarked a sudden apperance about four pints on the larbud bough, we then runnin eight nots, in the likeness of somut floating, and an 'ead with fiery eyes, as reared itself up and snorted three times distinctly, gashing its teeth, which a middle-sized man might ave stood uprite in the mouth thereof, and a sort of main, what colour unable to say, aving been short-sited and no glass handy, which the gunner's mate went down for hisn, but the cretur vanished afore he come back, with a smell like brimstone, me and several others washed the above for the matter of three minits, and erred it a lashin of the water aft, about fifty fathem, or thereabouts, supposed its tale—which I ave seen the Flying Dutchman twice—and often erred tell of the See-Sarpint, but never seed it till the present riting; nothin come of this ere apperance this crews, but who nose? and I am redde to testify my voracity to this ere riting. So no more at present from

"THOMAS CAREY,
"Quarter-Master, H.M.S. *Dædalus*, 20, CAPT. MCQUHAE, Commanding."

From PATRICK M'GINTY, A.B., Captain of the Foretop, H. M. S. *Dædalus*, &c.

"I hereby solemnly vow and declare that I have red over the above of THOMAS CAREY, and he sairntly told me he saw sec a secht, which I hae nay doot he thinks he speaks the truth, but am of openion, mysel being in the top aboot sax bells, he might ha seen a bucket whech the cook's mate messed out of the galley soon after the above date. I did not smell ony smell of brumstone, but I wad not say there might not ha been sec a smell, brumstone matches being much employed in vawrious

operations of the shep's crew. My opinions is agenst seccan beestes as clane agenst aw reeson and probabeelity and I downa mind ony instance whech sawtisfied me mare than the abuv."

Depositions of JAMES CLAYERS, DENNIS CORCORAN, JOHN SWABSTER, Able Seamen, and THOMAS CHEEKS, Marine on board, &c.

"THOMAS CAREY avin told the gunner's mate, which he went for his glass, and he shode us the sarpint—a brown head with six roes of teeth the same as a shark, only sharper, and a blew smoke out of the mowthe, and green skales on the showlders, like epulets, shinin brighter nor dollars, which looked towards the ship, likewise back fins, very sharp, ekal to capsn bars in lenth and thikness, and he must have been a undred fathem, in ciles like a cabul stowed, and about the thik of a man's thi, going twelve nots and smellin dreful, which the capt'n of the old called up the main atchway who was a smokin, which it was aganste orders at that time, and was wisible to the nakid i for a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, knokin the water about under his bows, and standing end on for the ship, which we expected nothink but he was a comin aborde, and THOMAS CAREY thinks if he ad a done according, it wud have been the wuss for ship and crue, he bein an old man and ewsed to such things, avin been 5 times cast away, besides aksidents, and blown up, and is a good skolar, wich he has written this 'ere count from the mowthes of your humbel servants to command.

"Their mark."

On requesting the favour of the Captain's deposition, to add to the above, we regret to say "Our Own Reporter" was told to get out of the ship, on pain of a very disagreeable alternative, which, to use the words of his letter, "he little expected to have had proposed to him from one gentleman towards another."

NEW ARCHITECTURAL WORKS.

SHORTLY will be published, a new edition of NASH's *Mansions*. They will consist of—

1st. The Quadrant, which will be brought out plain, and without columns, on a much smaller scale, adapted to the tradesman's pocket. The cuts will be very numerous. Rough specimens, done up in strong boards, may already be seen in Regent Street.

2nd. Buckingham Palace, enlarged to a handsome royal size, and with a new frontispiece. Nearly complete.

3rd. The Pavilion at Brighton, greatly reduced in price. This stupendous work will be brought out in parts, and is expected, if vigorously pushed and well circulated, to extend the author's fame all over England. A brick will be sent as a specimen of the building, to any one who forwards the requisite number of postage stamps.

4th. To face the above, a portrait of the Architect contemplating his works. Underneath is the motto, *Si monumentum queris, non circumspice*. The Architect is handled very freely; in fact, looking at it in every light, we can safely say we have never seen a finer specimen of Doo.

LA PRESSE EST MORTE; VIVE LA PRESSE.

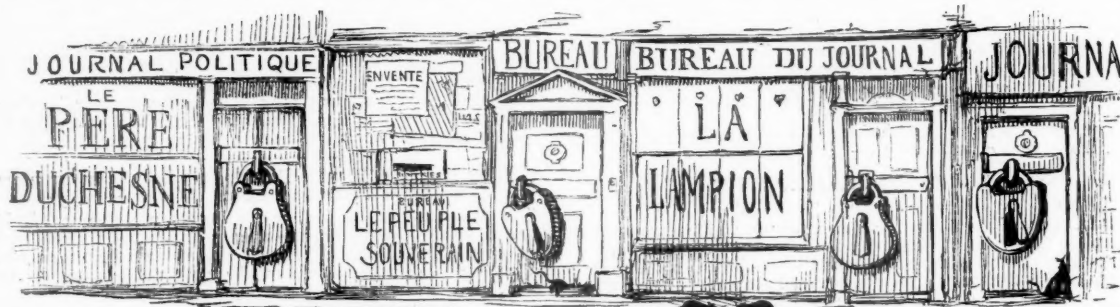


FRANCE enjoys, since its last Revolution, a most curious Liberty of the Press. This Liberty seems to be the Liberty of saying anything that is agreeable to the Government, and nothing more. The freedom of thought is allowed to the greatest extent, providing the National Assembly is most freely praised. One word of censure, and the poor Editor is called upon by the President "to excuse the freedom, but will he take the liberty to walk this way?"—and he is escorted in the politest manner to Vincennes, or shown into some private apartment, where he may study at his leisure the profound mysteries of *Locke on the Understanding*. In England, "open and advised speaking" is forbidden; in France, it is open and advised writing. In Paris, a journal is suppressed, the Rédacteur imprisoned, and a whole printing establishment stopped, and perhaps ruined in a day, without the smallest public resistance or sensation; in London, such an event would almost cause a Revolution, if Revolutions were not fortunately so unpopular. Imagine the editor of the *Times* being carried off to-morrow morning to the Tower, and Martial Law being proclaimed in Printing-House Square! Why, the stoppage of the Bank would scarcely create a greater panic. The whole country would rush to the rescue, the united Press would nobly league together and forget their little jealousies in the defence of their injured brother, and *Punch* would wield his *bâton* with the force of a pocket thunderbolt, and, with his patriotic squeak, cheer on LORD DENMAN, and LORD CAMPBELL, and a host of others who have stepped from the reporter's gallery on to the Woolsack and the Bench, to liberate their honourable colleague. But in Paris there is a

regular *battue* of newspapers, and not a murmur is raised to inveigh against the slaughter.

Those who make the Revolutions in France are generally the first, it seems, to suffer by them, in the same way that GUILLOTINE was the first victim, it is said, that fell by his own instrument. The Press was one of the great causes of the Revolution of July, and yet stronger restrictions were put upon it by LOUIS-PHILIPPE than by CHARLES THE TENTH. It had nearly the same influence in causing this last Revolution, and yet restrictions stronger still have been inflicted upon it than ever it endured under the former reigns.

If any one wanted a key to French politics of the present moment, we should say, "Apply to CHURB: he is the only man that can supply it, since he has made all the locks you see placed upon the different newspaper offices." Whenever a paper is troublesome, we can imagine one or two Ministers demand "*La Clôture*," and the hostile *bureau* is instantly closed. Its shutters are put to in the name of Freedom, and its Editor is left in prison to warm himself, as best he can, with the chilling truth that the French Republic certainly takes a great deal more Liberty than ever it gives. It is perfectly true that several French papers went to such insane lengths that it was really a mercy to lock them up; but still, that is a bad excuse for sealing the fate of many a respectable journal with the black wax of the Procureur, and padlocking a number of doors that never exceeded the fair bounds of newspaper discussion. However, the Press never dies; it knows no interregnum, and the very minute it expires, it lives and reigns again. May its reign be always a friendly one, and each of its acts prove it to be in France, as it is with us, the True Friend of Liberty!



HOW NEWSPAPERS ARE PUBLISHED IN FRANCE.

CATCHING GREY HAIRS.

A LADY who styles herself an *épouse*—an artist whom, in the vernacular, we may venture to describe as a tweezer—announces, by advertisement in the *Morning Post*, that—

"Les personnes qui ont été mal opérées peuvent s'adresser à MADAME — pour l'épilation, devenue d'un usage général à Paris, depuis qu'il a été reconnu que les cheveux blancs étaient contagieux."

We really must protest against the fallacious idea that grey hairs are contagious; a delusion so obviously calculated to deprive venerable uncles of the caresses and endearments which they have hitherto been accustomed to—of their vested interests in the blandishments of social life. MADAME — says, that she "*se rendra au domicile des dames qui voudront bien l'honorer de leur confiance*." We must say that we cannot honor MADAME with any confidence whatever in the above statement. Were it credible, it would introduce a new element of discord into conjugal relations. An elderly gentleman in the position of MARINO FALIERO would have no rest till he had parted with every hair on his head. Were he to ask, with MARC ANTONY—

"What, girl, though grey
Do something mingle with our brown!"

The answer would be—

"Oh! pray,
Go, let the grey be weeded."

Not only would the cares of matrimony turn us grey; but we should speedily become absolutely bald; and the husband would soon have nowhere to hide his head except in the Gentleman's Real Head of Hair or Invisible Peruke. No, no; this will never do. It is all very well to talk of catching heireses; but as to catching hairs—fiddle-de-dee! We can only say that where greyness is believed to be contagious, greenness must be decidedly epidemic.

USEFUL, BUT DECIDEDLY NOT ORNAMENTAL.

HAS any one seen the fly-papers that are stuck about town? Of all the improvements that have lately disfigured our poor metropolis, they offend you the most. You see these "fly-leaves" in all the hotels, and coffee-houses. Woe to the poor fellow who leans his head against the box in which he is sitting! If one of these fly-sheets happens to be suspended over it, he may carry off a head-ornament that will not improve the luxuriance of his hair. Practical jokers delight in putting them in the neighbourhood of a stranger, whose back, at the slightest touch, becomes endorsed with the fly-flapper, much to the amusement of the by-standers, and to the profit doubtlessly of the stranger's tailor.

Surely in these days of science, when human beings are shot, like peas, through an iron tube, and you hear of races over the Falls of Niagara, something better might be devised for the extermination of the *musca* tribe than these yellow sheets of gum! To see them dotted over with the innumerable carcasses of these unsuspecting insects is a Waterloo, which may be a high triumph over our "natural enemies," but is decidedly a sight most unpleasant to one's eye, and most uncomfortable to one's fingers and clothes. Could not the poor flies—against whom every man's hand, and woman's too, is raised—be killed, without pain, by Chloroform, or be exterminated wholesale by some ethereal process? Surely this is worthy the attention of philanthropists, and we should then be spared these ugly, nasty, blister-looking fly-leaves!!!

PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF OUR LIBERTIES UNDER HENRY THE SEVENTH.



WE have now reached that point of our great historical and literary voyage, at which we overtake, pick up, and travel with no less illustrious a personage than LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the author of *An Essay on the English Constitution*, from the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH.

We have now fairly started in a parallel line with his Lordship; and, not doubting that we shall find him an instructive companion, we shall certainly turn aside to consult him when we think he can assist us; and, if we succeed in getting nothing out of him, it will be his fault—not ours.

The Roses having "ceased to blow"—or at all events to inflict their blows upon each other, we find HENRY TUDOR being crowned on the very field of Bosworth; his throne, a drum; a sword, his sceptre; and the accompanying globe, to make up the regalia, consisting of what was rather a novelty at the period—a cannon-ball.

HENRY TUDOR—or Two-door, as the name is usually pronounced—was aware that the illegitimacy of an ancestor placed him, instead of on the threshold of sovereignty, at least Two-doors off; and he therefore called a Parliament for the purpose of getting it enacted, that the Crown, like the hand of the visionary young lady, dreamt about by the imaginary youth in the song, should be

"his, and his only."

The object of this statute was to let bygones be bygones, and apply the sponge to all the outlying titles, legitimate or illegitimate, to the Crown; thus constituting HENRY, as MR. HALLAM terms it, "a new stock," and enabling England to hold up its head above the quarrels of rival dynasties.

The terrific "crumpling of the Roses" had occasioned so much misery to the people, and the opponents of the China had been so frequently punished for adherence to the Cabbage, or *vice versa* when the latter happened to prevail, that the nobles and gentry wished to guard against similar accidents for the future. "Fight it out among yourselves, gentlemen, as much as you like," was their implied language to the various pretenders *in posse* to the throne, "but don't let our allegiance to one of you to-day become treason to another of you to-morrow, by any of the ups and downs of your dynasties." A law was accordingly passed, to protect from punishment any one serving a king *de facto*, whoever he may be, and as the law still remains in force, it follows that there would be no penalty for paying allegiance to any scamp who might seat himself upon the throne, even if it should be JACK NOKES or TOM STILES; "but happily," says Common Sense, "against these Stiles there are impassable barriers." It may be a nice question, whether a mere visitor to the House of Lords, who throws himself on to the *fauteuil* of Royalty, is entitled to allegiance, as being, *de facto*, on the throne; but it is pretty clear that the usurper, if he persevered, would soon be transferred to his proper—a police—station.

Though our Constitution certainly acquired some vigour under HENRY THE SEVENTH, it is not so certain that this king did so much good as those whom we and HALLAM turn up our noses at, as "smatterers in history," have given him credit for. Even the Statute of Fines, which clipped the Aristocracy's claws, by enabling them to cut off their own tails, was a mere copy of an Act of RICHARD THE THIRD, who has been more grievously misrepresented in history, and at the Theatres Royal, than any other sovereign.

The pocket was always the most sensitive point of the English people; and HENRY THE SEVENTH having the tact to discover that they would often give generously twice as much as they would like to have taken from them against their will, hit upon the happy idea, when he wanted money, of leaving it to JOHN BULL's liberality. The cash thus collected was termed a benevolence voluntarily bestowed; but, in plain language, the whole thing amounted to nothing more than playing a voluntary on the national organ of benevolence. This was often done to a very pretty tune; though, not satisfied with what he obtained in this manner, he took to the practice of escheating, which was literally little more than cheating, as many heirs as he could out of their property, under the pretext of forfeiture. By these and similar fines, the property of the nobility became so fine-drawn that their hitherto excessive power was impaired; but the end was certainly more satisfactory than the means were respectable.

* This is not an idle pun, but a painful sacrifice to the awful rigours of Orthography.

So avaricious was HENRY THE SEVENTH, that he sold pardons, first, for what he asked, and secondly, for anything they would fetch—the prices varying from £200 to 20s.; but some of our own laws of the present day are just as bad, since they sell to a man a pardon for half-killing his wife, as low as £5, or even for a sum more moderate.



It is usually considered to be the great glory of HENRY THE SEVENTH's reign, that he retrained the power of the Barons, which he sometimes did in the oddest way, as, for example, by pulling the liveries off the backs of their servants, or heavily fining their masters for retaining those badges of early flunkeydom. This movement on the part of Royalty was perhaps suited to the times, but in these days, we should think no great deal of a Reformer

who should vent his indignation on such little matters as velvetreen smalls—in which there seems no harm at the first plush—and who should imagine that by blowing out the powder from our footmen's brains, or prohibiting us from calving out our own establishment according to our taste or inclination, the cause of true liberty could possibly be advanced.

Few of the objects of emancipation from livery would be thankful for any de-livery of the sort; and there is not one of the richly-caparisoned state-coachmen, from HER MAJESTY's to the LORD MAYOR's, but would scorn the freedom proffered by a hand that would dash his wig and dash his buttons to the ground. The same "smatterers in history," towards whom we and HALLAM have already expressed our joint and several disgust, have attributed to HENRY THE SEVENTH the extension of the powers of the Court of Star Chamber; but the statute supposed to have had this object, had no connection with the Star Chamber at all.

The Act in question empowered the Chancellor, Treasurer, and Keeper of the Privy Seal, or any two of them, to call persons before them for "maintenance, giving of liveries, or other embraceries, untrue demeanings of sheriffs in making panels, unlawful assemblages, &c., &c.," which in these days would seem to be a statute directed against Lord Mayors' Shows, with their attendant paraphernalia of liveries, sheriffs' panels, and the mobs they usually bring together.

The people were certainly indebted to HENRY THE SEVENTH for his little differences with the nobility, as the antagonism of arbitrary Monarchy and insolent Aristocracy had the effect of weakening both, and the Commons were likely to profit, in conformity with the wise old saw—some of these old saws, by the way, are apt to blind us by throwing sawdust in our eyes—which tells us that when rogues fall out honest men have a chance of coming by their own.



THE BEAUTY OF FORGIVENESS!

HER MAJESTY's "pardon"—say the papers—has been granted to JOHN SHELLEY and WILLIAM LEWIS, convicted at the last spring assizes, Devon, "for attacking, ill-using, and robbing on the highway, MR. JAMES REDDICLIFFE, yeoman, and sentenced to 15 years' transportation." The men were too poor to bring witnesses to prove an *alibi* on their trial; but this has been subsequently done by the benevolence of others. Whereupon, after lying in gaol since the spring, they are pardoned. The fortunate individuals were so overjoyed by such manifestation of clemency, that they have addressed a letter of thanksgiving to the Home Secretary. We are enabled, exclusively, to give a copy of the epistle. As might be expected, it is written with simplicity—even with rustic rudeness:—

"Honoured Sir,—We beg to give you our humblest thanks for not being transported for fifteen years for not attacking, not ill-using, and not robbing MR. REDDICLIFFE, as was sworn we did. We feel it to be very kind of you to forgive us for not being thieves and highwaymen; but—it does somehow strike us, and we must be bold enough to ask it,—if you can only forgive folks for being innocent, what sort of mercy do you show to them as is guilty?"

"We are poor labouring men, but have heard that 'Mercy is the brightest jewel in the Crown.' All we can say to that is this: when that jewel is made to forgive folks for not doing wrong, the jewel is a sham; more like a jack-o'-lantern than a diamond, or a emerald, or anything of the sort.

"Your humble servants (forgiven for nothing),

"JOHN SHELLEY.

"WILLIAM LEWIS."

These poor ignorant men are, of course, not aware that the term "pardon," in their case, is but a State fiction. Nevertheless, it may be asked—Ought the State, under the guise of Mercy, to preach flames to its illiterate children?

FLUNKEIANA.



Gentleman. "SIXTY POUNDS A-YEAR!! WHY, MAN, ARE YOU AWARE THAT SUCH A SUM IS MORE THAN IS FREQUENTLY GIVEN TO A CURATE?"

Flunkey. "OH YES, SIR; BUT THEN YOU WOULD HARDLY, I HOPE, GO FOR TO COMPARE ME WITH THE INFERIOR ORDER OF CLERGY."

MORE TREASON.



"MY DEAR BROUGHAM,

"S—t H—e, October 13.

"SIR — told me of your wise determination not to become a French citizen; at least for the present. The inducement was at first very tempting; but as CÉMIEX would not have half of you, but insisted upon the whole of your allegiance, you had less difficulty in declining. I did not write to you while the correspondence was going on; but I felt that reason was against your acceptance; though, certainly on that account I considered you the more likely to acquiesce. Besides, with your various duties, your health, your purse, and your comfort, would all have suffered by your attendance at the National Convention. Your *History of Harlequin* must have been laid aside. And then, it would have been impossible for you, of all men, to be a silent Member: you would have endeavoured to push an 'illustrious

EALLY, troubles never come single. We were very confident, on the appearance of MR. YOUNG's letter to GENERAL NAPIER, that a twin epistle of similar import would turn up; and we hurry to give the world the very earliest copy of the new discovery. The original was written by a gentleman holding a high office in S—t H—c, and was sold with quires of LORD BROUGHAM's *Political Philosophy*, and other waste-paper, to a distinguished trunk-maker, who has large literary connexions.

exile' quicker back to Paris than he is likely to go; or than, perhaps, all things considered, it is desirable he should go. Let us go back to the 10th of April.

"The display of energy and readiness of the Chartist, when they heard that the DUKE of W—— had stationed troops in the neighbourhood of Kennington Common, was greater than I expected. I speak not of the CUFFEYS, but of the men in Wakefield and Manchester. Are you aware that, in the event of a Republic, you were to be invited to take your carpet-bag to Buckingham House in the capacity of President? P—— had hired a cab for you with that view. Had he sent the cab on, I should certainly have despatched a ticket-porter to you with a letter, entreating you, if possible, to keep quiet and not to stir from Grafton Street. In a new Republic, it is not well to be the first President—the first falls a victim. What do you think would have happened?"

"The Chartists (FEARGUS O'CONNOR, &c.) bounced a good deal, and felt assured of success. Throwing up a few barricades would have brought matters to a crisis; and a week, they—the Chartists—thought, would have finished the Monarchy. The Special Constables, however, say that they and the DUKE must have succeeded. Thank Goodness we have been spared the convulsion; but, as a matter of playful speculation, tell me what you think would have turned up? Am I right in my conjecture that you would have refused the post of President, and kept your pension of £5000 per annum?"

"Yours ever truly,

"G— M—."

"P.S. Thanks for your last pamphlet."

T. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.—"What a fool I was ever to write that letter!!"

WE TWA HA DUNE A LITTLE BILL.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

SHOULD auld acceptance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acceptance be forgot,
All drawn, endorsed, and signed?
Endorsed, drawn, and signed, my friend,
Endorsed, drawn, and signed;
And noo 'tis time to tak' it up,
The siller we must find!

We twa ha dune a little bill,
To raise the bonnie wind,
And, tak' the matter hoo we will,
That document will bind.
Endorsed, &c.

And SHADRACH will nae time alloo,
And therefore a'm inclined
To think that we had better do
Anither o' the kind.
Endorsed, &c.

And surely ye'll be your bit stamp,
And I'll nae be behind,
And we'll do a right gude billie-wacht
The needful cash to find.
Endorsed, drawn, and signed, my friend,
Endorsed, drawn, and signed,
We'll do anither billie yet,
Just the wherewitha' to find!

A Rival to the Great Sea Serpent.

We have just heard of a rival to this wonder of the deep, in the shape of a monster consisting of an almost endless number of folds, and presenting altogether a figure of such enormous magnitude, as the imagination is really at a loss to conceive. The monster in question may be seen at the dépôt of one of the leading Railway lines; and although a Committee of Directors has been appointed to examine it, no one has dared to approach the alarming object, which lies coiled up in one of the apartments of the Company. The monster alluded to, which has been increasing in bulk almost every day and every hour, is no less than—the Company's lawyer's bill. It is fearfully heavy, and its weight has been stated at about four hundred thousand pounds.

A VISIT TO KEW GARDENS.

From "Our Own Old Lady."

"You can't think, Mr. Punch, how thankful I am to you for explaining to me all about the great Oolite, and his testaceous dispositions, and the mysteries of Zoology, which, indeed, it is a wonderful thing to think of the earth having a crust, all as one as a beefsteak pie, and society, I suppose, like the steaks, some at the top and some at the bottom, and I am quite ashamed of my suspicions of the *Pale*—something—graphical Society, which I've no doubt, now, that they take their name from the REV. MR. PALEY, a highly respectable archdeacon of the Established Church, and wrote a Natural Theology, and Evidences, showing us the wonders of nature, which my son has the work, and LORD BROUGHAM wrote an edition of it, and he wouldn't countenance anything that wasn't quite correct, as is well known.

"However, Mr. Punch, what with your explanations about those poor dear Chelonians, that live like the poor neglected brick-makers among the London clay (though how it isn't all made into bricks before this, with the houses they're building in all directions, I'm sure I can't think), and my son's talk out of Mr. PALEY about the wonders of the vegetable world, I said to myself, says I, to think of there being a vegetable world, and I, fifty-five my last birth-day, and never saw it, and accustomed to greengrocers all my life, for the late dear deceased he wasn't happy without his two dishes of vegetables regular, so I determined to pay a visit to this vegetable world, and hearing it was to be seen in Q. Gardens, I thought I would take an opportunity this fine weather, and took the 'bus accordingly, at Sloane Street, and a very civil conductor he was, with whiskers and a gold band round his hat. I thought we never should have got there, and was very near getting out at the egg-hatching machine, but, however, we reached the place safe at last, myself and my niece, for I was determined she shouldn't grow up as I had done, having placed her at an establishment near Turnham Green, where I made the conductor stop and called for her, and why that old gentleman next the door *did* swear so I'm sure I can't think, for we weren't above ten minutes waiting for JEMIMA.

"Well, Sir, we got to the Gardens where the vegetable world is; and it's well I expected to see vegetables, for there isn't no flowers to signify; but hot-houses upon hot-houses. *How* the coals are paid for isn't my business. And such a Conservatory; all made of glass, and covering I don't know how much ground; all under the care of SIR WILLIAM HOOKEY. First, we went into the Conservatory, where they've the poor plants transported from Botany Bay—what for I'm sure I don't know, but no good, I'll be bound—and very ugly they looked, set in bush-ranges, which you may have read of, and put in solitary confinement in tubs, on short allowance of earth.

"But oh, Sir, that Palm-house! The heat was awful, and the company suffered a deal; and it's little watering them plants want, I'll be bound. And all the fanning in the world isn't any use; for the more you fan, the hotter you get, for it's heated up to the topical regions—that is, the parts about the line, which must be the no-clothes line, where the benighted blacks go stark naked. This was the vegetable world I wanted to see, where you've trees that grow umbrellas and chair-bottoms, and trees that grow bread equal to hot-rolls, and custards, and cocoa-nuts, and chocolate, and tea, and coffee, and other groceries, and one that makes lace, and another that grows sugar and nutmeg and all sorts of spices, and one that you milk for all the world like a cow, and another that makes butter, and another that makes pots to put it in: and the Cabbage Palm, equal to the best savoy, and the Guinea Palm, which grows the Oil of Palm, which guineas is well known to be; and there's some, no doubt the Aristocracy, that spend their time catching flies; and some that carry water; and there's dwarfs among 'em, and 'an Oldest Inhabitant,' into the bargain, SIR W. HOOKEY says in his book, which his name is Baobab, and my niece, who draws sweetly, took the portraits of some of them, ain't they pretty? There was one little plant I was tempted to put into my reticule—the *Paw-paw*—that makes tough meat tender, a great comfort it would be to one, as none but a housekeeper can know.

"But of all the vegetable world I saw that day, and dear knows I saw plenty, and almost fainted among the Palms, there was one dreadful house in particular, where the Hugh Forbesees live, and awful plants they are, like melons, with spikes a sticking out in every direction, and tickets written up—'Visitors are requested not to touch the plants,' and they'd better not, for I came on one of the Hugh Forbesees promiscuously, and my shrieks brought in three gardeners, very civil young men, and how they got me off I hardly know, but grateful I was I'd put on my stout bombazine that morning. And in the same house there's a heap of little old plants, called the *Cereus Senilis* in SIR W. HOOKEY's catalogue; and when I asked a gentleman who was civil to me and JEMIMA what 'Serious Senilis' meant, he said it was the Latin for 'a heavy father,' or serious old man; and serious old men they may well be called, for this is what they're like in JEMIMA's drawing, which is the very moral of them, all covered over with white hair, and little skin-partings on the tops of their green heads, and bowing and winking

at you as you walk through, like so many rows of wicked old gentlemen that never had their hair cut.



"I shall never get over them old Seriouses as long as I live, never. Indeed, what with the turn they gave me, and me coming upon that pumpkin with the spikes in it, I was obliged to leave the Gardens and take the first 'bus back to town, and very glad I was to get out of the vegetable world, you may be sure; for what with the hot rooms those plants live in, and those dreadful old Seriouses, with their white heads, and the ugly things curling about in the air in baskets, with long legs and open mouths, which they call the *audacious* plants, and most audacious they looked. *It may suit* SIR W. HOOKEY to live there, but I'd rather be among *Christians*, if you please.

"So no more at present, from
Yours respectfully,
"THE OLD LADY."

WE ARE NONE OF US SAFE!

THERE seems to be no escaping PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY. For some time he had got a live Earl shut up in the Villa Messina at Florence, swallowing pills by the hundred, and writing letters by the score, to say what benefit he derived in all the maladies under the sun—and the sun is very comprehensive at Florence. This week PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY has got into his hands a Waterloo hero's legs, which had been changed into all colours by rheumatic gout; so that, if not positively bow legs, they were rainbow legs in one respect, at all events. HOLLOWAY evidently sets his ointment—as bird-catchers set bird-lime—for all the "bad legs" in the world to hop on to it. We understand that the Professor is setting a trap for the Pope's leg-ate, in the event of Ambassadors being exchanged, and will undertake the cure of soles to any extent, under the pontifical patronage.



NO WONDER.

THE *Morning Post* says, "A curse impends over Vienna." How can she help it, when the Emperor puts Austria under a BAN?

THE VEGETARIAN MOVEMENT.

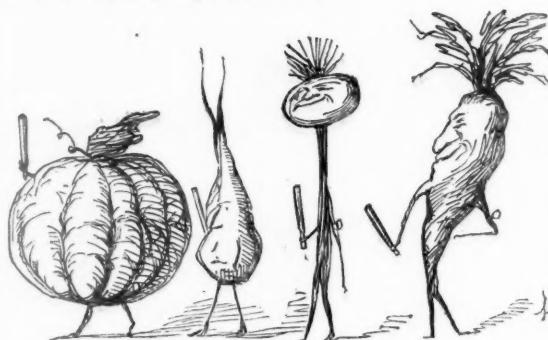
WHEN we noticed, a week or two ago, a banquet of vegetables, we were not aware that a great Vegetarian Movement was going on, with a vegetarian press, a vegetarian society, a vegetarian boarding-house, a vegetarian school, two or three vegetarian hotels, a vegetarian Life Insurance Office, vegetarian letter-paper, vegetarian pens, vegetarian wafers, and vegetarian envelopes.

The *Vegetarian Advocate* has replied to our article on the late vegetarian banquet, and we must confess that, notwithstanding the very cholera-inducing diet on which the members of the sect exist, the answer is by no means of a choleric character. The *Vegetarian Advocate* has a delicious vegetable leader, with two or three columns of provincial intelligence, showing the spread of vegetarian principles. There are vegetarian missionaries going about the country inculcating the doctrine of peas and potatoes; and there is a talk of a vegetarian dining-room, where there is to be nothing to eat but potatoes, plain and mashed, with puddings and pies in all their tempting variety.

We understand a prize is to be given for the quickest demolition of the largest quantity of turnips; and a silver medal will be awarded to the vegetarian who will dispose of one hundred heads of celery with the utmost celerity. We sincerely hope the puddings will not get into the heads of our vegetarian friends, and render them pudding-headed; but they are evidently in earnest; and, if we are disposed to laugh at them for their excessive indulgence in rice, we suspect that,

Risum tenentis, amici,

will be the only reply they will make to us.



ORIGINAL VEGETARIANS.

THE "FEAST OF REASON" UNDER EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Of the three grand hygienic questions, "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid?" the Board of Health has very judiciously answered the latter one. A medical correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* has undertaken to reply to the two former, wisely remarking that "The public should be told not only what to eat but what to consume." We subjoin the dietary proposed by this philosopher, who has given our morning contemporary something very much better to chronicle than small beer:—

"DIET TABLE DURING THE PREVALENCE OF THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA."

"BREAKFAST.—To eat: Bread baked previous day, toasted bread, biscuit, rusk with butter; an egg, boiled 3½ minutes; mutton chop; cold chicken.—To drink: tea, coffee, milk and water.

"DINNER.—Mutton, boiled or roasted; roast beef; eggs, boiled or poached; boiled or roast fowl; tripe; rabbit; minced veal; sago; tapioca; arrowroot; semolina; rice; rice-milk; bread; biscuit; light puddings; meaty potatoes.—To drink: toast-and-water; weak brandy-and-water; bitter ale; sherry-and-water; porter; stout.

"TEA.—Bread and butter; dry toast; rusk; plain seedcake; biscuit.—To drink: coffee; black tea.

"If anything is required for luncheon or supper, it may consist of a few oysters or a small mutton chop, with bread. A few glasses of good wine, port, sherry, or madeira, spiced negus, warm brandy or rum and water may be taken, with discretion, during the day."

Now if the Public should ever die, which of course the British Public never will, even after stuffing to the extent above prescribed, we will undertake to write it's epitaph, which shall be a slight parody on that of *Queen Katherine upon Cardinal Wolsey*:—

"He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach."

The foregoing bill of fare is, in fact, the programme of a regular

gorge—of as complete and thorough a blow-out as could be desired by any living creature of gastric capacity inferior to that of an Alderman or a Boa Constrictor. Such a banquet might amply satisfy the Sea Serpent himself. Great as is the gullibility of JOHN BULL, he has never yet, we are quite sure, been crammed at this rate. If a licensed jester may appoint a licensed victualler, *Punch* will nominate the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* to serve the empire in that capacity. Gracious! he will make us absolutely a prize people. Our weight—if we are to be fed by him—will cause every country in Europe to kick the beam in the scale of nations. What a pity that this gentleman was not antecedent to old CORNARO! He might have saved that patriarch an immensity of self-denial. Why, there is hardly a luxury that he forbids except cucumber and green apples. He might have regulated the habits of *Justice Greedy* himself, to the entire satisfaction of that worthy magistrate, curtailing him not a jot of his indulgence in

"the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials."

As to ourselves, we will only say that he is the very man that we should like to ask us to dinner.

Our own dietetic directions may be thus briefly stated:—Eat and drink as much as is necessary to satisfy your hunger and thirst, and avoid everything beyond it.

One thing, however, we will say. The diet-table of the Medical Adviser of the *Morning Chronicle* is eminently calculated for adoption in Union Workhouses, and is likely to prevent a complaint in those establishments, which is perhaps even more formidable than the prevalent epidemic. The best regimen that we have as yet seen prescribed, with reference to the latter, consists, in its essential element, of that popular and universally digestible substance—gammon.

WHAT AN IDEA!

WE see a new work, advertised under the honoured name of S. T. COLERIDGE, entitled *The Idea of Life*. Now, we want to know which Idea of Life this is? There are so many Ideas of Life!

There is the Politician's Idea of Life:—a good cry, a quiet constituency, a friendly newspaper, and a permanent place.

There is the Young Lady's Idea of Life:—pleasant balls, eligible offers, a good settlement, a place in the *Morning Post*, and a "fashionable circle" to move in.

There is the Man About Town's Idea of Life:—a dog-cart, a cab, and a park hack, the *entrée* of the coulisses, tick at a tailor's, a good "tap" of Havannahs, the right club, and a bowing acquaintance with everybody.

There is the Gent's Idea of Life, a vernacular version of the last:—a seat on a drag to Epsom, a lark with "the gals" at the Casino, a "stunning" choker, Greenwich Fair regularly, a latch-key, and a good-natured mother, to stand between her boy and the Governor, and "tip" now and then.

There is the Actor's Idea of Life, in which the great business of the world is Green-room squabbles, and its great pleasure assisting in actors' triumphs.

There is the Servant-Girl's Idea of Life:—one long day out with "the journeyman."

There is the Schoolboy's Idea of Life:—no lessons and free access to an inexhaustible cake-shop.

There is the Pauper's Idea of Life—dreary.

The Labourer's Idea of Life—blank.

The Clergyman's Idea of Life—decorous.

The Attorney's Idea of Life—shrewd.

The Doctor's Idea of Life—deadly.

And there is *our* Idea of Life, which takes in all these.

And no doubt S. T. COLERIDGE's takes in ours. And, no doubt, somebody's takes in his.

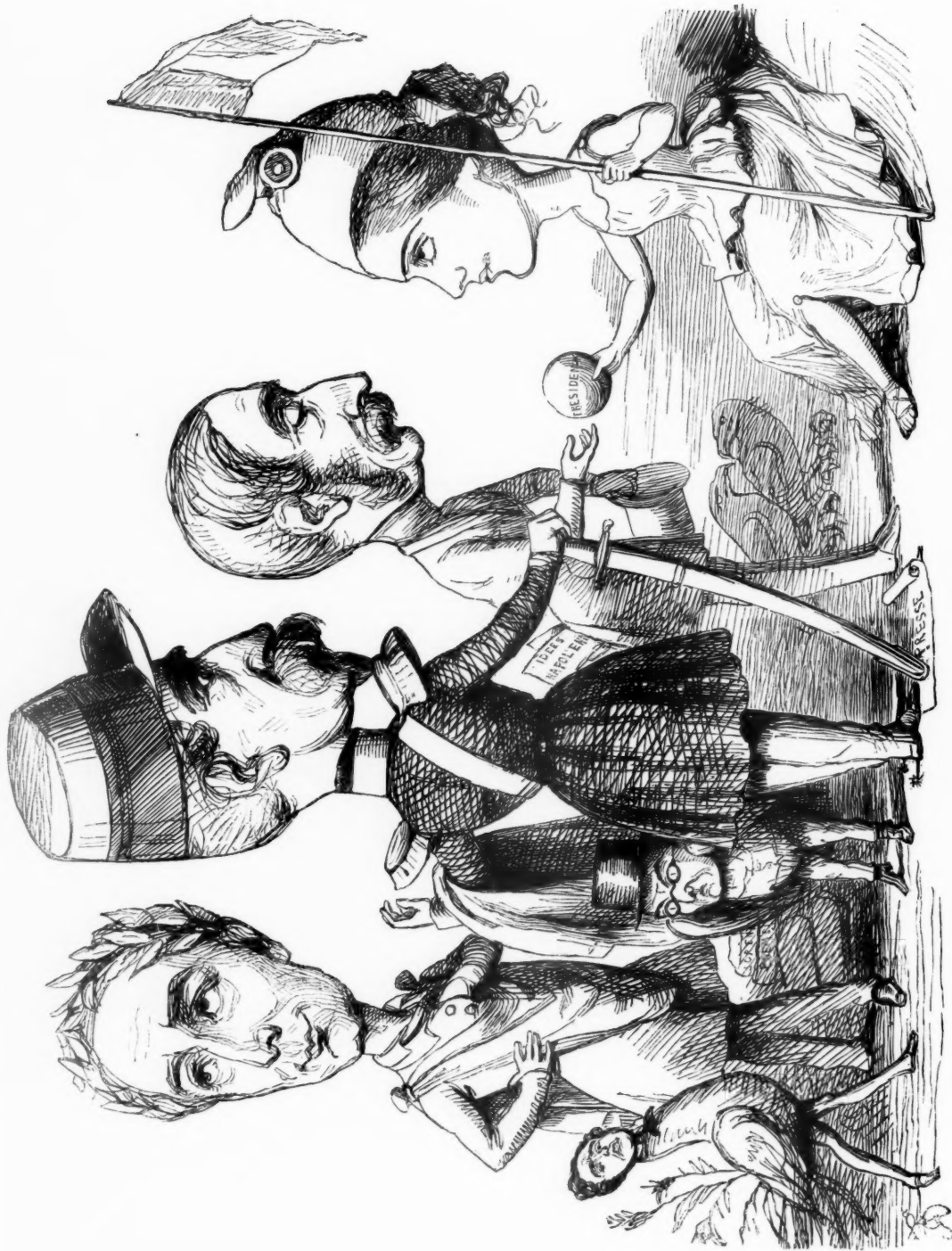
Good Gracious! *The Idea of Life*! There must be as many as there are beings to form them. We haven't an idea how many ideas there may be on the subject. *The idea book!*—the idea is perfectly ridiculous.

A "Kind Undertaking."

AT a recent high-life wedding at St. George's, the *Post* informs us, that—

"The bridal procession moved to the altar, headed by the Hon. and VERY REV. HENRY PAKENHAM, Dean of St. Patrick's and Christ Church (uncle of the bride), who had kindly undertaken to officiate on the occasion."

Occasionally, when some tremendous tragedian worth £5000 per annum salary in *America*—when some such magnificent genius vouchsafes to appear before the foot-lights in a second-rate part, the condescension is announced in the play-bills as a "kind undertaking." Are we, Dean of St. Patrick's, to take the slang of the Green-room into the Church?



LAMARTINE.

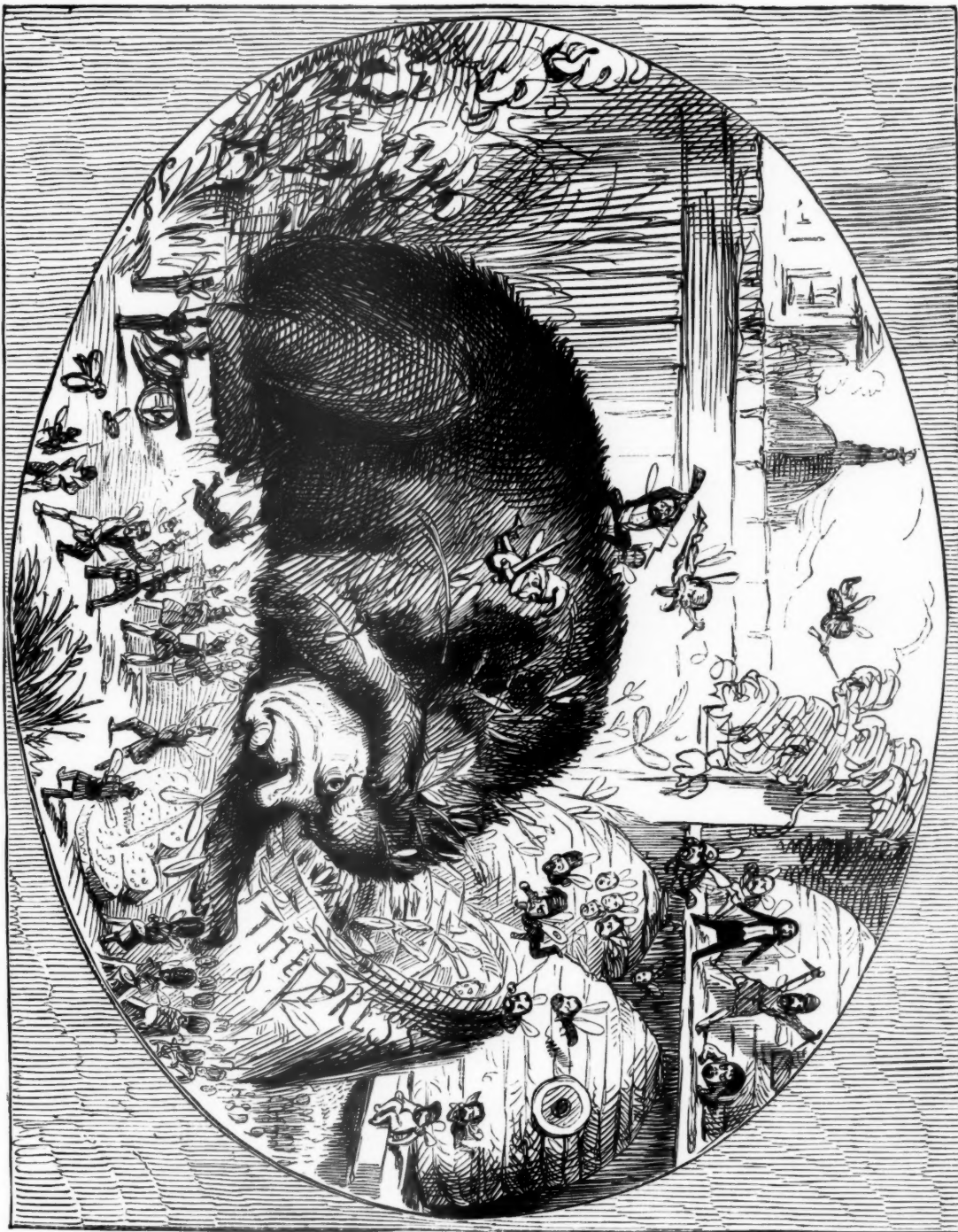
CAVAIGNAC.

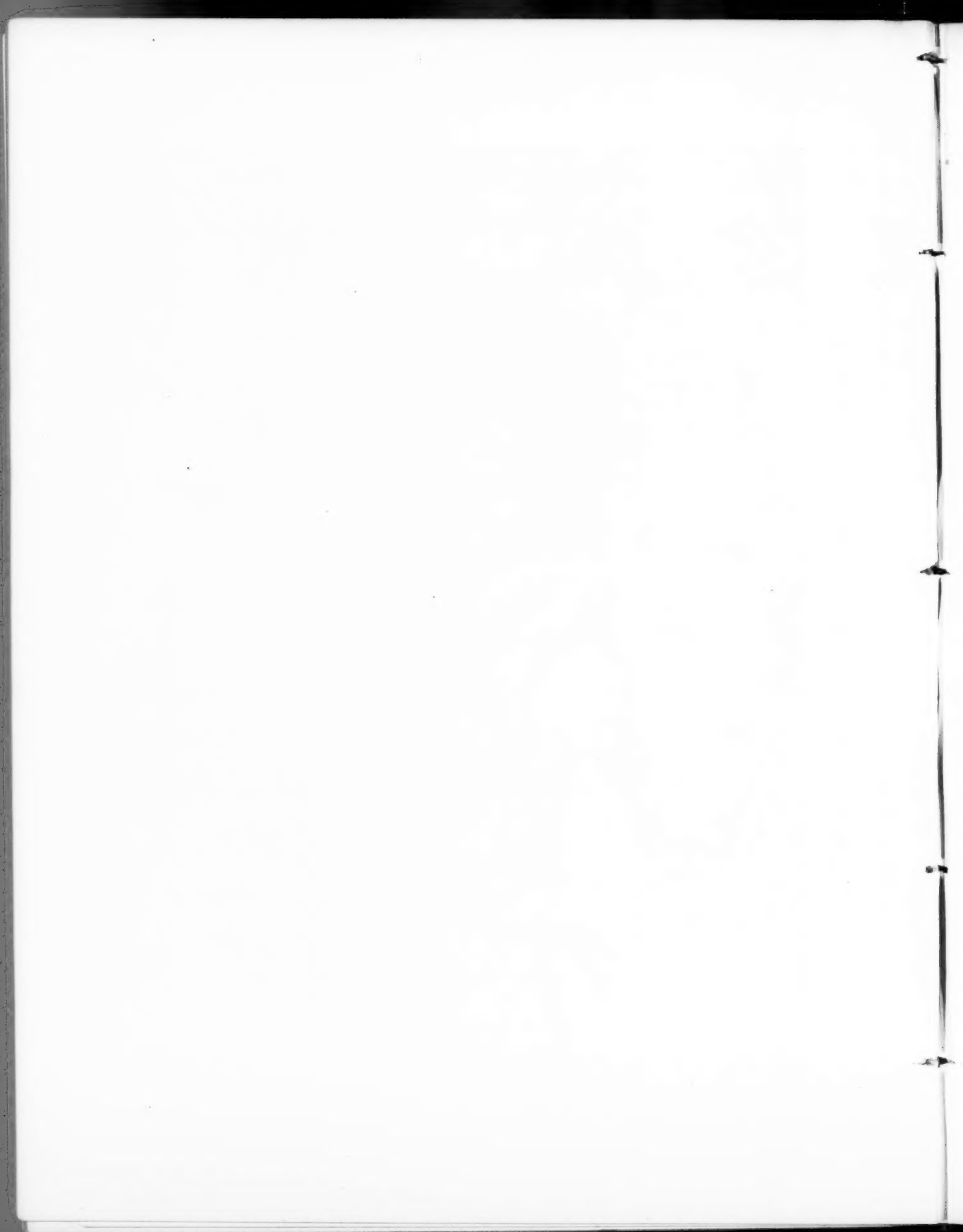
LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

YOUNG PARIS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

THE BEAR AND THE BEES.





ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE YOUNG LADY with the Spaniel, (a real KING CHARLES) in pink riband, who bit a GENTLEMAN in the Brixton 'bus, is IMPORED to return her initials and address. As a proof of the advertiser's heartfelt devotion, he gives an instalment of his name. THEODORE



THE CITY OF LONDON IN DANGER.

WE offer no apology for laying the subjoined letter before the people of England. Quite the contrary: we expect to be very much thanked and—metaphysically—embraced for a goodness. The letter—there was no need of the signature to tell us so much—is written by a female. It has all the mingled impulsiveness and delicacy of the sex. Here it is:—

“Gracious Goodness! *Mr. Punch*—Can this be true? Is it possible? But we live in such times, that whether I am standing upon my head, or sitting in my chair, I must think before I’m sure!

“Sir—I am the wife of a citizen of London, of the Skinners’ Company, and therefore may be allowed to have the interest of the City close at my heart. Well; I read in the papers, that in that horrid place of Paris they’re going to have another dinner: that is, of course another revolution. The old story; when the cloth’s removed, they bring in the ‘tillery.

“But that’s not all. My paper tells me that: It is added, that the City of Paris intends solemnly—(very fine words, *Mr. Punch*)—solemnly to invite the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, as an acknowledgment of the cordial reception which that City recently gave to the French National Guards who went to visit it. And what for, *Mr. Punch*? Why, I’ll tell you—for I know it; and I’m sure of it.

“Tis some years—I don’t deny it—since I went to school; but I think I remember something of *MR. PINNOCK’S History of Rome*, which I got as a prize for a tambour kettle-holder at *MISS BACKBOARD’S* establishment at Camberwell. I think I remember how, when *ROMULUS* and *REMUS* weaned themselves from the wolf—how they set about to found Rome. Why, they did what the French Parisians propose to do; they gave a feast, and invited their neighbours.

“Now the French, seeing that they can’t govern Paris as they ought to do, without a Lord Mayor and Aldermen, will take a leaf out of the book of Rome, and carry off all our Corporation. For nobody can suppose that when they’ve once got our City Legislature—(as my husband calls ‘em)—safe in Paris, that they’ll let ‘em slip through their fingers home again. No, *Mr. Punch*, no: I’m certain of it; if we once let go the Mayor and Aldermen, the 9th of November is set for ever in this Metropolis of the world (as it is)—is set for ever in London, only to get up in Paris.

“Or if they should come back—not that they ever would—pretty lessons they’d bring back with ‘em. In a little while we should have frogs instead of turtle; and, at the very next Easter Ball, dance *GUILLOTINE* Quadrilles, and *ROBESPIERRE’S* Gallopade.

“Now, *Mr. Punch*, what I propose is this:—Let us accept the invitation of Paris; but instead of sending over our precious Mayor and Aldermen, let us send their representatives. I mean—*GOG* and *MAGOG*. The French will take the compliment every bit the same; and the wooden giants be quite as useful to the Republic as a Corporation of flesh and blood; which, being flesh and blood, have wives and families to look after and consider ‘em, one of whom is,

“Your constant reader and admirer,

“THE WIFE OF A CITIZEN AND SKINNER.”

* *Punch*—to assist the agonised man—inserts his wood-cut; a benevolence upon the part of *Punch* that must not be used as a precedent.

THE BEAR AND THE BEE-HIVE.

A TRUE FABLE.

THERE was a certain Bear, remarkable for the irritability of his temper no less than for the sensitiveness of his skin. *BRUIN*, or *BROUGHAM*, as he was more commonly called, was often tormented by the attacks of certain Bees, which he provoked by his antics in the flowery paths of literature, wherein he was accustomed to run riot, licking everything and everybody with the rough side of his tongue. Although they could not pierce his hide, so as to penetrate his sense of shame, yet with their little but sharp stings did they grievously wound his vanity. At last, unable to endure the smart, he made one desperate rush at their hive, and thus upset their whole swarm, and, of course, brought it down about his ears. The exasperated Bees, flying upon the invader, soon stung him into downright frenzy; and it is said that the unhappy Bear, in his rage and impatience, tore the skin over his ears with his own claws, and scratched his very eyes out for vexation.

THE APPLICATION.—When eccentric and wrong-headed persons incur the animadversions of the journals, they had much better put up with what they have merited, than, by running a-muck against the Press at large, draw down the whole body of writers on their unlucky shoulders. *Variation of Æsop.*

THE DONKEY-DRIVERS’ DINNER.

THERE is, it seems, at Malvern, in Worcestershire, a Society of donkey-drivers, who dine together every year, and fifty of them lately met together at their annual banquet. A local blacksmith was in the chair, which causes us to ask with astonishment how it was that no *M.P.* could be found to fill such a very appropriate position? What was *SIBTHORPE* about? Was *BORTHWICK* otherwise engaged? or was *LORD BROUGHAM* too busy in belabouring the Press to show his sympathy with another ill-used class of animals? The festival went off extremely well, notwithstanding the absence of those notabilities, whose connection with the donkey cause would seem to be most natural.

An eloquent Address was spoken by the chairman in proposing “Prosperity to the Donkey;” and in a beautiful episode upon the nature of the beast, its length of ears was assigned as the probable cause of its proverbial longevity. The donkey was well described as a “creature of impulse,” for the “creature” requires all sorts of “impulse” to induce it to go: and a touching story was told of a faithful animal, who by refusing to move towards a spot where a highwayman was lying in wait, had probably, by the mild perseverance of the ass, saved a master from ass-assination. This affecting incident drew tears from the eyes of all present, and the Meeting dissolved in gin-and-water.

THE SCHOOLMASTER VERY MUCH ABROAD.

WE must deprecate that glut of classical names for common things, which threatens shortly to render Latin and Greek as absolutely necessary for our tailors, hair-dressers, ironmongers, and cook-maids, as it is now for classical tutors at £20 a year, and assistants at the British Museum at 4s. 2d. a day.

Soon, if asked “What’s in a name?” any but a polyglot professor must confess his inability to answer. We broke our shins over an “Anhydrohepseterion,” the other day, which, on knocking up our dead languages, we discovered to be neither more nor less than a common steamer for boiling potatoes. Then in garments we have the Greek tongue thus misapplied to the British toggery, a great-coat becoming a *Chlamys*, when the very merit of a great-coat is not to be clammy, or anything of the sort; and the *Palla Gallica* advertisement has been repeated till it has positively palled upon us. But if these dead languages must be galvanized by our tailors, let them at least stick to Grammar, and do not let us be at once puzzled by a “Pallium,” and provoked by a “Pallium tepidus.” We ought not to stand neuter in the presence of such abominably false concord, whatever the adjective may do.

French Toasts and Sentiments.

A FEW days ago, the French Communists held a pleasant little banquet at Montpellier. The meeting was altogether very genial. Several happy and harmonious toasts were given. Among other benevolent and fraternal exclamations, were “*Vive ROBESPIERRE!*” “*Vive la Guillotine!*” Then, as a climax, some enthusiast shouted, “*Vive l’Enfer!*” Whether upon this the band struck up—“*Où peut-on être mieux, qu’au sein de sa famille?*” is, however, not stated; if it did not, it was a great omission.

MISERIES OF AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

BY A CAD OF TEN YEARS' STANDING.



It isn't pleasant, I can tell yer, to be suspended, like MAHIMER's coughing, 'twixt eaven and earth all day, come bad wether come good, come rein, snow, or ale. Neither is it quite haygreable to have a big fist a-knocking at ye, just as if a gemmen inside couldn't ax ye to stop without breaking the glass of your silver watch, and robbing ye of your breath. I calls it nuffin more nor less than a reg'lar buster; but people imagines, I really beleave, we have no bowels, 'cos we're 'Bus Conductors; these xperiments ant pleasant tho'.

There's summat else two that tries us more ticklarly than another, and that's a big bull fresh from Smithel, and as black as your hat, which comes behind you, and sharpens his 2 horns on the soft part of your 2 calfs, and the pelissman axes you, as cool as JOSEPH HEYDAY, if ye're going to stick there all day? just as if you were a mutton-pie, and was only made to be tossed for. I can't and won't stand sich things, that's flat! Again, it quite takes you off your legs when you're seased round the waste, and hung over the door, for all the world like an osier's Golden Fleas, 'cos an incider is too proud to tell ye to stop. All umbrellas, if I was a 'bus proprietor, should be put down by act of parleyment. They're the newsanses of public vehicules. Either they're being lost or miss laid, or stolen, or they turns the 'bus into a watering-cart, or they raises a storm 'twixt two hopyysight gentlemen, 'specially if one on 'em is Irish with ducks, or else they're thrown out of window to hook us and eye for one don't like it.

I mean to say this, that there shoed be some plan of communication between the conductor and his Fair. I don't ax for the Lectric Tallygraff—that's absurd—nor a bell, much less a chec string, which brings us to the hold hackney coach, nor a trumpet, but some easy thing that will tell me what my insides want. How can I guess what a fellow stuffed at the bottom of the 'bus wishes? And I'm tired of having my leg pulled off, and the soul torn rooflessly out of my Blucher whenever its kneedful to "hold hard."



But no matter; my leg might go, if that was all, but I do not like my coat being lugged, as if it were a bell-pull, every minit. Its useless soing won's skirts on, they're sure to come off again the next day, and a Spenser or a military jacket does not look well on a Conductor, for I tried it, and all the Strand and Cheapside luffed, and I never felt so exposed or so small since I ran from Paddington to the Bank. I thought of pinning "spring guns" on to my coat tails, and of filling 'em with crackers, or a live badger, but it never would do; for I've jumpt to this conclusion since I have hopped on and off my Perch for the last ten ears, and that is, the real badge of our order is sufferin. All hands are raised agin the 'Bus Conductor. He never has a good word from nobody—he only comes in for the bad sixpences! I shall go over to France, and get my guinea a-day like a Gent., by sitting in the National Assembly. Anythin is betterer than this where and tare of won's hole eggastense.



THE CITY SEWERS.—Wanted by the Commissioners of the City Sewers AN INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN, capable of hearing the Commissioners rehearse their speeches in private; in order that what they intend to say, they may say; much inconvenience having arisen, in consequence of their imperfect delivery. They did not on a late occasion mean to propose that the City Medical Officer should receive only £150 per annum; they had no such intention: nevertheless, from a confusion of intellect, and their utter disuse to public speaking, it is very plain that they did say, what by no manner of means soever they did not mean to say. Wherefore, they would be happy to enter into terms with an intelligent young man to put 'em right for the time to come.—An extremely liberal Salary given. A knowledge of grammar and stops indispensable.

POISONING MADE DIFFICULT.

In a recent police report, which appeared in the *Times*, an unfortunate woman, named SARAH RICH, was stated to have been brought before Mr. HAMMILL, at Worship Street, charged with having attempted to commit suicide with laudanum. The charge was preferred by the authorities of the London Hospital, and supported by Mr. SAMUEL BIRCH, House Surgeon to that Institution; not for the purpose of having the poor creature punished, but with a view to the discouragement of a certain branch of counter-practice: of that part of the art and mystery of a chemist and druggist which consists of trafficking in death. The prisoner, it appeared, had bought sixpennyworth of laudanum at two different shops—the money taken, and no questions asked or directions given. She had swallowed her fatal bargain, and would have been lost but for the saving efficacy of the "Purgatory of Suicides" superintended by Mr. BIRCH.

Ne quid nimis. Free Trade doubtless is a very fine thing, but the best of principles may be ridden to death, as that of Free Trade evidently is, in the permission of the unrestricted sale of poisons. We would suggest an improvement in the chemicocommercial dialogue as it stands at present in the drama of life and death: *videlicet*—

Poor Woman. "Three penn'orth of laudanum!"
'Prentice. "Yes, Ma'am, directly."
Threepence the laudanum—and the bottle is
A penny—fourpence."

We object both to the question and the answer, but more particularly to the latter—for which SHAKESPEARE (and what problem has he not solved?) has supplied the model:—

"Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them."

For "death" read "fine and imprisonment," and the desideratum will be obtained. The response will then run somewhat thus:—

'Prentice. "Laudanum, did you say?
Where's your prescription? It is poison, Ma'am.
We cannot serve it but by warrant, signed
By a physician, or the officer
Of Public Health. We really can't indeed,
Under a penalty of fifty pounds,
Or of a year's imprisonment."

We commend this important alteration in the social drama to the consideration of our legislative play-wrights; and if they will attend to it, we feel quite confident that suicide will less frequently occur both in London and elsewhere; and that much fewer husbands and children will be poisoned in Essex.

THE CITY MEDICAL OFFICER.—A MESS WELL MENDED.

We rejoice to see that, since the publication of our last Number, the civic authorities have thought fit to explain that the salary of their Medical Officer is to be £150 up to January next, and not that sum *per annum*. It is not for us to say how far our remarks may or may not have elicited this verbal explanation—we will not call it change of intention. But we do feel called upon to complain of the manner in which we have been dragged before the public by Mr. RATHBONE, as originating a report which, if correct, would have been highly scandalous to the City.

If the Court of Common Council will pass resolutions, the plain and obvious construction of which is to its own disparagement, the blame of any misconception that may thence arise is clearly to be laid at the door of the Worshipful Court, and not at that of the Office, 85, Fleet Street. They proclaimed—

"That this Court do agree with the Commissioners of Sewers that it is highly necessary that a Medical Officer be forthwith appointed, and that a sum for the purpose, not exceeding £150, be paid out of the City cash."

Hence, it might have been naturally inferred that the whole fund for the remuneration of the officer was £150, and that his salary was to consist of the interest of the money; just £5 5s. a year. Of this shabbiness we could not suspect even the City, and we therefore put the most charitable interpretation on the phraseology of the Common Council; for which they ought to thank us—thanking themselves for the misapprehension occasioned by their own obscurity. We must beg to remind the Court of Common Council that though a nominative case may sometimes be legitimately understood, an essential portion of a sentence cannot be so without the whole sentence being necessarily misunderstood.

The next time they vote a man a quarter's salary, we trust that they will say so, and not lead everybody to suppose that the sum specified is a year's. We are glad, however, that they have found out their mistake; and, in the plenitude of our candour, we will not assert that we do not believe that it was not somewhat worse than a verbal one. We trust that in future they will be more guarded in their language—if we may not say, more mindful of their p's and q's.

MY UNCLE!



Elector (to the Prince de Joinville). "WHAT ARE YOUR CLAIMS TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THE REPUBLIC?"

Prince de Joinville. "I AM THE UNCLE OF MY NEPHEW (THE COMTE DE PARIS)."

Elector (to the Prince Louis Napoleon). "AND WHAT ARE YOUR CLAIMS?"

Prince Louis Napoleon. "I AM THE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE!"

THE MONSTER CAB AGE.

WE see in our funny rival, the *Illustrated News*, another portrait of a Cab. It is always giving us the physiognomy of some new monster in the Cab line. The last has two horses, which, if they multiply the speed by two, will make a Hansom almost equal to a railway engine; which will render it very pleasant if the speed is accompanied with the same run of accidents. This is better, however, than the "improved" cab, which you entered through the roof, and the cab which was over the horse's head, and rose up and down every time the horse plunged or took a fancy to kicking. The two horses will be an advance, also, upon the patented cab that was so near the ground that if a paving-stone was out of its place, you felt a sudden knock and a violent jolting all over you, and your hat was turned in a minute into a Gibus, by the roof kindly flattening it into the requisite shape of a pancake.

* The great success of these new cabs seems to be in the strange position of the door. It is only requisite to place the door behind the cab, or over the wheel, or just above the horses' hoofs, or where a door was never placed before, to call it "an improved cab," and to take out a patent for it accordingly. We wonder no genius of the JEHU stamp ever thought of putting the door right underneath the vehicle, so as to prevent the person being thrown out; but this invention is sure to be patented soon, for it is the only opening left. But we must not complain; for after all, the surpassing excellence of these cabs consists in their never arriving at anything. They appear in the *Illustrated News*, but are never carried out. They run through all the coffee-houses in the world inside its columns, and then, as if their journey was completed, they suddenly pull up, go home, and you never see anything more of them. They only come out to go in again. The poor things have their portraits taken, and then die. Our clever contemporary evidently wishes to ride over the press as the most complete vehicle of novelty. It is struggling to take its position in the republic of letters as the *Weekly Cabstand* of literature.

THE MOST UNLUCKY MAN IN EUROPE.

HENRI QUATRE is reported to have said, before gaining quiet possession of France, "*Paris vaut bien une messe.*" LOUIS-NAPOLÉON seems determined to gain it by the same means, for the end of all his attempts through life has never been anything else but a "*messe.*"

FOREIGN GEMS.

THE German correspondent of the *Post* is, evidently, a terrific fire-eater. When he writes his letters, he sits upon a pile of cannon-balls, and writes upon a drum-head. A fusee is burning by his side, and his iron pen is a short sword split and nibbed for the occasion. He thus quietly wipes out Vienna:—

"But, perhaps, even while this is being printed, the cannon of JELLACHICH has silenced the joyous hum of the Frater, the band of STRAUSS and LANNER, and all the Students' *Lieder*;" and now perhaps Vienna is *delenda*, a heap of ashes, and well will it be for Germany if it be so."

He has a mighty mind, this fellow, for the contemplation of a metropolitan cinder-heap. The Parisian JENKINS is, however, of another kidney; not quite so terrible, and a little more figurative. He speaks of LOUIS-NAPOLÉON:—

"The impression is equally prevalent, that if he be elected to the Presidency, he will but serve as a stepping-stone for the hereditary Monarch of these realms once more to assume the purple, which has been soiled in the red cauldron of revolution."

We should expect nothing so shabby from HENRY THE FIFTH. Surely, should he be called to the throne, it will be worth his while to be measured for a bran-new piece of velvet: he would hardly wear the old royal purple, shot with republican red.

IDÉES LOUIS-NAPOLÉONIENNES.

QUE mon oncle doit être content de son petit Neveu!

Avec les bottes de mon oncle je vais marcher sur toute l'Europe.

Montrez-moi le pays qui ne tombera pas après quelques coups de Champagne.

Il faut que je commence à prendre du tabac—c'est une grande tâche, mais la France vaut bien une prise.

Les destinées du monde sont au fond de mon chapeau à trois cornes.

Mon oncle était le petit caporal; moi je serai le petit tambour.

Mon Austerlitz est à Boulogne; Strasbourg est mon Italie; mes autres conquêtes sont à Londres.

J'ai saisi la Renommée à vol d'aigle.

Paris a été trois mois en état de siège exprès pour que j'y vienne m'asseoir comme Président.

Si je n'étais LOUIS NAPOLEON, je serais BONAPARTE.

La France, c'est moi.

Après moi, le Ridicule.

ADMIRAL VAN TRUMP.

POOR little fellow! We fear he is a TRUMP that has been kept too long in hand to be played with much profit. If put off against THUMB, the cards might have fallen very differently. But the Dutch are proverbially a slow people; hence they only resolved to send their Dutch Dwarf to market when the go a-head American General had carried off all the kisses that enlightened English ladies had to bestow upon littleness; all the watches, and rings, and pencil-cases that the English Aristocracy (the proverbial patrons of genius) had to vouchsafe upon insignificance. This is too bad; but so runs the world. For VAN TRUMP is smaller than TOM THUMB; weighs less; dances as well; plays at cards, and writes—for so small a hand—a good bold pothook. We feel for genius out of luck; and therefore make this pathetic appeal to the Ladies of England—to the British Aristocracy—to give a lift to the little Dutchman. Why should TOM THUMB have all the kisses—all the plate and jewels? With the exception of LORD BROUGHAM, who, in the handsomest manner, has sent his last Pamphlet to the Admiral (VAN TRUMP and his Broom have old associations), not a single offering has yet been made by high life to the miniature man of eight-and-twenty inches.

Dreadful Explosion at Vienna.

A TERRIFIC explosion has lately taken place at Vienna, which has nearly reduced the whole of that city to ruins. The accident is attributed to a man named METTERNICH, who had for years been accumulating a magazine of combustibles, and who decamped the other day, leaving it in a condition to take fire on the application of the slightest spark. That casualty has occurred, and the consequence has been the scene of havoc and destruction which we are now, unfortunately, called upon to record.

CONVERSATION IN A THEATRICAL CAFÉ.

Old Actor. "No actors, Sir! Come, now, did you ever see SUETT in a good part?"

Young Man. "Yes, often—as dumplings round an aitch bone of beef!"

ON THE MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS.

By J. BRIEFLESS, Esq. (of the Back Rows—three from the outside on the left-hand—the Clerk waits in Westminster Hall with a motion paper in his hat), BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SELF-ASSERTION SOCIETY, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF MR. BRIEFLESS. J. BRIEFLESS, Esq. IN THE CHAIR.

RESOLVED—
"THAT MR. BRIEFLESS request himself, and he does hereby request himself, to publish his ideas on the Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors, and he does hereby express his readiness to comply with this request.

(Signed)

"J. BRIEFLESS, President."

PREFACE.

The substance of this work consists of a series of Lectures, delivered in the Hall—of his own Chambers—by the author, to various attorneys, who have, from time to time, attempted the mean and unprofessional practice of tendering briefs without the customary fees, and abusing the clerk—a defenceless urchin—for refusing to take the papers in. Many of the topics discussed required much firmness—and in two or three instances a kick—to produce an impression on those who were addressed. MR. BRIEFLESS has been so frequently invited to repeat what he has advanced, and he has so often been told he had "better say that again," that he has resolved on saying it again, with a good deal more added to it, in a printed form.

LECTURE I.

SIR,—I shall not waste a moment of the precious time allotted to me—my chop is getting cold in the inner room—by expatiating on the conduct of such a fellow as yourself. I have had many opportunities of observation and reflection, for there is a speaking-pipe, by which I hear, and a looking-glass, in which I see what is going on in this room, and I must say that your attempt to foist that brief, without the usual quiddam, upon that friendless lad—my clerk—betrays a want of fee and of feeling which has never been surpassed.

I, Sir, have no merely selfish motives. It was not to aggrandise myself or my family that I adopted that most honourable of callings, which is entered upon by a call to the Bar. If my brief-bag is clear, so is my conscience. In that Court, at least, I have had some practice. Before that tribunal I have taken many a verdict—aye, and without costs!

You will tell me, Sir, that if I have no selfishness, I might have undertaken your business for you; and you will perhaps refer me to the old statute, which gives to the meanest pauper the right to command either your or my gratuitous services to enforce his rights and redress his wrongs. True, Sir, that the 11th of HENRY 7th, chap. 12, tells us we are to do this for nothing. But if a pauper came to us with such an unprofitable retainer, should we not either of us thank him for nothing, and decline?

You know, Sir, are armed with really formidable powers for good or evil. Your knock at that outer door can raise a hundred hopes, which your artful production of a brief can encourage; when suddenly, by your omission of the usual fee, the nervously excited utter is suddenly panic-stricken, and "drops terrified through the air, thrilling with agony into the arms" * of his clerk.

You know, Sir, that we cannot do without you, or at least without your class. To you we produce the dishonoured bill, the deadly writ, the "thrice repeated" application for rent, and the "damnable iterated" railway call. When our peace is slain; when our very hearts are perforated with the very same file upon which the declarations against us are impaled, when the shaft of calumny, or the shaft of a cab has wounded us, it is to you that we rush for a vindication of our smarting honour, or consolation for our smarting limbs.

Am I over-stating the case? There is before me a news-boy, who has just called for the newspaper, and who ought to know something of the world; there is at my side a beadle, who has called for a Christmas-box, who ought to know something of me; there is on the landing, a lamp-lighter, who comes to clean the lamp, and him I ask have I over-stated the case? I have not! Then think, Sir, on the overwhelming importance of the profession to which you belong. The world is obliged to take you, but I am not obliged to take your briefs—on trust. When you write Attorney and Solicitor on your door—in appropriate brass—YOU MAY BE CALLED IN AND MUST ACT; but if you inscribe two or three guineas on a brief, and bring it to one of us without the money, YOU MAY BE ORDERED OUT AND MUST GO!

Language, Sir, is not strong enough adequately to stigmatise the misconduct of him who rashly rushes into Chambers, where he may do such irreparable mischief; raising hopes only to be disappointed;

* This beautiful image is taken with most respectful acknowledgment from the recently published work of a learned brother-in-law of MR. BRIEFLESS on the same subject as these Lectures.

sending the barrister to an untimely cigar; while the next morning, his clerk brings his grey horse-hair (wig) down in sorrow to the Court.

Let me ask you, Sir, whether you have ever given those matters a moment's thought? Is it not possible that your not having done so may be the cause of your not very flourishing condition? Your office may display "a beggarly account of empty boxes," perhaps, Sir.

"The world is not your friend, nor the world's law;"

or at least, what law the world may have, you do not get a good slice of it. That coat, for instance, looks as if it had seen the morrow of ST. HILARY, had been turnable at All Souls, and was now almost returnable again! That appearance seems to have been put in—as the song says—"long, long ago." Those boots, I perceive, go only—

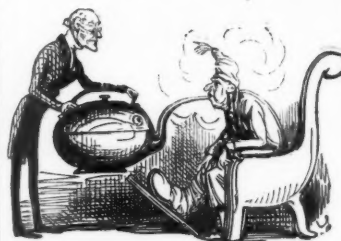
"Halfway down (or up),

Like those who gather samphire."

The buttons of your coat hang, like your existence, by a thread, and your whole aspect bespeaks anything rather than prosperity. Let us take a glance at your profession, and see whether it is the fault of yourself, or if it—but the subject is a large one, and my mutton-chop is a little one. The former will keep, the latter will grow cold, and I will therefore go and discuss the second, while I reserve the first for future discussion in this Hall, when your attendance may give me the opportunity of addressing to you another Lecture.

G. A. B.

THE LAST NEW PATHY.



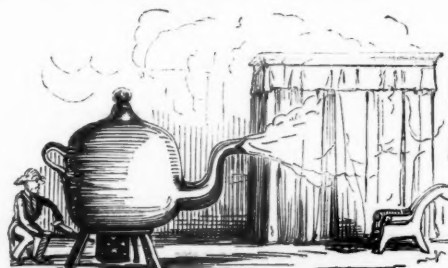
"A KETTLEFUL TO BE TAKEN TWICE A DAY."

There is no end to the Pathies. We have had Hydropathy, Homoeopathy, and nearly every pathy that the fancy could devise, but a new pathy has just been launched, under the title of Atmo-pathy. The object of this new discovery is to cure every disease—no system stops short of that in these days—by the application of steam. How the thing is to be done, we don't exactly know, and we have no very particular desire to try; but we presume the principle involves the necessity of establishing a steam communication between the patient's mouth and a boiler, in some way or other.

If steam comes into fashion, and discharges from a hot vapour cylinder should supersede the doctor's draught, the Railway Companies may yet redeem themselves, by charging high fares for seats on their safety-valves, and other portions of their machinery, where the full benefit of a good rush of steam may be enjoyed. Such a little incident as that of the Cricket explosion will no longer be regarded as a tremendous casualty, but as a refreshing shower-bath, and a seat over the boiler of a steam-packet, with probable contingencies, will be looked upon as a healthful luxury.



"THE EXERCISE TO BE REPEATED EVERY MORNING AND EVENING."



"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE BITTEN GENTLEMAN.—The Young Lady (in a black velvet bonnet, with an artificial corn-flower and poppy; a puce-flowered silk, and a black glacée visite, with her dear little dog CHERRY in a pink riband), has, she hopes, better things to think of, than to answer any idle person she may meet on any Tuesday on a Brixton Bus. ANGELA.



ON THE MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS.

*Delivered in the Hall (of his Chambers) by J. BRIEFLESS, ESQ., &c., &c.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.*

LECTURE II.

SIR,—You have come again, and in a somewhat better spirit; for I perceive that with that motion-paper, which instructs me to tax the arithmetical powers of the Court by that simplest and yet sternest of rules, a compute, you dropped half-a-guinea into the hand of my clerk. My first Lecture, then, has had some impression upon you, and my second will, I hope, be equally successful. The sage has told us to “strike the iron while it is hot.” True. There was no striking you when your coolness—in coming here without the *quiddam*—was my amazement and my disgust.

Let us look at the Law as the map of a country through which you are about to travel; a map in which many allow too much latitude, others too much longitude, by going to greater lengths than they ought. Will you enter this glorious country as one of the mere hewers of wood? Alas! you had better cut your own stick, than assume this ignoble character. Would you sink into a mere drawer of water? Believe me, it is better to let well alone. Draw bills in Chancery, draw declarations, draw teeth, draw corks, draw—a badger if you will—but never draw water, for you will get nothing allowed for such a draft.

Many have regarded the Law as incompatible with “the heart that can feel for another;” but it gives opportunities for the exercise of the best qualities—we all of us have two sorts—of our nature.

A generous attorney, washing the costs from the back of a writ, in tears of sympathy, is a far nobler spectacle than that of a legal *Shylock* exacting the “pound of flesh” clutched from the shoulder,* and applying to his victim the Shakspearean query (slightly varied)—

“If I tickle him will he not bleed?”

Not that I would have you indifferent to your great mission; for you have a high office to fill, and your office must be filled in some way or other. The Grecian philosopher took for his motto, “Action, action, action;” and it may be interpreted by you, Sir, to mean action in the Queen’s Bench, action in the Exchequer, and action in the Common Pleas. But seek not to make business out of the regular course. In long vacation,

“There’s nothing so becomes a Gent., (one, &c.),
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of Term blows in our ears,
Be Foegas and Dodgesons in your fierce deportment.”

The Law is a great engine; and you, Sir, are one of the stokers by

* A tap on the shoulder is the bailiff’s well-known signal. It is thus he prepares for sucking the very life-blood of his victim, who may well shudder at every fresh tap.

whom the fire must be kept up, that sets us all going. You must throw in, from time to time, but with an honest and judicious hand, the coals of litigation; for, as the song beautifully says of love,—and why not of lawyers? that—

“Lips, though honest, must still be fed,
For not e’en I could live on flour.”

It is you I mean, of course your class, that must whisper into the ear of the public, “what to sue, settle, and avoid.” It is you that must gently urge the vacillating plaintiff, or implant in the too yielding defendant, that dignified spirit of resistance which rouses human nature into pleading,—and you will recollect there can be no successful demurrer in this instance; for, though neither STEPHENS nor CHITTY have told you, I venture to tell you, Sir, that—

“Holy Nature never pleads in vain.

Let me guard you against treating every man as, of necessity, a knave. Trust him till you have reason to do otherwise—until, in fact, you find him out, as I formerly trusted you, Sir, until I never could find you at home. But Sir, avoid all connection with rogues, and be not led away by the card-playing principle, that if you get a knave into your hands, and will play at beggar my neighbour, your knave will be a sure card. If I might be allowed to fling the fleeting flowers of fair facetiousness into the eternal laurel-wreath I am now twining for my brow, through the medium of these Lectures, I would say of the knave, “Do not try and make a card of him, but dis-card him altogether.”

Human nature, Sir, as we find from HUME-AN-SMOLLETT, as well as from every other historian, is a mixture of good and bad. It is the old story, Sir, of the sugar and the sand; the milk and the chalk-pit; the port-wine and the sloe-juice; the Bohea and the birch-broom. Man is the “Mixture as before;” and such, I fear, he will ever remain. Even you, Sir, are not altogether so black as that bit of stocking under the hole in your highlow has been painted. That half-guinea—I hope the half-sovereign is a good one—is at least a small redeeming point in your character. I shall cherish this motion-paper as a specimen of the very poetry of motion; for the fact of a fee having accompanied it, is indeed enough to invest it with the air of a fiction, a reverie, or a dream.

But to return, Sir, to human nature. You will frequently see much of it that is bad. To you will rush Revenge resolved on a writ, Cupidity crying for a cognovit, and Hatred howling for the heavy artillery of Chancery. Will you, Sir, become the instrument of their bad passions? Will you act as the wadding in priming to its muzzle the formidable legal howitzer? Will your hard heart furnish the flint and steel, or will you be the emissary of LUCIFER, to strike the light that shall kindle these malignant feelings into a blaze? No, Sir, you had better put an extinguisher on the earliest spark; or, if the flame is already lighted, seize the snuffers of benevolence and—do your duty.

You belong, Sir, to a class that must know all our secrets. The tale we tell our tailor is not the tale to be told to you. The “expected remittance,” the disappointment of a large sum, the “derangement in the money market,” the “bad time for selling out,” and all the other fictions by which we

“Put off, put off, our course we steer,
Put off—whisper low!”

—all these matters of imaginary fact for creditors, are fictions with which it would be idle to amuse you. Ourselves, our wives, and our children, whether in arms or out of arms, must go into your hands. When our affairs are getting into confusion; when our debts stand in the relation of three to one to our assets; when we have sixty pounds to pay and twenty to pay it; and when the frightful truth flashes upon us, that sixties into twenty won’t go—when the same idea flashes on the brain of the importunate tradesman, and he won’t go either—at least without his money—then it is we fly to you, as *Young Norval* tells us that somebody or other did to somebody else—both of whose names we forget—

“For safety and for succour.”

How horrible if this succour is only rendered by sucking our pockets dry! But my present Lecture is showing symptoms of dryness, and I will therefore hope for your attendance again—accompanied as you have been to-day—when I may resume my discourse.

Natural Phenomenon.

THE London milk-consumers have been for the last week expressing their astonishment at the unusual thinness of the lacteal beverage supplied to them. We have ascertained the cause to consist in the extreme wetness of the weather, which has so completely saturated the cows, that the milk has become diluted into little better than water. It is strange that, while we have had so little blue sky above our heads, we should have been so inundated with sky-blue at our breakfast and tea-tables. The milk has, in fact, most of it found a watery grave.

NAMBY-PAMBY TITLES.

PIECES of Music seem to be monopolising all the namby-pambyism of the present period. If we were judged by our songs, we should be the most loving, affectionate, doting, sentimental, stupid people that ever existed out of a French romance. There are the *Pet Polkas* and the *Love Bird Waltzes*, and *Dost thou love me now as then?* and the answer to it, *I do not love thee now one-half as much as then*; and we do not know how many more questions and answers which heart-broken ladies and gentlemen are continually putting to one another at the piano, in all the varieties of Flats and Sharps. If the namby-pambyism only increases, we shall be having:—

The Tootsey-Pootsey Polka, dedicated to all the Tootsey-Pootseys in the United Kingdom:

Tiddledy-iddledy little Tunes for Tiddledy-iddledy little Fingers:

The Poppet Waltz, for newly-married couples:

Oh, do but take another cup of tea!—addressed to nice young men for tea-parties, with a portrait of the nice young man to whom it was really addressed on the memorable evening of the 25th of October, 1848, at No. 43, P—s—t Grove, Islington:

The Chucky-Chucky Ducky-Ducky Cellarius:

Little Darling Exercises for Little Darling Schoolgirls—for the use of Seminaries for young Ladies.

The above, in course of time, will be ready for publication, with the most rainbow frontispieces, at any of the respectable music-sellers. The price not less than the stereotyped sum of two shillings.

BACCHUS TAKEN ABACK.



A LAW has just come into operation, rendering it a punishable offence to encourage intemperance; and, if a man may be fined five shillings for being drunk, the same fine may be imposed on the individual who helped to make him so. There is an end at once to the trade in drinking-songs, and this once profitable branch of the poet's business is for ever cut off. It is now penal to say or sing anything by way of incitement to

"Push round the bowl."

And, though it may be doubtful whether it would be punishable to exclaim—

"A bumper of burgundy fill, fill for me,"

there can be no question that the recommendation to

"Give those who prefer it champagne,"

would bring the vocalist at once under one of the most stringent clauses of the new Act of Parliament. Like every other statute, this one will, of course, give rise to innumerable questions; and it will be asked whether the exhortation,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

will be taken to amount to an inducement to drunkenness, since drinking

with the eyes cannot be construed into drinking with the mouth; though a gentleman with "a wee drap in his e'e" may be in a state to bring him under the five shilling mulct imposed by the magistrate. As to poor old BACCHUS, he will have to resign his jolly godship at once, and turn his beer-barrel into a water-butt. The teetotallers, in anticipation of the working of the Act, have added a Royal Humane Society to their other arrangements, for the purpose of preventing even sorrow from that drowning in the bowl which has made so many *noyades* in the last few years.



GRATITUDE AND GROUSE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"The subjoined paragraph, relative to your unfortunate humble servant, appeared lately in the *Bucks Advertiser*:—

"His GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, who is grouse shooting in Scotland, a few days since considerably sent a box of grouse to a clergyman and magistrate, residing near Padbury. The porter's demand of 10s. 6d. for carriage, was, by the reverend gentleman, considered sufficient to quite spoil the flavour of the Scottish game, which was in consequence refused; and will, in the order of things, find its way back to his Grace, in the Highlands."

"Now, Sir, it is too notorious for me to deny that two years ago, when His GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM was lord of Stowe, and I—why should I mince the matter?—had the run of his princely *cuisine*, the smallest donation from his Grace, in the shape of game, especially if labelled with the ducal autograph, would have been most thankfully received—the expense of carriage no consideration. Had he sent me, with his compliments, a single jack-snipe from the uttermost parts of the earth, I should neither have minded how much its conveyance cost, nor what state it arrived in. Nay, Sir, if the present had been a horse, under the denomination of venison, I would, in the fullest sense of the word, have taken it in, and never looked the gift-horse in the mouth. I would have joyfully paid the carrier's demand, and, moreover, I would have given him a quantity of beer, to drink my own health and that of the Noble Duke withal. But times are changed now, and that is why, malicious people say, I offered his Grace the indignity of rejecting his gift for the sake of a paltry half guinea."

"Yes, Sir, times are changed; but it is because they are changed with me—not, believe me, from any reverse in the fortunes of the House of Chandos—that I sorrowfully turned away the Duke—represented by his grouse—from my door. Had I possessed fifty pounds, I should not have thought it too much for such an addition to my larder, and such an honour to myself. But extreme poverty is my excuse for an act which otherwise would have been one of intense meanness. The fact is, Sir, that I had not 10s. 6d. to bless myself with; much less to pay for the Duke's game. Indeed, *Mr. Punch*, I can assure you—and you, I know, will credit what I say—that I am positively not worth a farthing."

"I am, &c. &c."

"A CLERGYMAN AND MAGISTRATE RESIDING NEAR PADBURY."

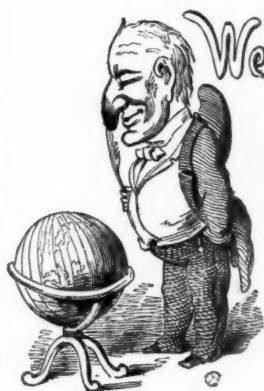
"Oct. 30, 1848."

ANONYMOUS SCRIBBLERS.

THE author who writes the eloquent testimonials for HOLLOWAY and PARR'S Life Pills, is an anonymous scribbler. WARREN'S Poet is another. The tender Poet of MOSES is also another; and the talented author of GEORGE ROBINS'S advertisements was likewise an anonymous scribbler, and yet they are all more or less known to fame. But LORD BROUGHAM sneers at all anonymous scribblers; and yet we are sure he would too willingly change places with any one of the above geniuses, if he thought he could purchase with the exchange any chance of promotion in the ranks of Posterity. It would be better for many scribblers if they had always been "anonymous." For instance, imagine what LORD BROUGHAM would have gained, if, during his literary career, he had not put his name to one hundredth part of what he has written. He might really have passed for one of the cleverest, most consistent, men of the present day; whereas—but we have a horror of a platitude, so the reader will please to finish the sentence himself.

MES IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE.

BY A GARDE NATIONALE IN LONDON.



WE HAVE received several letters from the Garde Nationale. They are all full of good feeling and good humour, and end with the pleasant words, when friends are concerned, "*au revoir*." We select the following, as best exhibiting the spite with which "our natural enemies" now regard the "*perfidie Albion*." It looks so strange that opposite neighbours, living *vis-à-vis* like France and England, should have been until now in such blind ignorance of one another. But now that they are introduced—now that they have the *entrée* of each other's houses—we are sure the two nations will mix more frequently, and will soon learn how much pleasanter it is to "drop in" than to fall out. As for war, when studied at each other's firesides it must explode, and be replaced, doubtlessly by roasted chestnuts.

Here is the letter, which we have translated as closely as possible. It is from MONSIEUR BONGAILLARD, a private in the Second Legion, and is the copy of one addressed to his wife, in the Rue St. Denis:—

"MY VERY DEAR CLÉMENTINE,—Oh, I wish you had been with me; but only wait—the next time—these devils of English have said as much, and politeness is the only law which we Frenchmen obey without the smallest *rappel*. They have said, 'My good fellows ('fellows' means '*coquins*'), you have come alone this time; well, you must bring your wives with you the next.' Don't be alarmed; they won't eat you, my dear, unless it is with kindness—for I can tell you I am half devoured myself. If it continues, there will be nothing left of me but my red epaulettes. You will receive the remains of your poor husband in a bandbox or a *bonbonnière*.

"Imagine, my dear, these *Anglais* do not hate us—I was so astonished. They took me everywhere by the hand, and were wringing it every day from morning to night. I wonder I have a finger left. First of all it was a shake for myself, then a squeeze for *La France*; then another one for myself; then half-a-dozen for the two countries; and a thousand more—I don't know for what. And when I tell you I felt a heart in each hand I took, I was stung with my own meanness for having ever raised an arm or a cry against them. It does one good, though, to be convinced in this manner. It is like the feeling I have had, when we have had a little disagreement together, and one of us has confessed being in the wrong. You recollect how happy we were for the reconciliation; and that we were all the better friends for it afterwards. Well, for the time being, England was you, CLÉMENTINE, —don't be jealous—and I was so pleased for being in the wrong, and acknowledging my error, that I could have cried for joy. We French have been fools. We have had friends whom we have treated for centuries like enemies; but we must make up for lost time. I am sure myself I trampled in one day upon the antipathies of a whole life. I wish all France could have seen with my eyes, and have felt with my heart, and have known the sweet shame I experienced for having ever abused these poor English—these 'good shaps,' as I called them, CLÉMENTINE ('shaps' is '*gueux*,' or rather '*bons enfans*')—and I have thanked them, if not in words, at least in feeling, for having disabused me of all my vulgar prejudices. I return—if ever I can get away—with another country. Henceforth I am a native of England, as well as France. Every one of us have been naturalised by kindness. When you see me, you will embrace *un Anglais, par sang*—and I am sure when you know them, you will not dislike your dear husband any the less for it.

"Oh! I have drunk so! perhaps a little too much, but I could not help it. When the heart is too full, it always overflows, I find, into a tumbler. I have drank porter—oh! the beautiful porter—you must come and taste it—and ale, both Scotch and Irish, and every sort of ale—and wine—and grog—and stout—something of everything—but how could I refuse it? When one is hemmed in by a circle of glasses, you are obliged to seize one, if it is only to make an opening to effect your escape—and the *e-cape* too is so pleasant! Every fresh glass I emptied I felt another prejudice going down with it.

"Oh! the antipathies I have swallowed since I have been here, and feel all the better for; only I wish it had been the British Channel we had been drinking, for there would not be a drop of it left now. The big ditch would be dried up, and there would be no difficulty in running over from one country to another; not that there is any difficulty since our visit; for I mean to say, every Frenchman in coming over brought a

portable bridge with him in his *sac de nuit*, which remains behind him, and hundreds of my countrymen will very quickly pass over this same bridge, and thousands of Englishmen come over to us by the same means!

"I have no time, CLÉMENTINE, to tell you what I have seen, for, in fact, I have seen everything, and everything has been so surprising about our visit that really I have too many words, too many ideas and sensations, to express one of them. If I began, I should never end. I could talk of "*ces bons Anglais*" till the dictionary was exhausted, and your patience also. Suffice it to say, you must come and see for yourself; and don't be surprised at my returning home with a whole regiment of Horse-guards, or a hundred young men or so, or two or three dozen families, for really I have given so many invitations that all Paris, I think, would not be large enough to quarter them. To guard against any show of inhospitality, therefore, you had better get beds fitted up in every room, *magasin*, and loft in our street, and ask our neighbours to be kind enough to lend us their larders and cellars to feast our new guests.

"We must not allow these '*braves*' to outdo us in good cheer. Henceforth the kitchen shall be our only battle-field, and the *batterie de cuisine* the only battery we will point at one another. *Ma foi*, I am so hot for the fray, I should like to begin to-morrow. I am burning to conquer these English with their own weapons. You must help me, CLÉMENTINE, and with our efforts we will turn, in time, the *Hôtel des Invalides* into a real *Hôtel*; no maimed soldiers, but fat cooks; and over the porico shall be written, '*Ici on donne à manger et à boire*.' That's my notion of Glory. Anything warm in the stomach, but a cannon-ball, *tout chaud*. Depend upon it, the National Guard has been the best of diplomatists that one country ever sent to another.

"I have said enough; the rest will suffice to fill up our long winter evenings—when I will charm you, CLÉMENTINE, with the wonders of this wonderful nation of a town; but no wonder will please you so much, or appear to you half so wonderful as the kindness we have met with everywhere from everybody in it. *Il n'y a plus de 'bouledogues*.'

"Expect me, love, when you see me, but not a post before.

"Your happy husband,

"BONGAILLARD."

"I have such a beautiful penknife for you! I know you will start with astonishment when you see it—it contains a hundred blades! I have also a pair of scissors—such little loves—for ANGÉLIQUE, and a flannel waistcoat for *gras papa*; and as for JULES, tell him I have got for him, all snug, a bottle of real English *deuxième et demi*—the veritable half-and-half. It will warm his good heart.

"Oh! I must tell you of a '*toast*.' I delivered at a grand dinner at our Hotel, the Red Lion, which made a great fury. I was on my legs, and said, '*Messieurs—Buvons au rapprochement de l'Angleterre et de la France; deux nations qui se tiennent si étroitement par la Manche doivent se tenir aussi par la main*.' It was not bad for me, eh? CLÉMENTINE! but you see I was inspired with the superb Stout, which is the most delicious, the most—but the remainder of the adjectives another time."

THE RAILWAY INVASION

BY THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARD.

We came not upon cannon, but by rail,
The capital of England to invade.
Not conquest, but the love of peaceful trade
And polity to gather, that the tale
Of British laws and manners may avail
Our fellow citizens, our end hath been.
And now we know that, though you have a Queen,
And ranks and orders in your social scale,
Yet Liberty, of the strong sense of right,
Tempered by steady moderation, born,
The growth of ages, paramount in might,
Reigns with the Lion and the Unicorn.
Hither we came to study, not to fight;
We go, with wisdom gained: of errors shorn.

Irish Food, and Irish Famine.

MR. WHITESIDE, in his speech for the defence of MEAGHER, is reported to have made the following singularly happy observations:—

"Again, the prisoner stated he had made a '*flaming speech*' at Cork. The Attorney-General did not like flaming speeches. But they were nothing uncommon; they were food and drink to them in Ireland; for the last twenty years the people had fed on them."

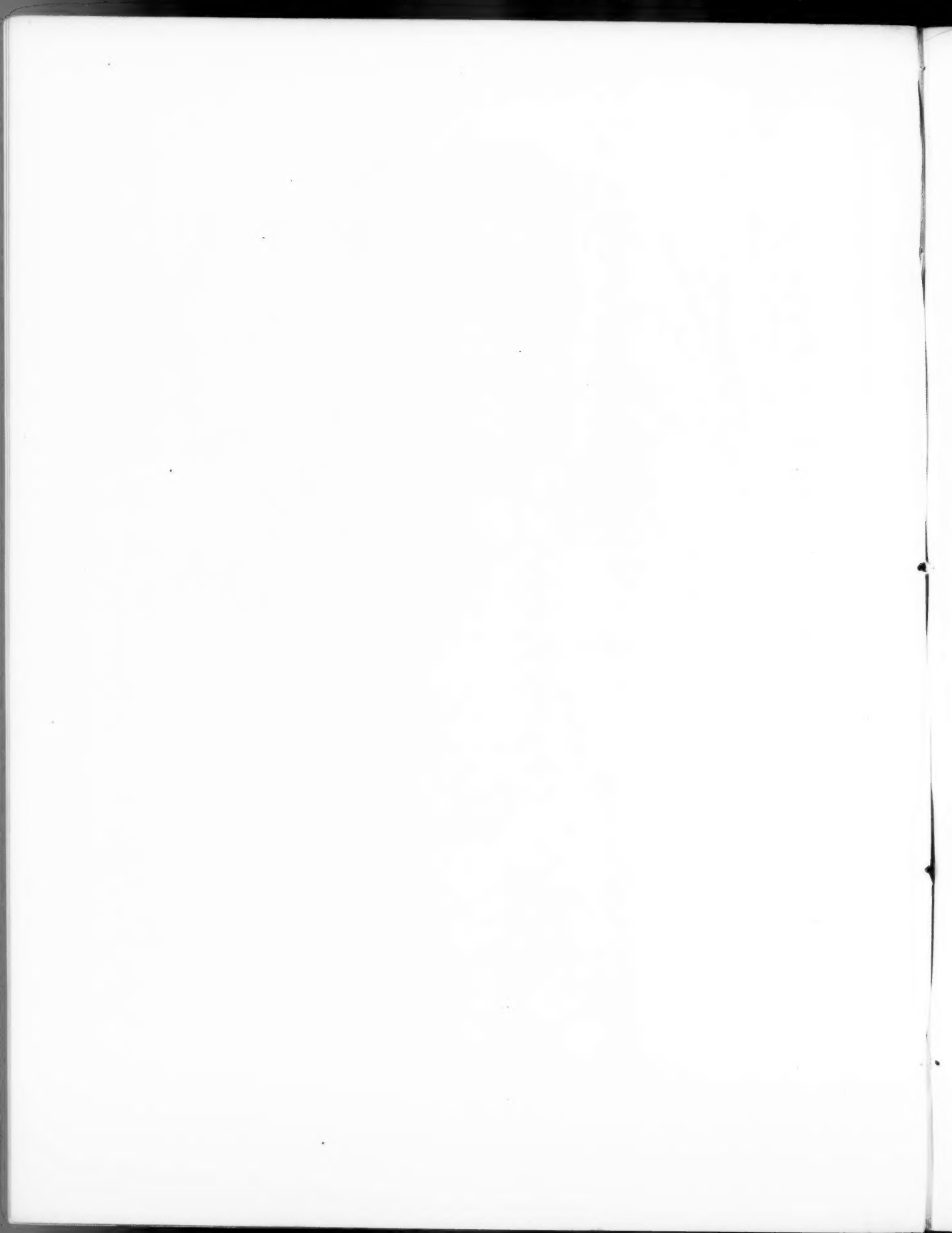
Exactly so. Not without reason is it that the miserable state of the Irish has been referred by some philosophers to the peculiarity of their diet.



FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS IN LONDON.



THE GREAT SEA SERPENT OF 1848.



PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

ADVANCES OF THE PEOPLE (PECUNIARY AND OTHERWISE) UNDER
HENRY THE EIGHTH.

HENRY THE EIGHTH commenced his royal career by granting little restitutions to the victims of the late reign, and practising great extortions on his own account; for it was the policy of that monarch to throw overboard an occasional sprat belonging to his predecessor, in order to secure a herring for himself.

Even at this early period, our Constitution had already so far advanced that it was in the power of the humblest individual to rise to the highest office, and young TOM WOLSEY, who, a few years before, might have been seen taking out the meat from his father's shop at Ipswich, was able, in a few years, to exchange the sheep-hook for the bishop's crook, and the blue serge apron, with a cap of the same material—only in red—for the cardinal's slouch hat and magnificent lace pinafore. WOLSEY, who was an exceedingly agreeable dog, with a joke always on his tongue, a song in his throat, and a twinkle in his eye, became an immense favourite with HENRY, more particularly when, over their wine and walnuts, the sovereign happening to confess himself hard up for £800,000, WOLSEY, with a confident exclamation of "My dear fellow, leave it to me," offered to get it for his royal master. WOLSEY went down to the House one afternoon during the Speakership of SIR THOMAS MORE, and it was at first proposed not to let him in; but MORE, who never looked less than on this occasion, suggested that "they'd better see him," and in he came, tremendously "got up," with a "numerous train of auxiliaries," groaning and melting under the great seal, the mace, the hat, and all the rest of his official properties.

WOLSEY commenced with a violent speech against the King of France, and hinted that arrangements were in progress for smashing him. It was "an opportunity for a spirited capitalist to come forward," according to WOLSEY's account; and "everybody would admit the money would be well laid out, if the King of France should be well laid into." One of those happy turns having raised that most encouraging of Parliamentary contributions, "a laugh," WOLSEY ventured to hint that £800,000 was all that would be required to do the business. The House became perfectly serious, but uttered not a word; and WOLSEY, though he had heard that "silence gives consent," saw plainly that silence was not likely to give the money. Nobody showing symptoms of a wish to catch the Speaker's eye, SIR THOMAS MORE apologised for this dumb show of resistance, intimating that the appearance of the Cardinal amongst the Commons had been "a stunner," to their feeble faculties. The scene ended by WOLSEY hurrying out in a regular huff, his followers hastening precipitately after him.

Long debates followed this exorbitant demand, and upon a calculation, it was said that England had not as much ready money about her as would pay the £800,000, and at length the Commons proposed a compromise of 5s. in the pound, to be forthcoming, by instalments, in four years—a suggestion that WOLSEY would not listen to. The Cardinal insisted on "money down," and looking at the 75 per cent. as "discount for cash," he agreed to accept what he contemptuously termed this apology for a subsidy.

The spirit shown by the Commons had had its effect; for the Cardinal, making up his mind there was nothing to be done in that quarter, persuaded HENRY to refrain for seven years from summoning a Parliament. The King and the Cardinal proceeded to beg, borrow, or steal, for the supply of the royal necessities. Commissioners were appointed to take a sixth of everybody's everything; and sometimes an attempt was made to double this exaction by a verbal puzzle, by taking a sixth twice over on the same articles, and alleging that if there was six of one, there was half-a-dozen of the other, and that consequently upon both the six and the half-dozen, a sixth would be payable.

Those who were weak in nerves and slow at arithmetic, yielded to this contemptible "dodge," though in some parts of the country a spirited resistance was made; and in Suffolk, where the breath of liberty was not yet extinguished by suffocation, there was an insurrection of the people. HENRY perceiving that it would not do, disavowed his Minister; the Minister disavowed the Commissioners; the Commissioners disavowed their subordinates; and, as the subordinates had been most of them killed in the riots, that which had been everybody's roguery, appeared to be nobody's roguery, or at all events there was nobody to be held responsible.

Recourse was now had to the more delicate, but not less decided swindle, called a Benevolence, the demand for which brought out some very heroic qualities in a certain alderman of London, who, as aldermanic heroes are very scarce, we think we ought to immortalise. This civic dignitary was one RICHARD REED, who, disdainful of the

popular saying that "a reed must break if it will not bend," declined



WOLSEY'S MINISTER
OF THE PERIOD.

bending or bowing his head to the exacting tyranny of HENRY. REED was not one of those martyrs of whom our own times furnish an occasional specimen, and whose martyrdom consists in refusing to pay a tax, "on principle" until a public or a local subscription, to fifty or a hundred times the amount of the legal claim, enables them to do so with a handsome balance in their own favour. REED was really impelled by a patriotic spirit, and the tyrant determining that the alderman should not get off scot-free, sent him off to fight against the Scots, where the General, SIR RALPH EWER—"not only an Ewer, but a baw'un," will be the mental ejaculation of the reader—had orders to send poor REED into the thickest of the fight, and expose him* "to the sharpest discipline militar of the northern wars;" when, not being half "sharp" enough for the "discipline," he fell into the hands of the enemy.

Considering how much we boast of our ancestors being a liberty-loving people, it is surprising how prone they were to assist in almost all sorts of tyranny by which their own pockets were not dipped into. Perhaps, however, something was gained for freedom by even this apparent servility; for if the Commons helped the King to stretch the Royal prerogative to an almost unlimited extent, the King gave an equivalent in the aid he rendered to the assertion of the privileges of Parliament.

On the occasion of an M.P. having been arrested for debt, and released by order of the House, HENRY applauded the resolution, and held it to be a settled point that the Commons were bound to pay nobody but himself; for, "thought he to himself, thought he," "What will these fellows have left for me if they begin to entertain absurd notions of honesty towards their own private creditors?"

On the whole, the Constitution can scarcely be said to have advanced much in the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH; and we cannot agree with SPELMAN, that a fresh joint was added to the British Lion's tail by the encouragement Parliament received in its own pranks, as an equivalent for the support it gave to the encroachments of the monarchy.

GREAT SHAKES.

SOME wiseacre has written to the *Athenaeum* suggesting the propriety of the Railway authorities supplying first-class passengers with the means of writing during the progress of a long journey. We strongly suspect that the restless BROUGHAM must be the proposer of such an absurdity, which, if adopted, would enable the noble HARRY to write

Letters to Lord Lansdowne, whenever he took an excursion ticket. It is no reason because those "who run may read," that those "who ride should write."

One of our indefatigable artists was unfortunately induced to try the possibility of sketching in a Railway carriage, and the subjoined illustration was the miserable result of his credulity.



AN OPERA TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

It strikes us that the new opera of *Haydée, or the Secret*, must allude to the secret which JOSEPH ADY was in the habit of selling to confiding individuals for a sovereign. But SCRIBE might as well have spelt his name right; but probably *Haydée* is very good French for "ADY."

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. VI.



Old Gentleman. Miss Wiggets. Two Authors.

Old Gentleman. "I AM SORRY TO SEE YOU OCCUPIED, MY DEAR MISS WIGGETS, WITH THAT TRIVIAL PAPER 'PUNCH.' A RAILWAY IS NOT A PLACE, IN MY OPINION, FOR JOKES. I NEVER JOKE—NEVER."
Miss W. "SO I SHOULD THINK, SIR."

Old Gentleman. "AND BESIDES, ARE YOU AWARE WHO ARE THE CONDUCTORS OF THAT PAPER, AND THAT THEY ARE CHARTISTS, DEISTS, ATHEISTS, ANARCHISTS, AND SOCIALISTS, TO A MAN? I HAVE IT FROM THE BEST AUTHORITY, THAT THEY MEET TOGETHER ONCE A WEEK IN A TAVERN IN SAINT GILES'S, WHERE THEY CONCOCT THEIR INFAMOUS PRINT. THE CHIEF PART OF THEIR INCOME IS DERIVED FROM THREATENING LETTERS WHICH THEY SEND TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY. THE PRINCIPAL WRITER IS A RETURNED CONVICT. TWO HAVE BEEN TRIED AT THE OLD BAILEY; AND THEIR ARTIST—AS FOR THEIR ARTIST . . ."

Guard. "SWIN-DUN! STA-TION!"

[Exeunt two Authors.]

THE ROYAL COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.



EALLY in times like the present, when kings are brought into such odd and complicated relations to their subjects, a work under the above title seems a desideratum in literature. Now that thrones are daily turned topsy-turvy, balls tossed about like jugglers' balls, and sceptres balanced as gingerly as the equilibrist's ladder, with a donkey a-top of it, everything may depend on a monarch's having some good guide to "what to say and how to say it," in communicating with his people in emergencies.

The following specimens may be useful, as hints for such a book, under some taking alliterative title like *The Monarch's Manual*; or *Cut and Dry Copies for Crowned Heads*; or *Epistles for an Embarrassed Emperor*; or, *Little Letters for Levanting Lords Paramount*. To be printed in German text or Italian running hand, instead of the old Court character:—

No. I.—*From a King in a fix to the Mob triumphant in his Capital.*

"My beloved (here some endearing appellation—'Berliners,' 'Children,' 'Milanese,' 'Sons,' 'Viennese,' &c., as the case may be)—"

"Your king hastens to place himself at the head of his beloved people, as he has long ruled in their hearts. Your sublime attitude inspires me with confidence. Your rights shall be secured by every constitutional guarantee, and a universal amnesty granted for political offences. A king is never so great or so happy as in the bosom of his people. Abandon your attitude of heroic self-assertion. Return to your homes, and rest under the shadow of the law which you so much respect. Obnoxious Ministers shall no longer stand between us. Bless you, my beloved and heroic people; and do not forget to return to the arsenals the arms snatched up in the moment of alarm."

Such an epistle ought to be followed by a cessation of popular tumult, and the voluntary disarming of the insurgents. The army meanwhile may be concentrated on the capital, the royal carriage being kept packed and horsed, in case of the above letter not acting. When the army is posted so as to command the city, you may exhibit—

No. II.—*From the same to the same (two days later).*

"Misguided men!

"Mercy is not mercy, unless guided by justice. Instigated by a small but audacious faction, you have dared to rise against the lawful authority of your sovereign. He would be justified in loosing

against you the vengeance of a loyal army, but he contents himself with the following mild measures for suppression of the factious and rebellious of the capital:—

"1. Martial law is proclaimed.

"2. All assemblages are forbidden.

"3. Citizens shall not carry arms under penalty of death.

"4. The ringleaders of the late disturbance shall be delivered up unconditionally.

"5. The representative body, lately elected, is dissolved.

"Any disobedience to the above regulations shall be followed by bombardment of the city. Long Live the King!"

If the army refuse to act, and the monarch find it advisable to "bolt," he may throw dust into the popular eye, by—

No. III.—*From the same to the same (an hour before starting for the frontier).*

"My beloved, (as in No. I.)

"Do not heed idle reports. Your king still trusts in your loyalty and love. He repeats his assurances of devotion to your rights and liberties, and trusts long to remain under the protection, not of a mercenary soldiery, but of his noble and armed citizens and children. Say what you would have, and you shall have it."

While the mob are perusing the above, the royal carriages may start, and when they have passed the frontier, discharge at the rebels—

No. IV.—*From the same to the same (across the frontier).*

"Your triumph will be short-lived. I leave my capital soon to return with force to crush the hydra of Revolution, which has raised its thousand envenomed heads among you. Tremble!"

You may then raise an army as you can, and crush your rebellious subjects without any letter whatever.

A Hint for the Sanitary Board.

MR. CHADWICK and his colleagues are impressing upon the public the necessity of drainage and dry atmosphere; but we are not aware of any provision having yet been made to secure these advantages to the second and third-class passengers on the various railways. Our old friend the Eastern Counties is, we understand, sadly in want of sewage for the second-class carriages, through which there runs a sort of open drain, making a perfect sop—not half so agreeable as a sop in the (foot) pan—for the unhappy passengers. We should recommend that the regulations for ascertaining the health of the Metropolis should be applied to the railways; for we have heard that theague is quite an epidemic on some of the lines, and precautions ought to be taken to prevent its spreading to the benches. There is an immense tract of marshy flooring at a station we could name, and we trust an officer of health will be instructed at once to look to it.

THE BLACKGUARD GRENADIER.

ALL—(with Prelude of "The Rogue's March") "The British Grenadier."

Most regiments have some varlet,
Some rascal mean and base,
A stain upon their scarlet,
Their scandal and disgrace;
But of all the arrant scoundrels,
There's none for to compare
With my ah! shame! to the fellow with the name
Of the Blackguard Grenadier!

This rogue and comrade, wending
Their way to Temple Bar,
Encountered, eastward tending,
Two brother men of war,
Two National Guards, come over
To see the lions here;
They were hailed, straight, by that vagabond ingrate
Of a Blackguard Grenadier.

The fellow's demonstration
The generous French received
As frank fraternization,
And in the sneak believed;
To the Dragon they invited
The knave and his compeer,
There to stand treat, with bounty indiscreet,
To the Blackguard Grenadier.

To pay their shot so duly,
They gave a coin of gold,
The change for which was truly
Upon the counter told.
This scamp, his lips yet smacking
With the taste of their good cheer,
Made a grab—dash! and pocketed their cash:
Oh! the Blackguard Grenadier!

But, thanks to British justice,
This dirty thief was sent
To Bridewell, where our trust is
He'll have due punishment.
And when discharged from prison,
His corps, we're glad to hear,
Will degrade, scout, and indignantly drum out
This same Blackguard Grenadier.

HARD NAMES.

A "PLAIN MAN" writes to us,—

"SIR, "I HAVE received a regular, plain English education, and I flatter myself my spelling and pronunciation of our own tongue are perfect according to WALKER.

"But now-a-days, to help a man to the pronouncing of the names which fill the Foreign Intelligence columns of the *Times*, WALKER is 'all Walker.' Accustomed as I am to ride in omnibuses and take my part in the discussion of political events, I am distressed beyond measure by the distracting uncertainty which prevails as to the names of many of the heroes of recent revolutions.

"For example Sir, there's the BAN (and by the way, I should like to know what a 'Ban' is) JELLACHICH. DR. SWISH, the principal of the Establishment where my sons are, (who ought to know) calls him 'Yellow Cheek;' but Miss RUE, principal of the Establishment where my daughters are, (who also ought to know), calls him 'Jelly Stitch.' The gentleman who regularly rides opposite me (believed to be in the Russian trade) calls him 'Hell-a-kick.' I have also heard the name spoken with the following variations:—

"Jelly-chick; 'Yeller-shish; 'Heller-shick; 'Jelly-lick."

"Now, Sir, you would much ease my mind by telling me which of the above, if any, is correct. Would you take the same opportunity of kindly informing me whether I should pronounce the name written 'WINDISCH-GRATZ,' as 'WINDY-SCRATCH' or 'VINDER'S-GRATES;' also, whether 'MAGYAR' rhymes to 'swagger,' or 'flog-yer;' also, whether 'HORNBUSTLE' is a real or nick-name; and what, in the name of PINNOCK, is a 'Czech?' and whether it is to be sounded 'Zeck,' or 'Check,' or 'Setch,' or 'D'Jeck,' or 'Shek,' or 'Ctsheesh,' or simply like a sneeze? And, while you are about it, any information as to RUSNAKS, WALLACHS, and SLOWAKS, would be thankfully received."

We have laid the above queries before LORD BROUGHAM and MR.

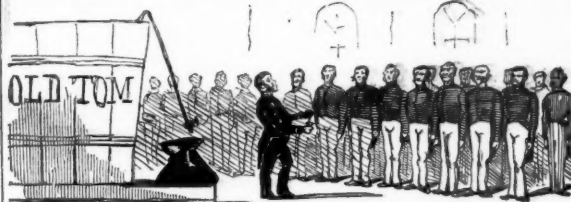
SILK BUCKINGHAM, the only universal geniuses of our acquaintance; and, when we receive their answers, we shall hasten to relieve our puzzled correspondent.

PICTORIAL ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

As it is now certain that mere words are insufficient to express the intentions of modern legislators (notwithstanding the liberties taken with LINDLEY MURRAY, such as making singulars include plurals, masculines include feminines, and so on), an intelligent correspondent suggests to us that the aid of the Fine Arts might be called in to make the meaning of the statutes plain and intelligible. This would have the further advantage of rendering the Acts of the legislature accessible to that numerous class of the community which cannot read. Illustrating the Acts of Parliament would also afford much more various employment to our artists than illustrating the Houses of ditto. We cannot conceive a finer subject for MR. COPP, for example, to cope with, than is suggested in this, from the "Removal of Nuisances Act," of last Session:—

"On receipt of such notice by any Commissioners for the drainage, paving, lighting or cleansing, managing or directing the Police of any city, borough, town, or place," &c.

Here the artist would be called upon to express pictorially the extraordinary functions of these Commissioners for "draining or cleansing the Police,"—say in two Cartoons; the first thus:—



Which represents COMMISSIONER MAYNE administering by main force to the Force that favourite mixture so well appreciated by the masses as "Cream of the Valley" or "Old Tom," and taken in the form popularly called "a drain."

Next, "Cleansing the Police."



The scene of which might be the Baths and Wash-houses in Guls-ton Square; and the great practical lesson of the blessings of bodily ablation would not be thrown away on our humbler population.

In fact, an immense gallery of great works breaks on our imagination as we write, to which we may from time to time introduce our readers. We may thus, also, be opening out to our artists a class of subjects entirely new, to the utter downfall of *Burials of Harold*, *Finding Body of ditto*, *Alfred Burning Cakes*, *Margaret of Anjou and Robber*, *King John and Barons*, and the other common-places of the *Pictorial History of England*.

IRISH RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Cork Examiner* relates an accident which occurred on the Limerick Junction and Tipperary Line, and of which, as it was unattended with fatal consequences, we may legitimately take cognizance. This railway, it seems, consists but of a single pair of rails. Our contemporary says—

"Whether the Tipperary Train should have waited the arrival of that from Limerick, or vice versa, we have not learned; but it so happened on Tuesday morning, that both trains started almost simultaneously from their respective stations, and as a natural consequence came slap-bang one against the other, about midway on the line. . . . Fortunately, there were no persons in either, with the exception of the guards and engine-men. . . . The carriages were completely shattered."

To start a couple of trains on the same rails in opposite directions, is a trick which savours strongly of that greenness which is said to be peculiar to Erin. But what heightens the joke, whilst, on the other hand, it diminishes the seriousness of the affair, is, that there was nobody in them except the guards and the engine-men. However, the next time the Tipperary and Limerick Company run opposing trains upon one line, they will find it a very considerable improvement to have nobody in them at all.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



"LOR! MR. TOMKINS, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T MEDDLE WITH WHAT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. IF YOU MUST KNOW WHAT IT IS—IT'S AN AIR TUBE DRESS EXTENDER."
(Ed. "WHAT NEXT!")

Medical Officers and Poor-Law Paymasters.

SOME designing and evil-minded person (doubtless) has committed the two-fold atrocity of libelling the Howden Union Board of Guardians, and hoaxing the *Leeds Mercury*, by inserting, in that respectable journal, under a feigned name, the following advertisement:—

HOWDEN UNION.—APPOINTMENT OF MEDICAL OFFICER.—NOTICE is hereby given, that the Guardians of the Poor of the Howden Union intend at the next Meeting of the Board, to be held on Saturday, the Twenty-eighth Day of October, instant, at Ten o'clock in the Forenoon, at the Union Workhouse, in Howden, to proceed to the Election of a Medical Officer for the Workhouse and for the Howden District, in the place of Mr. THOMAS TUNTON, deceased, at a Salary of £70 per Annum, in addition to the fees payable for Midwifery and Surgical cases, under the General Order of the Poor Law Commissioners, dated the 24th day of July, 1847.

The Howden District comprises 18 Townships, with an aggregate population of 6107.
No person can be appointed to the above Office unless he possesses one of the four following qualifications.

The qualifications enumerated are those which are necessary to constitute a legitimate practitioner. The author of this defamatory announcement is a deep dog. Had he intended it for a simple piece of banter—a mere squib—he might have mentioned among the requisites for the medical-officership of the Howden Union that—

"The candidate—whose time the duties of this plurality of populous districts will fully occupy—must be prepared to exist on the above-named salary of £70 per annum.

"He consequently must be a single man, since he obviously should not have more mouths to feed than his own, his horse's, and that of his apprentice, who must be his servant of all-work, it being absolutely impossible that he should maintain any other domestic.

"He must be a vegetarian and teetotaler, as must also his apprentice, contented with the staff of life and the pure element. He cannot expect to get bread and cheese too.

"He must be provided with a horse warranted to go—without corn or beans; as otherwise the animal would eat up his entire salary.

"It is desirable that he should possess a little independent income, inasmuch as, in spite of the most economical arrangements, his remuneration for the discharge of his arduous duties will very probably leave him out of pocket."

But no. The rogue was not a mere satirist. He was maliciously in earnest. He wanted to fix upon the Howden Board of Guardians the paltriness, the shabbiness, the effrontery, insolence, and iniquity of insulting the medical profession by offering an educated practitioner the

ridiculous sum of £70 per annum for attending a district of 18 townships, with a population of 6107.

Nevertheless, as enormities very nearly as monstrous as this have sometimes been perpetrated by Poor Law Guardians, it would be as well, perhaps, if the Howden gentlemen would just take the trouble to refute an imputation which would be unspeakably disgraceful to them if it were true. But here a thought strikes us. The advertisement may be genuine after all. There may have been a slight *erratum* in the specification of the sum. For £70 very likely we shall have to read £700.

POST-OFFICE ROBBERIES.

THE present rage for economy vents itself as usual upon those servants of the public who really do the work, and those unfortunates—the postmen—who occupy the most ill-paid post under Government, are trying to make both ends meet, by coolly taking all the money forwarded by letter, as voluntary contributions of the public to an ill-paid class of officers. Instead of the highwayman's cry of "Stand and deliver!" the exclamation of the postmen to a money letter, is, "Come, come, you must stand something, or I won't deliver you at all."

Post-office robbery is now such a common occurrence, that to put a piece of money into a letter, is equivalent to subscribing it for the relief of the under-paid postmen of the Metropolis; and when our "vile dross" does not go safe to its destination, we are fully aware that the mistake has not arisen "by any misdirection," but by the letter-carrier having carried things a little too far, and paid more regard to the spirit than to the letter, in the view he takes of what is due to him for his arduous services.

Considering the shabby remuneration of this class, we are not surprised at the old saying of "not worth a rap," which clearly means a postman's rap; and we trust that, for the sake of the victimised public, as well as for the good of the wretched functionaries themselves, this rap on the knuckles may tend to an increase of their legal salaries.



SHORT PIPES TO SMOKE.

To please the greatest number, it is not so necessary to say, as to leave unsaid.

A "scoundrel" is often but an incomplete philosopher, and a "ruffian" but an unfinished hero.

A person who knows English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, is often only able to say a stupid thing in five languages.

In so far as it is better to be sordid than ferocious, so far is it better for a nation to be commercial than martial.

To be well spoken of, you must die. Even a pauper, when dead, is mentioned without asperity; and that's as much as any pauper can expect.

A wise man takes life as he takes physic: he shuts his eyes and swallows it, without asking questions.

When a man is called "a successful humbug," the general feeling is not so much indignation because he is a humbug, as envy because he is successful.

Folly is like a Jesuit: it is always being exposed and weakened—and always regaining its influence.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1848.

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.



Among the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

"To HIS ROYL HIGHNESS THE CHANSLOR, and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge."

"Tom Spring's."

"SEIN perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is littell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Roil Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signits I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann. "I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar of ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

"I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann perverted from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

"I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with; and that the fust and most nessary duty of a fellar is to know how to defend his nob.

"I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

"Peraps I could not stand up before DR. BIGGWHIGG and DOCTOR SQUARTOES in the Latn Mathamadix; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do likewise.

"Therefor I propose to your Roil Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Sciens of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the muffers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a foud mother to see a galliant young fellar pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwersaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

"The CRIBB Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

"With the deepest respect,

"Your Roil Highness's obeadient to command,
"BENJAMIN BENDIGO."

From PROFESSOR SOYER.

"Pall Mall.

"MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND, AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!

"It has been universally allowed by most nations, that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest, by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

"I agree with the poet SOLON in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Roil Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

"Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

"May it please your Roil Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Roil University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move.—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

"Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

"Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

"Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that they are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

"I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce.—I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like SAINT AUGUSTIN, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourer's soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable, which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah! honoured Prince, and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the Times could toss a pancake!

"And ah! gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps, are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

"And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the FIRST PROFESSOR OF COOKERY in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

"Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Roil Highness and Gentlemen,

"The profound Servant,
"CORYDON SOYER."

GEMS OF THE "HUE AND CRY."

THE *Hue and Cry* has struck out quite a new vein of humour—so very peculiar, in fact, that we feel inclined for once to copy it. We give a few specimens, which we have borrowed, from its amusing columns:—

"Missing, JANE O'DONERTY. She had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoiseshell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

"A reward of £5 is offered for the apprehension of MIKE O'BRIEN, who on Tuesday last stole the jackass with a pair of corduroy breeches, with blue eyes and a short pipe, and is very much given to swearing, and has his shoes down at heel.

"Absconded, PHILIM, TIMOTHY, AARON, PHIL, and PADDY BLAKE, of Roscommon Gaol, who broke into the turnpike, and carried off two pounds and six sucking-pigs in silver and copper, with a canary and a bull-dog, who had frieze-coats dreadfully given to bad language, and a wheelbarrow that cannot look you in the face without winking, and ten shillings will be given for each of their apprehensions.

"Lost, a Tom-cat, the property of Miss SANDERS, that was last seen going over the roofs of the houses in Holly Street, and is supposed to have dropt down one of the chimneys."

We may give one or two more next week; and in the meantime we thank our talented contemporary, the *Hue and Cry*, for the rich amusement it has lately afforded us.



AN HUMBLE ATTEMPT TO PORTRAYE
FVLE YE LORD MAYOR HYS SHOW.



YE PAGEANTE OF YE RYCHTE WORSHIP
TO WHICH IS ADDED HYS DYNNE.

AMID the general smash of Continental Crowns, it is comfortable to feel that every throne is not yet overthrown, and that among the Royalties still preserved to us, may be numbered the Sovereignty of the City.

The commencement of a new reign over the Cockney kingdom is always an event of interest; but in days like these, the elevation of SIR JAMES DUKE from his Dukedom to the Civic Royalty, is an incident which we cannot contemplate without such emotion as may be shown in our shedding of an entire gill of inky tears—not of sorrow but of sensibility.

The Cockney accession, which happens once a year, adds annually to those fixtures, which cannot be taken at too high a valuation, by fixing some new potentate in the affections of the people. The ceremony, which takes place once in every twelvemonth, may be compared to the opening of a new Civic Parliament under a new Civic Sovereign; and the procession to the House—the Mansion House—is a matter of Fleet-streetian, Cheapsidean, and Ludgate-hillian, if not of absolutely national interest. The excitement on the occasion of the advent of the Dukian dynasty may be judged by an advertisement headed—"Wanted a Window to see the Procession;" which has actually appeared in one of the newspapers. The happy birth of the PRINCE OF WALES on Lord Mayor's Day seems to have linked the sovereignties of the East and West in a bond of real fraternity—much better than that imperfect substitute in vogue across the Channel—and the throne of St. James's may be regarded as bound by an honourable alliance with the *fautuil* of Civic Sovereignty.

There are certain things which must be seen to be described; but a Lord Mayor's Procession is one of those things that may be described without being seen; and, as our description is necessarily written before the event, we proceed to give our particulars, in the style of the Expresses of the present day, which furnish intelligence of facts so early, that they have not yet occurred, and unfortunately mar, occasionally, the *éclat* of a very anticipatory despatch, by never happening. The following order of the Mayoral procession may, however, be relied upon; and if any of our daily or other contemporaries give any version, after seeing the ceremony, different from the account we furnish before

the event can come off, our only reply is, their report is wrong and ours is right; for, to borrow the language of the dealers in cheap but birchy tea, low-priced but sandy sugar, and economic but chalky arrow-root, "None other is genuine."

A MILITARY BAND,

the various members carrying the mystic Cymbals of Melody, the different Horns of a Musical Dilemma, and one of them having

The Great C Serpent in his Mouth.

A DEPUTATION FROM THE STATIONERS' COMPANY,

Wearing their Foolscaps, and accompanied by a small Sco Flute.

THE CITY BARGEMASTER AND WATERMEN.

THE BEADLE'S ASSISTANT,

with the Staff of Life and Death mounted with brass in his hand.

CARRIAGES OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LIVERY,

CARRIAGE

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LIVERY ON THE FOOT-BOARD BEHIND.

The Prime Warden, in Prime Condition.

The Arms of England and the Arms of the City, walking arm-in-arm.

A VERY ANCIENT HERALD AND A VERY ANCIENT KNIGHT,

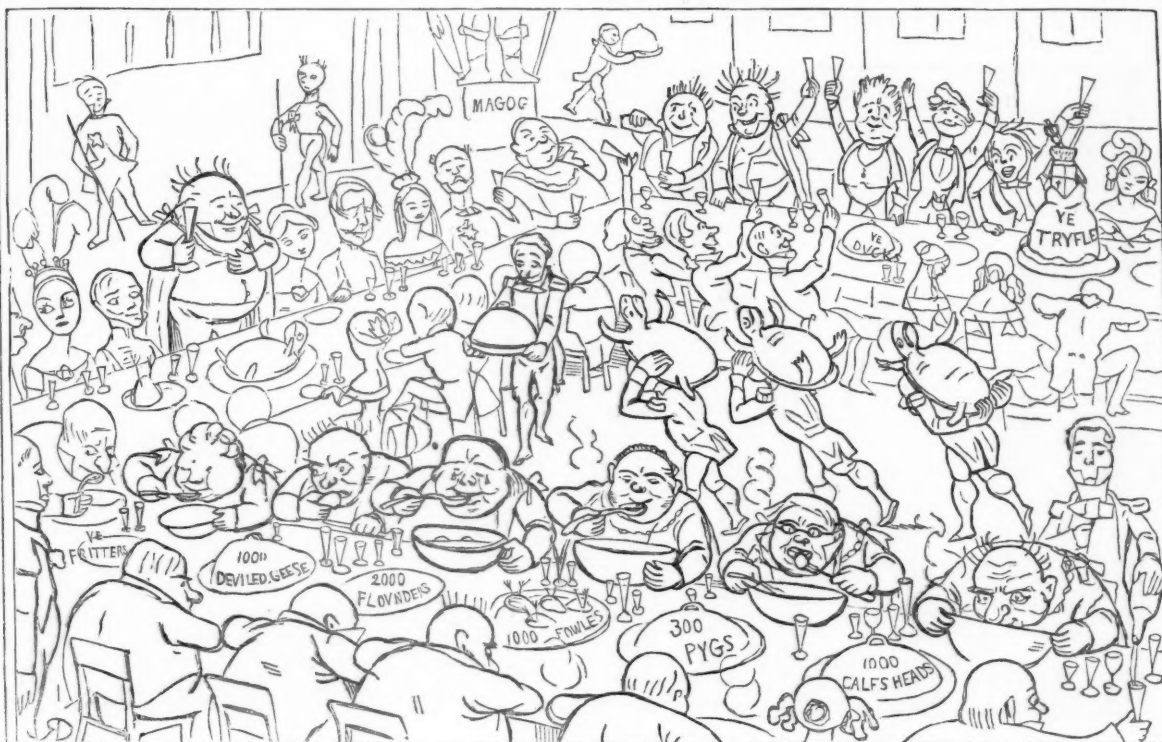
the latter locked up in steel, and suffering under lock-jaw, from the tight fit of the visor of his helmet.

THE TWO SHERIFFS,

surrounded by a crowd of Sheriff's Officers doing their utmost to arrest the attention of the public.

THE OLD ORIGINAL MAN IN BRASS,

with his brazen face exposed, for the purpose of brazening it out with the multitude.



THE LADY MAYORESS, IN HER STATE CARRIAGE,
 Drawn by Six Whipped Creams,
 and looking, like *Macbeth*, as if they were quite ready to
 DIE WITH (THE WEIGHT OF) HARNESS ON THEIR BACKS.

Another mounted Military Band, playing *Polly put the kettle on*, on
 the kettle-drums, and the horses attempting the tune of a *galop*, while
 the musicians make the most of a

Grand dis-Concerted Piece, in 12 Flats,
 caused by the performers being thrown almost flat on to the heads of
 their horses by the extraordinary capers of the animals.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE GRAND DUKE, JAMES,
Lord Mayor of London, and Autocrat of the East (end),
 wearing the Aldermanic Jack-chain round his neck, and accompanied
 by the Sword-bearer, with the blade resting on his shoulder-blade.

As the procession passed up the river, it was saluted by a very
 minute gun—of the most minute dimensions—as well as by a discharge
 of abuse from a discharged porter, who had formerly been in the Grand
 Dukal service, but had been dismissed for constant inebriety.

The opening of the Civic Parliament was marked by the usual very
 extensive opening of mouths, and several Bills (of fare) were laid upon
 the table, which were read a first, second, and third time with scarcely
 a dissentient voice. After a superficial audience given to the soup and
 fish, the company had the privilege of the *entrée*, which consisted of
 nearly 100 *entrées* of the most *recherché* description that culinary ingenu-
 ity could devise. At the conclusion of the reception, in the course of
 which everybody received nearly everything that was handed round,
 His Cockney Majesty pronounced the following

A Natural Mistake.

A NATIONAL Guard was walking into St. Paul's, when he was stopped
 for the ordinary twopence. "*Qu'est que c'est ?*" said the astonished
 Frenchman. "TWOPEUCE," exclaimed the clerical door-keeper. "*Plait-
 il ?*" inquired the Frenchman. "TWOPEUCE," shouted the two-
 penny janitor, getting very wrath. After numberless explanations, the

SPEECH FROM THE (CIVIC) THRONE:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

In meeting you on this occasion, I am glad to say that my friendly
 relations with my gracious ally, QUEEN VICTORIA, are as firm as ever,
 and that Temple Bar is, in fact, no bar to the good feeling existing
 between us.

I have given orders for the opening of the ports, and I have prepared
 a declaratory Act on the subject of the clarets, both of which measures
 I hope you will approve.

I am happy to cultivate the hope that you are impressed, as on
 former occasions, with the grand gastronomic principle, that appetite is
 the only legitimate sauce of a good dinner.

I have concluded a treaty with the *chef* of a celebrated *cuisine*, the
 papers connected with which treaty will, in the shape of Bills of Fare,
 be laid before you at the proper period.

The Estimates for the Supply have been framed with a due regard to
 your powers of demolition; and, having amply discussed, I hope you
 will not fail to digest, all that has been submitted to you.

I regret that partial distress has occurred in some remote parts of my
 dominions, and I am sorry to hear that a scarcity of provisions occurred
 at one of the cross-tables. I have also heard with pain of some dis-
 turbances connected with the Cape, in consequence of its substitution
 by mistake for Madeira; but I have taken measures that will, I am
 convinced, prevent a recurrence of these, or any other similar calamities.

The trifling differences existing between London and Edinburgh, in
 respect of the porter of the one, and the ale of the other, have caused
 me to try the effect of mediation, which has resulted in the half-and-
 half that has already been submitted to your judgment.

I can assure you, my Lords and Gentlemen, that nothing shall be
 wanting on my part to promote the spread of civilisation; and I hope
 you will regard the spread you have partaken of this day, as an earnest
 of my good intentions.

The speech of his Civic Majesty was loudly cheered, and his reign
 may be considered to have opened most auspiciously.

twopence was paid, and the Frenchman walked in. "Hollo! you Sir,
 you must take your hat off." No notice was taken, when the enraged
 door-keeper ran after the Frenchman, and explained to him very warmly
 that he must not walk about with his hat on. "*Pardon mille fois,*"
 said the National Guard, removing his shako, "*mais je ne savais pas
 que c'était une église!*"



Affectionate Husband. "COME, POLLY—IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!"

"YOU AND I."

As sung by H. B. to his noble and intimate friend, at the Nobility's Concerts, with no applause.

WHEN we Lords of the Peerage so dosily are
At our labours, I'll talk the night long,
And from speeches, to pamphlets more prosy by far,
"You and I" will be first in the throng—
"You and I!"

"You and I will be first in the throng!"

Now that France won't accept me, and England looks sour,
And my course for the woolsack is run,
Your "anonymous scribblers" exert such a power,
That I long from my heart to make one.
So when Lords of the Peerage, &c.

Read my pamphlet, and say you don't think me to blame,
That with men and events I make free;
For I'm tired of the Public, or, what's just the same,
The Public are tired of me.

Then where Lords of the Peerage, &c.

A PAINFUL PROPHECY.

WHAT we prophesied a year ago is now being literally fulfilled. We drew then a most harrowing picture of the Beadle of Regent Street sitting amongst the Ruins of the Arcade. A most agonising Cut accompanied our prophecy. Our readers can see both by going as far back as June 5, 1847. Let them compare our then prophecy with its present fulfilment, and they will shudder, as we shudder, at beholding the work of destruction that is going on every minute of the day amongst those fair pillars of Regent Arcadia. Let this be a lesson to all who have a turn for prophesying, not to foretell evil things, but good. Henceforth we shall only prophesy the beauty, not the rubbish of life; the things to rise, and not the things to fall in the world. We will prophesy the Regeneration of Ireland, a Whig surplus, a real admirer of MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, and other wild, improbable, out-of-the-way, visionary things; and who knows but what they may come to pass! May we all live to see the happy day! What rare old fellows we shall be!

THE STANLEY "STANDARD."

IF LORD STANLEY were not one of the boldest of men, he would certainly bind over the *Standard* to keep the peace. That honey-mouthed print is very great upon dogs; and, insisting that LORD STANLEY has been cruelly barked at by Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, praises his Lordship with unabated severity. The *Standard*, very knowing, we say, in curs, declares—

"There is not a hungry follower of the Whig camp, not a mongrel cur in the whole Whig kennel, that is not at this moment gnawing at his character. It is the old system. We are not sorry it has not been departed from in this instance. The chosen man of the country cannot permit that country's choice to be insulted in his person. His loyalty, never questioned by his Sovereign, will retributively approve itself by unmasking the slanderers who dare assail it."

Now, what is all this about? Simply, about TOM YOUNG's gossiping letter, written in veriest idleness—even as *Mrs. Gamp* would have poured her heart out in ink to *Betsy Prig*. For a fortnight and more has the *Standard* lived upon that letter, and, we doubt not, will serve it up at tea-time, with customary crumpets, any day for a fortnight to come. The *Examiner*, it seems, hinted that "LORD STANLEY was not the least fervid and determined" of the party in 1832. Whereupon the *Standard*, brandishing the Gampian umbrella, exclaims—

"As sure as JOE PARKES and his friend 'the Secretary' are well-paid placemen, so assuredly will LORD STANLEY drag the dark treason into light."

We confess ourselves set in expectation by the promise. When VAN AMBURGH showed the Lions in Drury Lane, an old benevolent bald-headed man took his place unflinching, every night, in the pit. And wherefore? Why, the good creature was assured that "some night" the Lion would bite off VAN AMBURGH's head, and the philanthropist determined not to be absent upon the occasion.

We shall imitate the perseverance of this curious gentleman. Every night—when Parliament assembles—do we propose to seat ourselves in the House of Lords; that, as in youthful days we rejoiced when the innocent victim at the Coburg dragged the villain of the melo-drama down to the footlights, so in maturer time we may exult when LORD STANLEY drags the *Examiner* on the floor of the Lords. We feel certain of the sight, for we do not see how the *Examiner* can escape the lordly grasp; unless, indeed, like the wrestlers of old, it goes oiled.



LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

DEDICATED TO THE SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.



A SANITARY POLICE.



THE noble art of Self-Defence was never more nobly put into practice than it is at present, being brought into operation against those inveterate foes to the human race—Filth and Malaria. We should, however, suggest that, to facilitate the arrangements of the General Board of Health, a Sanitary Police Force should be at once organised. This corps might be empowered to order the stagnant pool to move on, and in case of unlawful assemblages of large vegetable bodies, the sanitary policeman should have instructions to take them up at once without any other warrant.

We are great enemies to anything decidedly inquisitorial, but we think it would not be altogether unconstitutional to allow a right of search into any receptacle for hot pies where the inmates are suspected to be in bad odour.



Large crowds of persons in small houses or single rooms might be declared illegal, and power should be given to the sanitary police to call upon them to disperse, while the law of arrest should at once be put in force against anything in the shape of a pestilential vapour. Open drains, in a state of open defiance, under the very nose of the authorities, ought at once to be subjected to close confinement, and the policeman should at once rush upon the offensive grating, however grating it might prove to his own nasal feelings. Every offensive sty



should be got out of the public eye, and care should be taken to prevent unlawful assemblages of the swinish multitude in thickly-populated neighbourhoods.

The necessary accoutrements for such a Force as we suggest would be in the first instance somewhat costly, consisting, as they should do, of a shovel and a box of disinfecting agents; but we are quite sure that such a police would protect us against the most formidable class of thieves, namely, those that come to rob us of our health, which we all know is more valuable to us than our very best set of albatra spoons, for the protection of which we have paid in police-rate nearly nine times their original cost, and are still paying twice their value per annum.

RUBBISH

SOME cynical defamer has written over the National Gallery—just near the spot where the beauties of the Vernon Gallery are brought to light—the following notice:—"PICTURES MAY BE SHOT HERE."



COURT JEWELS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The SOLICITOR GENERAL (for the Prosecution).
MR. REBUTT, Q.C. (for the Defence).
The Court.
The Jury (mutes).
Time—November, 1848, during a Political trial.

SCENE—The Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin.

The S. G. (to the Jury). Such writings at a time of political excitement—

Mr. Rebutt. You have no right to call it a time of political excitement.

The S. G. I have. I am perfectly aware of my right—

Mr. Rebutt. Of your wrong, you mean.

The S. G. I don't care for these indecent interruptions.

Mr. Rebutt. It's not much you care for indecency any way.

The S. G. It's false.

Mr. Rebutt. My Lords, I must throw myself upon the Court for protection. I have been malignantly assailed by the Solicitor General.

The S. G. Who began it?

Mr. Rebutt. You did.

The S. G. I didn't.

Mr. Rebutt. You did.

The Court. Really this altercation—

Mr. Rebutt. My Lords, he has no right to impute political excitement—

The S. G. I beg the learned counsel not to impute any imputations to me.

Mr. Rebutt. I don't care what you beg, if you wouldn't beg the question.

The S. G. Then I beg the learned counsel to hold his tongue.

Mr. Rebutt. You'd better hold your own—it's running away with your brains.

The S. G. Yours has got no brains to run away with.

Mr. Rebutt. My Lords, I must appeal to the Court if these unmanly insinuations—

The Court. Really, MR. SOLICITOR—

The S. G. If the Court think I ought to apologize—

Mr. Rebutt. Oh, I don't value your apologies.

The Court. Really, MR. REBUTT—

Mr. Rebutt. Oh, if the Court think me to blame—

The Court. We do not think either of you to blame.

The S. G. I am sure I had no intention—

Mr. Rebutt. No more had I.

The S. G. If I had had any idea—

Mr. Rebutt. If I had had any notion—

The Court. Really we are not here to listen to apologies, but to attend to business.

The S. G. If my learned friend would only conduct business so as to make it a pleasure—

Mr. Rebutt. It's little pleasure I get doing business with you.

The S. G. My Lords, I must appeal to the Court.

The Court. Really, MR. REBUTT—

Ecce, &c., &c., ad infinitum, and the scene never closes.

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE College of Physicians having sent forth some gratuitous advice, which is well worth its cost, on the subject of Cholera, we hasten to put it into plain language for the benefit of the community.

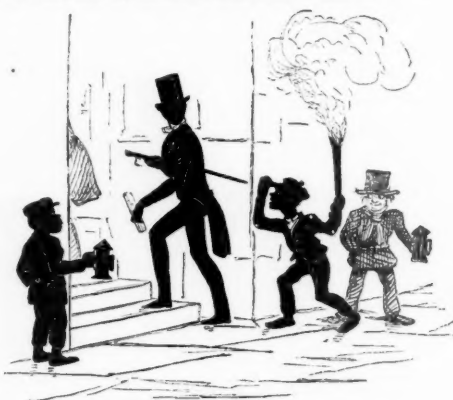
Every one is to live extremely well, and no one is, on any account, to neglect warm clothing, with good coal fire, or any other arrangement that may be conducive to health and comfort.

All persons crowded together in small ill-ventilated houses are recommended to take at once more commodious apartments, and those individuals who are insufficiently clothed must give orders forthwith to their tailors for taking the necessary measures.

Families not hitherto in the habit of keeping up a good fire in the winter, through their inability to purchase the fuel, will without delay take the necessary steps for laying in a stock of coals from their respective coal merchants; and those who have had meat only once a week, will give orders for a daily supply in future, to their various butchers. It being highly expedient not to overtax the strength, those who feel exhausted by their labour will relinquish their work when they feel themselves too much debilitated to continue with comfort to themselves, and they will of course take care to make up in some way for the deficiency of their wages. These simple suggestions have only to be followed out with due care by the labouring classes of the community, in order to mitigate very materially the severity of the Cholera. Such persons as may experience difficulty in acting on this advice, are requested to apply anywhere but to the College of Physicians.

THE NATIONAL CELLAR-IUS.

THE Vernon Gallery has been stowed away, like so much coal or wood, in a cellar. Art must be going down in our country, when you have to descend area steps to look for it. The trustees of our National Gallery have evidently the souls of butlers, and think pictures, like casks of beer, improve in their drawing when they are kept underground. Butlers, however, when they go down to the cellar, take candles with them. They do see what they are about; but in the Vernon Gallery the atmosphere is at the best an illuminated fog; and people knock against one another, and growl and grumble, as only Englishmen can do when they are put to it. Many was the exclamation we heard, of "Now then, Stupid!" whilst the painful cry, every second minute, of "Where are you shoving to?" revealed the sad history of an injured corn, or, mayhap, an oppressed bunion, smarting under the iron heel of the heaviest despotism. We felt for these poor sufferers, complaining audibly, and evidently struggling, in a misty twilight, to catch the careless oppressor who had trodden on their softest feelings. The gloom, however, favoured their escape, and may probably aid the elopement, some wintry afternoon, of one of our finest LANDSEERS, or most valuable MULREADYs. Really a light might be afforded, if it was only a rush-light, to cast a ray of glory upon our poor eclipsed native artists. Why not let lanterns be let out near WILKIE's statue, or candles be sold at a penny a-piece, or small dips be handed to every visitor who ventures down the cellar, as they do in the Austrian salt mines?



Little link-boys might be allowed to traffic outside to show strangers the way to the Vernon Gallery. It is too bad that foreigners should go away with the notion that English Art is in such a state of profound darkness in our country, as our Fine Arts Commissioners have too successfully thrown around it in Trafalgar Square. Even TURNER's dazzling sunshines have been turned into the most November mid-nights; and there is not one picture left hanging, in which "the lights" have not been completely extinguished. It is most melancholy to see an amateur viewing a *sunrise* by the light of a Lucifer! The Vernon Gallery may be "well worth seeing"—but the difficulty is how to see it. We went to see pictures, and saw nothing but blinds. —Altogether, the treatment of Mr. VERNON is the blackest piece of ingratitude a country was ever guilty of towards a benefactor!

ON THE MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS.

Delivered in the Hall (of his Chambers) by J. BRIEFLESS, Esq., &c., &c.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

LECTURE III.

SIR,—

"Oh! why did I, in language weak,"

but with intention strenuous and strong, endeavour to represent to you the arduous nature of your profession? Was my statement—like a cab-passenger—overcharged? Have I not drawn it mild as a moon-beam, or as a draught of KEMPSON's ale? What was my object? Not to prevent your rushing into your profession rashly, without due preparation—for it is too late to warn you on that head—but to prevent your rushing into mine or any other barrister's Chambers without having "put money i' thy purse."

Perhaps you may endeavour to elude the responsibilities of your position by sending hither your clerk? Perhaps you have not chosen

one. Come, let me guide you in your choice. What is the "cunningest pattern" that "excelling nature" has cut out for the attorney's clerk? A clear head and a polished boot, a quick eye and a clean shirt, with a moderate amount of "vaulting ambition," but an aversion to that leap-frog which is the bane of our clerical youth, which meets us on the landings of our staircases, disturbs us at our arbitrations, and converts our ante-rooms into little better than that spot at the foot of Mount Aventine, celebrated for the celebration of the Lupercalia by the Roman boys. Let me ask you, Sir, shall we re-establish a Lupercal at the bottom of every stair-case? No, Sir; I would rather be the CURTIUS of my own coal-cellar, and by coming suddenly down upon them—shut them up. I have told you, Sir, what a lawyer's clerk should be; let me now tell you what he should not.

You have heard What's What. Listen to What's Not.

If I saw a youth with dullness in his eye, but brilliance—at the end of a cigar—in his mouth, possessed of the sourness of the crab, without its sharpness, having the rashness of youth with the mustachios of manhood, slow in his understanding, but fast in his mode of life, with a brow

"Sicklied o'er with the pale ale of BASS;"

then, although it may be true that "there can be no smoke without fire," I will not accept the smoke of the Havannah as an indication of the fire of genius, but I will exclaim, on the contrary, "Don't send that lad into the law, but let the lad seek another ladder for his ambition."

Your's, Sir, is a profession requiring a liberal education, as I have said before; but I may as well say it again, for it is by hitting the nail often that we drive it home, just as by hitting the horse often, the cab-driver was enabled to drive me home yesterday. To you comes the client, with his affairs and himself in a state of nearly equal derangement. Your office is the lunatic asylum to which he resorts. He is a man of science, perchance, who has invented some elastic trouser-strap, at which he expects the public will take "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and which he seeks to protect by a patent. He may be a poet, who has "loved the merry sunshine," and said so in gushing measure, or, forgetting that pink sarsenet takes a very good light blue, has carolled forth the beautiful fiction that "bright things can never dye." Such a client as this may require an injunction against piracy: for what right has any one to "love the merry sunshine" but himself, or at least, set the fact to music, and wed it to immortal verse? It is you that are asked to lay the law's solemn injunction on the act, and teach these

"Land-rats and water-rats—I mean pirates"—

that they cannot carry on their piratical trade with impunity.

But do I seek to make you a natural philosopher or a scholar? No, Sir; though you are now lending me your ear, I would not attempt to construct a silk purse out of such material. Nevertheless, you should remember that in these days, Science, like a Vauxhall ham, is spread over a wonderfully extensive surface. It is not every one for whom it is cut fat, but nearly every one has got a taste of it. Shall the attorney alone be left without a mouthful of the ham of Science? No! better bury himself in the Sandwich Islands at once than undergo such a horrible privation. The "feast of reason," to which the advance of education invites us, may not be so rich nor so rare as formerly, but it is a great and comprehensive "spread" in more senses than one. For the meanness of us Arithmetic has laid out her tables, and Geography brought forth her plates.

The Curriculum of the Classics draws up at the humblest door, Engineering civilly invites us, and Chemistry smoothes the way to its most elaborate laboratories, by leading us, as it were, over a druggot that softens down the drudgery of penetrating to a knowledge of its most mysterious drugs. The attorney and solicitor should have a taste of everything, from physic to philosophy, from senna to SENECA, from wit or mirth to medicine, from the attic to the Epsom salts. Even his handwriting should be carefully cultivated; for when we consider that the pen is scarcely ever out of his hand, we cannot deem him to be "penny wise and pound foolish," though calligraphy should occupy some portion of his time. Even in writing a letter for payment of debt, he may use his pen as something on which to plume himself. I have known, Sir, one of your class whose hand was so tremulous, from a consciousness of his bad writing, that we should have believed him to be in his dotage, if we had judged by his P's. Within my own knowledge, Sir, there is a sad instance of a fatality having nearly occurred through the hieroglyphical writing of an attorney. The subject was one of a criminal charge, and he wrote a letter to a witness to come and prove an *alibi*. The letter was unintelligible. The case was one of murder, and the client was nearly hanged upon his attorney's pothooks. Fortunately the case for the prosecution broke down, by the murdered man walking in'o Court, or the innocent accused might have been troubled with a line, because a witness was so troubled with a line by the attorney as to have been actually unable to make it out. It is true that sometimes "might overcomes right;" but in this case, right

* I love the Merry Sunshine, and Bright Things can Never Die, are the names of two ballads, fresh from the heart and the music-publishers, at two shillings each.

might have been overcome by bad writing, and the want of six lessons in penmanship would then have taught the attorney a sad lesson indeed. I myself, Sir, have had briefs sent to me, in which there have been figures that I thought were figures of fun, and I have been unable to unravel the sixes and sevens into which my client may have thrown his affairs.

I cannot quit this part of my subject without touching upon Logic. Believe me, Sir, I would not chop an ounce of my Logic for a pound of your brass. It is Logic that helps me to the use of this language, so magnificently nervous that I perceive you have caught its nervousness, and are trembling like a leaf. Logic enables you to arrest your own attention; and, though arrest in other cases is nearly abolished, it is pleasant to keep up the good old legal practice, even to this limited extent.

University education is not a bad thing, Sir, for an attorney, nor for any one else; but were I to judge by my knowledge of you, I should say that if you had ever been at College, you had picked up nothing there but the *College Hornpipe*, and that of the *College Hornpipe*, the double shuffle, Sir—yes, Sir, the *DOUBLE SHUFFLE*—is all that you have retained.

My words are too much for you, Sir, and you are retreating. Go, Sir. I am glad that a sense of shame, or another appointment, carries you away. In the words of SHAKESPEARE let me address you, Sir, before you descend the staircase, and—

"If any spark of shame is still remaining,"

you will perhaps oblige me by going

"Down, down to—Dick's—and say I want my dinner."

Note.—By mistake some initials were placed at the end of the first of these Lectures, and appeared in a part of our impression.

MR. DUNUP'S AFFAIRS.

WE are happy to observe that MR. DUNUP, following the example of some of the leading Railway Companies, has at length resolved on publishing a statement of his affairs. This step had become absolutely necessary, on account of the various unpleasant rumours lately in circulation upon this somewhat painful subject. In one or two quarters a composition had been talked about, while in others a suggestion had been actually made for a regular wind-up; both of which alternatives MR. DUNUP had resolved to scornfully reject. He is not prepared at present to offer anything in pursuance of the first arrangement, and as to the second, he refuses it with disdain; for though his transactions may not have been as regular as clockwork, he looks upon a winding-up as the very last resort. We hope the following very clear summary of MR. DUNUP'S position will silence, not only public rumour, but his own private knocker, which has been kept continually going since the reports of his difficulties were first whispered abroad.

STATEMENT OF MR. DUNUP'S AFFAIRS.

DEBTOR.		CREDITOR.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Liabilities as per Tradesmen's Bill	415 2 9	Stock in hand	1 0 9
Reference Liabilities as per Dishonoured Bills	560 2 6	Stock on Neck	0 0 9
Guaranteed 10 per Cent. Cognovits	140 1 6	Estimated value of probable Interest in Remote Contingencies	700 1 4
Old Debt	512 2 8	Ditto deferred	512 3 6
Middle-aged Debt	460 9 6	Unfunded Coupons of Old Guarantees	640 9 3
New Debt	240 3 1	Expectations from rest	811 2 4
Balance in Mr. DUNUP'S favour	2328 2 0	Accumulation of Interest on Old and New Preference	514 3 9
	£3179 1 8		£3179 1 8

It will be seen from the above clear and satisfactory statement, that on a valuation of all the anticipated assets, MR. DUNUP'S estate will be not only solvent, but will afford to that gentleman a handsome surplus. We are glad to find that he has followed the example of the Railway Companies, and we are quite sure that his balance-sheet will be as intelligible as theirs, and nearly as satisfactory.

Monstrum Horrendum.

It is all very well to talk of the Great Sea Serpent, but a more disgusting object exists in the shape of that aquatic monster the Serpentine. It is several hundred feet in length, and presents a most loathsome appearance, being covered nearly all over with a coat of green. If a stone is thrown at it, the monster sends up a black and noxious fluid of the most poisonous description.

The bed it occupies is formed by a collection of several layers of filth, which has been accumulating for several years; and it is believed that many have fallen victims to the venomous exhalations that the monster has long been in the habit of sending forth.

A NURSERY LAY FOR YOUNG LANDLORDS.

If I live, and grow up to a great man, I hear
That I shall come into ten thousand a year.
Oh! what shall I do with it all? I suppose
I can't spend it in eating, and drinking, and clothes.

Shall I buy a large number of horses and hounds?
What a lot I could purchase for ten thousand pounds!
But I surely can do something better than feed
More horses and dogs than I ever shall need.

Shall I bet on the turf? Shall I gamble and play?
Oh! but that would be throwing my money away;
If I lost I should be a ridiculous goose:
If I won, with my riches, 'twould still be no use.

Shall I keep up a box at the Opera? Let's see—
Several hundreds a year I am told it would be;
Which would prove me possess'd of more money than sense,
Since the pit only comes to eight shillings six pence.

I have made up my mind. I will have, nicely planned,
A number of cottages built on my land;
Snug and neat, but not gaudy, well drain'd they shall be,
For poor people to live in that labour for me.

I shall ask them as little as may be for rent,
And that, I have heard, will pay full five per cent.;
Of their comforts and morals I'll take the best care,
Keeping them in good order—their cots in repair.

'Tis in this way my fortune I mean to employ,
But my hunting and shooting I'll also enjoy;
Pursuing my pastime, improving my health,
At the same time bestowing around me my wealth.

We should not be regarded with envy and spite
By the poor, if we rich people always did right,
And adopted the course I'm determined to steer
From the moment I get my ten thousand a year.

ANOTHER WELLINGTON STATUE.

THE rage for erecting statues to the DUKE has seized the boot-shops. We give a view of one that has lately been put up in Whitechapel. The fact of there only being one boot might seem rather odd at first, but it is sufficiently accounted for by the graceful compliment, which is evidently meant to be set up with the statue, that there is but one great WELLINGTON in the world. We hope that, now the WELLINGTON Statue mania has got down into our public boots, we may consider it to have reached its last extremity. We fear that the National Guards, during their last visit, must have thought the DUKE OF WELLINGTON our only great man; and surely his being emblemized in our very boots, looks as if he was our sole celebrity.



Musica' Critics.

OUR friends of the musical world have given up their alphabetical style of criticism—at least for the present—and we are no longer puzzled with their A's in alt., their B's in the bass, and their little military touches about Major Fifths, with which they have so frequently bothered us. They are now beginning a new style of mystification by talking about voices being ropery and wiry—a ropery voice being, we suppose, a voice that can take a dominant cord, or can go above the line, or perform some other novel feat, which only the musical critic can appreciate. How a voice can be wiry, we don't know, though we have heard of such a thing as a voice as clear as a bell; and, as bells hang upon wires, we see a sort of connection between the human voice and the wiry quality that is often assigned to it.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ANGELA is supplicated DORE to be more ex-dog be in the Brixton 'bus day last, an iron impossibility T_____.



by the BITTEN THEO-plicit. Will she and her little on Tuesday next? On Tues-prevented the attendance of

CURLING ON THE ICE IN SCOTLAND.

THE *Herald* tells its readers that the frost has set in with such force in Scotland, that the practice of curling on the ice has commenced already. The Scotch are remarkable, we know, for taking it cool, but we were not aware they carried their coolness so far as to choose the ice as a fit spot for the operation of hair-curling. We hope the *Illustrated London News* will favour its subscribers with an illustration, something in the following style, of the practice of



CURLING ON THE ICE IN SCOTLAND.

THE SEA SERPENT IN THE THAMES.

We lose not a single moment in laying the subjoined letter before the eyes—(how they will be opened!)—of astonished London. The Sea Serpent is in the Thames! It will be seen that the monster was beheld by our correspondent—a most intelligent and conscientious waterman, as we have made it our business to discover—off Chelsea Reach. Whether, in its course from the sea up the river, the Serpent has entirely swallowed the multitudinous family of whitebait off Black-wall, is a speculation that must, until next May, feverishly engage the minds of all men interested in the Crown and Sceptre of Greenwich. However, we hasten to introduce the reader to the letter of JOHN SKULL, waterman, of Chelsea; a letter written in that homely simplicity of style that endears to our memories the voyages of ANSON and DAMPIER.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Cheyne Walk, Nov. 1st, 1848.

"The Sea Serpint is in the Thames! There can be no doubt on it, seeing the horrid monster myself. But, Sir, I give you the account regular, as if I was writin' with swabs upon my shoulders to the bigwigs of HER MAJESTY'S Admiralty.

"Last night, coming off in my wherry, the *Better Luck Still*, from the Red House, and a leg of mutton and trimming supper—the wind St. Paul's East by Fulham Church Nor'-West—light airs and hazy—striking ten bells—and thinkin' o' nothin', I suddenly saw a long black sarpint-like thing upon my wether bow. Bein' in no manner afeard—for I'd had too much ale and gin-and-water for that, tho' not a drop more than's good for an affectionate husband and indulging father—bein' not a bit afeard, I laid all along upon my skulls, and had a good look. For twenty minutes—more or less—I seed the thing a cutting like smoke towards Battersea. It was about a hundred yards long, and seemed to move with two fins that went round and round, and made a hissin' noise like bilin' water; and it carried its head out o' water some twenty feet and more, womiting sometimes smoke and sometimes fire. And so it went on at the matter of ten knots an hour, till it came to Battersea Bridge, where it seemed

to bend its head back'ards to go thro' the arches, and so, takin' the bend o' the river, it vanished out o' sight, but not out o' mind,

"Of yours

"Humble Servant,
"JOHN SKULL."

"P.S.—I'm not much of a drawer, but think I can warrant the pictur I send as the *fac simile* of the Sarpint as it appeared. Some of your shy-andtifick readers may have seen something like it afore."



THREE GROANS FROM AN OLD GUY.

MARRY come up, *Mr. Spectator*; and I should like to know who you are, MR. ADDISON, that in your trumpety newspaper of last Saturday was a week, you dare to call me "a nuisance," and to use such shocking bad language of your elders and betters as this:—"That civic scare-crow, 'Old Guy,' is a mass of squalid contagion, which ought to be condemned by the Board of Health as a portable repository of typhoids!!" "Scarecrow," indeed, and "portable repository of typhoids!" "Typhoids" in your teeth: I don't know any fireworks of that name, and I'll put it to any respectable householder or candid policeman if I was ever a portable repository of anything but honest Protestant squibs, and true-blue crackers, with now and then a Church and King Roman candle, or a Constitutional maroon?

But it's all of a piece. The Constitution's going, bit by bit; and when Destructives and Democrats take to pulling the British Lion's skin over his ears, a poor old Guy can't expect much respect.

What do you, or such as you, care about my being a symbol and a sign, now-a-days, that Parliament's establishing relations with the Pope? Of course I must be put down, for fear of hurting the Cardinal's feelings, that they're going to send over here as Ambassador. No doubt Popish bulls are like to be frightened by Protestant crackers. But we'll see what SIR ROBERT INGLIS says about it, and the REV. HUGH M'NEILL. I've written to 'em, and you may find out that poor old Guy ain't without his friends, for all his coat isn't so new as it was, and though honest brimstone matches *have* had the shine taken out of 'em by your new-fangled Lucifers.

What have you to show against me? I'm "a commemoration of malignity," you say. And how many of the laws in our blessed Statute Book are any better? I'm "a street nuisance," eh? Well, if you walk in the old ways you must put up with the ornaments that the wisdom of our ancestors embellished 'em with. I'm "a mass of squalid contagion," am I? But the boys have a vested right in me; and how many much bigger repositories of contagion are sweetened by that great deodorizer, a vested right! I'm "mouldy and ragged." But those are marks of age, and antiquity is respectable for its own sake. My wardrobe was picked up piecemeal—and so was our blessed Constitution. I'm "stuffed with straw and rags." Well, if you take to looking into the insides of things, *Mr. Spectator*, which of our glorious institutions can stand it without coming (as I've done this many a year) to a flare-up?

In short, Sir, you've met with your matches in us Guys. We are in the chair, and we'll stick to it, putting our trust in SIR ROBERT INGLIS, and keeping our powder dry. We are too much used to squibs and crackers to care for your flash in the pan, and I've written this in the name of my brethren, to let you see we have still "a bang" in us.

THE OLD ORIGINAL GUY,
as scorns all disguise.

(Well known about the West-End, and patronised by the nobility and gentry.)



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PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION. —

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE REFORMATION.



WHATEVER glory may attach to the reign of HENRY on account of the Reformation, is due to the polygamic propensities of that Royal reprobate. Had his domestic arrangements been respectable, he would never have renounced Popery; but as the Court of Rome would not allow him to "put away" his wives like his old coats, whenever he wished for a change, he became a bitter opponent of the papal power. He had at first attacked the Reform movement, and, like one of our more recent HARRIES, he had taken to pamphleteering, for the purpose of putting the proofs of his inconsistency into black and white; but again, like our own old HARRY, he made no scruple of changing his tone altogether, and turning his back upon his former self, when he wished to wed himself to "another party." When the decision came from Rome, by which CATHARINE was ordered to be returned upon HENRY's hands, he flew into a storm of passion, which, after whirling him round and round, left him prostrate upon the bosom of the Reformed Church.

The personal interest of the sovereign chanced to be in accordance with the popular feeling, and there was no difficulty, therefore, in setting the British bull-dog in antagonism to the papal bulls. Though the Reformation was popular, the divorce of CATHARINE was quite the reverse, and the good old English rallying cry of "Woman in distress" was everywhere heard. The king was secretly spoken of as "the man who could basely ill-use a British female," and it was occasionally hinted that he was "unworthy of the name of an officer and a gentleman;" but he was regardless of these matters so long as he got rid of CATHARINE, and he used to say, with a cruel duplicity of allusion to his opponents and his wife, that he did not care a button for the entire Kit. HENRY's religious zeal took at a very early period a rapacious turn, and he soon began to combine his spiritual with his secular interests, by pouncing upon all the moveables of the monks; and whilst reforming abuses with one hand, he pocketed the proceeds of those abuses with the other. He, however, amused his subjects by pretending to do something for the good of the country out of the immense wealth he had seized for the advantage of himself, and he repaired a few highways as well as a port or two in the Channel; but he did so very reluctantly, for he declared that to lay out money in mending roads, was to throw it in the dirt, and to devote ready cash to the improvement of harbours was merely sinking so much capital.

In order to bring the religious notions of the nobility to the same tone as his own, and persuade them to see the errors of Popery in their true colours, he gave them large slices of the spoil, and their eyes were suddenly open to the horrors of superstition, as well as to the excellence of the reformed religion. However corrupt the monasteries may or may not have been, it is clear that the King and his nobles did not scruple to act as scavengers to the "filthy dross;" and, having carted it away, they laid it as manure to the roots of the ancestral trees of some of our "first families." This proceeding was highly important in a constitutional sense, for it humbled the



once haughty clergy, and made them cut their coats—or regulate their habits—according to their cloth, while it gave to many of the nobility a power that

has often stood very advantageously between the overstraining of the prerogatives of the Crown, and the too great license of the people. Admitting the heads of the Aristocracy to be sometimes overcharged with lead, it must be allowed that the metal in question has, at least, considerable weight, without being wholly unyielding; and in the vessel of the State there is no better ballast than a Peerage, sufficiently ponderous to keep us steady in our goings on, but sufficiently ductile to take from time to time the impressions that the force of public opinion may be used to impart.

We cannot, like the "smatterers in History," give credit to HENRY THE EIGHTH for sincerity as a church reformer, since his plan of reformation went little further than that wholesale spoliation which is not unfrequently the covert object of an ultra-liberal reform. What are usually called the great errors of Popery were by no means removed in the religion established by HENRY; but instead of rooting out the errors, he simply disabused the monks of the one great mistake, that having collected so many good things, they would be allowed the undisturbed possession of their acquisitions.

Upon HENRY's death the Reformation was really carried out under EDWARD THE SIXTH, the Boy King, who was a very early specimen of a regular infant prodigy. SOMERSET, the Protector, who played the part of showman to the *monstrificus puellus*, as CARDAN calls him, made the most of the phenomenon, and a journal has been published, purporting to have been kept by the young king, which, instead of being a mere record of tarts demolished, toys purchased, and sights seen—as might have been expected in the pocket-book of a youngster—is replete with business-like matter. Whether as much of it as remains may be regarded as the genuine cream of the young king's thoughts we are unable to say, for we have scarcely done more than skim it off in a moment of leisure; but there is no doubt that EDWARD THE SIXTH would have been regarded as a promising youth at any classical and commercial academy, or even at an evening school for adults.

Though the Crown and the Aristocracy supported the cause of the Reformation, because its plunder supported them, the people, who got nothing by the job, were not disposed to consider matters quite ripe for a change; and it is not wonderful they should hesitate to see ripeness where they were to get no pickings. Accordingly, in the time of MARY—familiarily known by a term equivalent to "sanguinary POLL"—the road to Rome was easily retraced, and England was formally reconciled to the papal See, with a blindness of obedience to the royal will that says little for Parliamentary enlightenment.

A PATTERN CATECHISM FOR YOUTHFUL CANDIDATES.

THE HON. CHARLES FITZWILLIAM, in the timidity of extreme youth, has had some difficulty in making known—by way of answer to a requisition—his political principles to the electors of the West Riding. We modestly propose a pattern document for the future voters and candidates.

I. Will you support Free Trade?—As for Free Trade, there is not the slightest doubt that the potato blight, the cholera, and possibly the Sea Serpent, would have compelled some relaxation of our commercial policy,—even if possibly the potatoes had been sound, the cholera had been unknown, and the Sea Serpent had remained, as the song says, "coiled about the world."

II. Will you advocate the Extension of the Suffrage?—With the greatest pleasure. Every man with a vote—it has long been my opinion—should be allowed to vote at every polling-booth: if the vote does not count for more than at present, the pleasure in giving it is prolonged; and this I call Extension of the Suffrage.

III. Will you advocate Separation of Church and State?—With the greatest pleasure: that is, all the people of state shall, as at present, be separated in pews, and the people be separated as now in the body of the Church.

IV. Will you advocate Retrenchment of Public Expenses?—I have not yet made up my mind. That entirely depends upon what the Minister may refuse or offer me.

A QUESTION QUESTIONABLY ANSWERED.

WHEN will France find repose? It will, mayhap, If it resolves at once to take a NAP.

THE ROYAL ETCHINGS.



ET us confess that the shabby knave who stole the royal property, making unlawful use of the QUEEN's plate, has, without intention, done good service. *Punch* recollects no thief since the time of MERCURY, who has done so pleasant a grace by robbery. The people at large, who have a notion that kings and queens wear diadems instead of hats and bonnets, and carry about with them—as a sort of state life-preserver—their royal sceptres, have doubtless been much astonished to find that HER EX-

CELLENT MAJESTY can let her Imperial notions subside into the homeliness of common life; and, forgetful for awhile of the jangling of Cabinet Councils, can busy her thoughts with the "Head of an Arab Gipsy and Child, and Head of an Old Woman" (No. 60). The Windsor rogues have, all unwittingly, "drawn the curtain and shown the picture" of HER MAJESTY's retirement in its pleasant aspect; and very pretty, very charming, we must confess the exhibition to be. We do not believe that LOUIS-PHILIPPE left any such etchings at the Tuilleries, as "The Apotheosis of MIGNON"; neither, so far as is yet known of the matter, did the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, on his late drive from his capital, leave such memorandum as "Pigeons at the Royal Aviary," in charge of his beloved Viennese. Therefore, it is more than pleasant to contemplate the private recreation of a Queen, when it is at once so refined, so graceful, and so truly womanly. We have read all MADAME D'ARBLAY's book of the Court of GEORGE THE THIRD, and find nothing so agreeably suggestive in it, as in the "List of the Royal Engravings" filed in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor. May *Punch* be permitted to touch with his pen—a dove's quill—a few of the homelier subjects? To begin:—

"No. 1. Portrait of a Turk, Head of an Old Man, and German Peasant Girl. Drawn and etched by HER MAJESTY, Aug. 28, 1840."

Were the portraits from the life? If so, who was the Turk? Who the chosen Old Man (no doubt made happy with a thumping present for his modelship)? Who the German Peasant Girl? Have we seen her in London streets, thumbing a tambourine? Did her picturesque look catch the Royal eye in the course of a Windsor drive? and was she forthwith commanded by equerry to prepare for a sitting to-morrow? At this moment is not that very girl—for so is the meanest accessory of Art rewarded at the Castle—the wife of a thriving farmer on the Rhine, having brought him an apronful of English gold for a dowry? There can be no doubt of it.

The dogs honoured by the QUEEN—like many other lucky dogs of this world—are altogether ignorant of their happiness. Otherwise, how would "Islay, a Scotch Terrier," twitch his whiskers, elated beyond the usual elation of puppyhood! And "Eos, a Russian Greyhound," would bound more lithely, walk with nobler step. But let us rise to a loftier theme:—

"No. 16. Portrait of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT. Copied by HER MAJESTY from SIR GEORGE HAYTER's Marriage Picture, and etched by the QUEEN, Oct. 26, 1840."

Pretty and wife-like this. A labour of love, full of happy memories. How many Queens—ISABELLA OF SPAIN, for one—would prefer any other subject to dwell upon, save that of their Marriage Picture! (Is it not so, COUNT NEUILLY?)

"No. 19. Portrait of a Lady. Drawn and etched by HER MAJESTY, Nov. 18, 1840.
"No. 22. Portrait of a Female. Drawn and etched by HER MAJESTY, December 27, 1840."

Who is the Lady, and who the Female? A very proper and very courtly distinction. No doubt, however, both handsome; both the porcelain and the delf.

"No. 27. Scene from the Opera of *Norma*. Drawn by HER MAJESTY in 1836, and etched by the QUEEN, Jan. 7, 1841."

This is, perhaps, one of the most condescending tributes ever paid by Royalty to Art and the Drama. It has been held a fine thing that FRANCIS THE FIRST once picked up TITIAN's pencil; but this was only the grace of a moment. Now, a good slice of the day of January the 7th, 1841, must have been given up by HER MAJESTY by way of studied

compliment to the Drama of our land (as imported). If MR. LUMLEY be wise, he will immediately have the subject painted for an act-drop.

"No. 37. The Fisherman's Bride. Drawn and etched by HER MAJESTY, Feb. 21, 1841."

Let all fishermen's wives think better of themselves from this minute. The Queen of the Seas, in her affability, draws and etches, it may be, a Margate shrimp!

The etchings we shall end with must be very beautiful, for the sentiment that elevates and sweetens them.

"No. 38. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL in the arms of her Nurse. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Feb. 22, 1841, and etched by the QUEEN."

"No. 45. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Aug. 16, 1841, and etched by the QUEEN."

"No. 46. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Aug. 22, 1841, and etched by the QUEEN."

"No. 47. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Aug. 23, 1841, and etched by the QUEEN."

"No. 48. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Aug. 25, 1841, and etched by the QUEEN."

"No. 53. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Jan. 12, 1842, and etched by the QUEEN."

"No. 56. Portrait of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Dec. 27, 1842, and etched by PRINCE ALBERT."

"No. 57. Five Portraits of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, and etched by the QUEEN, Jan. 7, 1843."

"No. 58. Portrait of the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL. Designed from life by HER MAJESTY, Jan. 3, 1843. Drawn and etched by PRINCE ALBERT."

"No. 61. Two Portraits of the PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from life by HER MAJESTY, Feb. 10, 1843, and etched by the QUEEN, Feb. 26, 1843."

Fifteen portraits of the eldest born! How many delicious hours must the QUEEN have passed in the happiness of such maternity! Were any Cabinet Councils held on the days of August 22, August 23, and August 25? If so, it is not impossible that HER MAJESTY may have risen from her motherly work with reluctance, and—the Irish Question, or the War in the East dismissed—returned to it with delight.

Any way, we can hardly find fault with the Windsor rogues who have caused it to be made known to all men that HER MAJESTY delights in the labour that from month to month, and from day to day, fixes the changing loveliness of babyhood, and enshrines the future with unfailing memories of the happy past. We shall never again see VICTORIA, whether in cottage bonnet, in pony chaise, or in diamond frontlet in the House of Peers, without thinking of those fifteen portraits—the tender work of tender mother's hands—of the PRINCESS ROYAL.

To return to the Windsor thieves. The pillory is gone. That venerable piece of timber (the very heart of British oak) has been cut down by levellers. Otherwise, the folks concerned in the plate robbery would surely have been doomed to twirl their hour. In which case they would, no doubt, have been pelted for their evil doings. And yet who—pondering the prettiness they have brought to light—who would have cast at them aught heavier than sugar-plums—ought dirtier than custards?

Again; we recognise another good in the larceny. PRINCE ALBERT has been in Chancery. The QUEEN and the PRINCE now personally feel what it is to be robbed, pillaged, pirated. Will they then do their best to push on an International Law of Copyright with our kind friends in America, who live by robbing "us youth," and against whose wickedness there is not even the forlorn hope of the Vice-Chancellor?

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF THE EQUITY BAR.

It is well known in legal circles that the Equity Bar is, four times per annum, walked nearly off its legs by having to run backwards and forwards between Lincoln's Inn and Westminster. The sittings, being held alternately in the East and in the South-West, keep the Chancery Bar, like the vane of a weathercock, engaged in the truly vain task of vibrating continually between those two points of the compass. The Equity Counsel shares, with the Pilgrim of Love, a perpetual restlessness. The bearer of his bag is a literal bagman, for he is an incessant traveller between the Hall of Westminster and the Inn of Lincoln. As to the Vice-Chancellors, they are almost as much "put about" as the Bar; for no sooner does KNIGHT BRUCE get himself snugly ensconced with his curtains drawn cosily round him in the little outhouse they have run up for him in the old yard, than he is obliged to get the carrier to call for the paraphernalia of Justice, and "move in" to his "humble shed" at the back of Chancery Lane. Really there is no knowing where the limits of one Court end, and the confines of the other begin. A suitor scarcely knows whether he and his business have been (to use the technical term) "done at Westminster" or done at Lincoln's Inn.

VICE-CHANCELLOR KNIGHT BRUCE has been heard to ask for a caravan, which he would gladly convert into a Court of Justice, so that he might be only allowed to call it and consider it his own. We well remember the tribulation of his Honour when he used to hold his sittings in a three-pair back, and was constantly being interrupted by the announcement that the room was wanted for another party; upon which Justice used to be compelled to double up its screen, catch up its portable wash-hand stand, and hurry with all its papers into some other building. We have known the energetic Vice continue the hearing of

a cause on "further directions" on the landing outside a door, take petitions through the banisters, and hear small motions under an umbrella in the court yard below. Such is the determination of his Honour to attend to the interests of the suitors, that we are sure he would not personally object to sit under the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, if no other spot could be found for him, or to take short causes in any of the doorways in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall. "Give me but the portico of the Sessions House" is the feeling of his Honour, "but let me have it to myself; and if Counsel will only regard the division made by the railings as marking a distinction between the Inner and the Outer Bar, I will undertake to get through the whole business of the term, and the sittings after."

His prayer, however, is not yet to be granted. The Equity Bar must still be the shuttlecock of fate, knocked backwards and forwards between those battledores—the doors of Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. It is proposed to sit at the latter place during one part of the year, and at the former during another part; but even these semiannual migrations are very properly exclaimed against by the exhausted Equity Counsel, who sings—

"Faint and wearily the wayworn barristers
Pled on drooping, afraid to stop;
Dim and drearily the clerks go after them,
Wig-box carrying, and fit to drop;
Limping, laughing,
One another chafing."
&c., &c.

A PALPABLE MISTAKE.



"Gossipville."
Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"I'm come back again. Well, I suppose you know that; at all events it's got nothing at all to do with it. Last Monday, I took my pretty cousin GEORGIE all the way from St. John's Wood into London, to see those tiresome National Guards that dearest KATHLEEN is always raving about. She is to be eighteen on her next birthday. Let me see—what was I talking about? O, yes, to be sure—the National Guards."

Well, I never did see such odious frights. Upon my word, there were men chairing them about the streets—the ugly, clumsy things—in chairs, too! I am sure, I wonder how they could bear to touch them. No sort of uniform, either; only pasteboard hats, and trumpy coats, and looking, for all the world, as if they were stuffed with straw. One of them had the audacity to have a beautiful Albert Hat on, which you like so much. And they had all lanterns, too—but so have our own Railway Guards—and he must have been tipsy, the horrid brute, he reeled so in his cart. They said he belonged to the heavy artillery, and an old woman told me some of them had been caught trying to blow up St. James's and the House of Parliament. Only think, Sir! and these monsters come over under the guys of friendship, too! Coming home we met a rabble of those dreadful boys, carrying another of them, and drumming and cheering—what they call 'fraternising' him. When I asked where they were taking him, they only said, 'Fawkes, Fawkes.' I suppose they were silver forks he had stolen. I hope he was going to the Old Bailey. Oh, if I was his wife, I'd give it to him! I'm sure if I was a man, I wouldn't submit to be put on by those Guards



—black-guards, I call them. There are some of them big enough, to be sure; but their legs and arms don't look like soldiers at all; how they managed to fight at Waterloo, I'm sure I don't know.

"Ever yours,
"ANN SPAN."



OXFORD MIXTURE.

OXFORD, determined not to be outdone by her sister University, is making a movement in rivalry of that which has so much enlarged the circle of Cambridge teaching. As Cambridge is hereafter to offer to her sons her draughts of science, not pure but mixed; administering, from 1849, not the "cold without" of Algebraic Abstraction, but the "warm with" of Physical Philosophy, so Oxford is bent on blending the practical with the theoretic, and mixing the *γυναικεία* with the *ἄνδρική*, as recommended by PLATO and ARISTOTLE. We insert the following advertisement from the *Oxford Herald* of Saturday week:—

AN OXFORD M.A., who Graduated in Honours, and is now resident upon the South Coast, within easy distance of London, will be happy to receive into his House two or three Undergraduates, to read with him during the ensuing Winter Vacation. He can offer accommodation for three or four Houses. There are Foxhounds (2 packs) and Harriers in the neighbourhood—excellent Wild Duck Shooting Pike Fishing, &c. References to men of almost every College in the University. Address A. G., care of Mr. &c., &c.

This is a fine sample of the Oxford Mixture. We feel it our duty, however, to amplify this brief prospectus into a detailed programme of the arrangements for the winter season of this Oxford Graduate.

Sunday. Rise at eleven—breakfast, and a Tract for the Times. Walk to the river and look at the chub-holes, and mark down pike for Monday's trolling. Lunch, and see to the terriers—if rats handy, enter a young one or two. Church. Cigars, and construe in the library. Dinner—not to exceed a bottle of claret per man—no cards. A mild hit at backgammon, and edifying conversation.

Monday. Rise at ten, unless the hounds meet in the neighbourhood, when pupils will be expected down to breakfast, in pink, by nine. Hacks at the door at ten. A practical commentary on XENOPHON, *de re venaticâ*. Lessons on unstable equilibrium, and fall of heavy bodies, with illustrations by Tutor. Late dinner, with Bishop in the evening to take out the stiffness.

Tuesday. Breakfast at eleven. ARISTOTLE cram for an hour, then, if day warm and moist, troll for pike till lunch. Draw the badger till three. Logic from three till half-past. Pupils who have a book for the Derby, take a lesson in the doctrine of Chances. Dinner at six. *Vingt-et-un* in evening, and further practical application of doctrine of Chances.

Wednesday. HERODOTUS construe, with crib and run with harriers. Duck-shooting at night. Illustrations of Dynamics in the punt, and of equality of action and re-action, from recoil of duck-gun. Hot grog and Ethics about the small hours.

Thursday. A lark in the market-town, and Biblical History during the ride home. In the evening Arithmetic, illustrated by Cribbage.

Friday. Draw the badger in the morning. Greek play, and out with the ferrets in the afternoon.

Saturday. Repetition of the week's work. Hunt, shoot, fish, Ethics, History cram, Logic, and Theology, and to bed early.

N.B.—No unlimited too after twelve. Two years' tick for coaching, and no objection to good bills, where expectations.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.



First Naturalist. "WHAT! THE S-S-SHE-SHER-FENT A-AN (HIC) ICH (HIC) THY-O-SAURUS! NONSHE-ENSE!"

Second Naturalist. "WHO SAID ICH-(HIC) ICHTHY-O-SAURUS? I SAID A (HIC) PLESI-O-(HIC) SAURUS PLAINENUFF."

THE MISREPRESENTED CITY.

WE read of a toast being given at the Lord Mayor's Feast, to the "Members of the City." Now the City is without its full complement of Members, which we look upon as the worst compliment that could be paid to a city that professes to be "the most civilised metropolis in the world."

Since BARON ROTHSCHILD has been thrown out, the City of London has been most singularly misrepresented in Parliament. The least Ministers can do in return for a good dinner, is next session to re-Member the City. We are told that ROTHSCHILD was advised to respond to the toast; but he said, with great irony and modesty, "My feelings won't allow me—I never felt so disgracefully put out." We wish he had risen and spoken as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I was elected by you; but the House of Lords said, 'This man is not worthy to represent you, because he is a Jew.' Parliament says to the City of London 'Make your free election;' but mind, that election is null and void, if it happens to be a Jew. Government is not too proud to ask my advice now and then upon financial matters; but then it declares I am unqualified to legislate upon such questions, because I am a Jew. I am received everywhere, the honours of the City are open to me, I can enter every place with renown, but the House of Commons—the door of that is shut in my face, simply because I am a Jew. You associate with me, foreign States deal with me, Kings have been my clients, every capital in Europe puts confidence in me, *you* with the same confidence elect me your Member; but the House of Lords says, that confidence is grossly misplaced, because I am a Jew. Let us hope the day is not far distant when England will respect the opinions, and honour the consciences of all men, even of Jews."

"THEREBY HANGS A TALE."

LORD BROUGHAM has left England in a steamer. We are informed, but mind we do not state how credibly, that his Lordship has started expressly to have an interview with the Great Sea Serpent. He intends to devote the remainder of his life to this pursuit.

MAC—BULL AND THE RAILWAY WITCHES.

SCENE—Near a Tunnel at Midnight. In the middle a boiler with the steam up. Shrieks of the Railway whistle at intervals.

Enter the THREE WITCHES, (Great Western, South Western, and North Western.)

1st Witch. Thrice the shareholder hath rued!

2nd Witch. Thrice! and once director whined!

3rd Witch. HUDSON cries—Combine! Combine!

1st Witch. Round about the boiler go,
In new plans and projects throw;
Shares, that ere debenture loan,
At a hundred oft were done,
And now for fifty may be got—
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Fares increase, and profits double!

2nd Witch. Wits of shareholder opaque;
Brain o' director wide awake;
Eye of Jew, and tongue of stag,
Fees and briefs from Counsel's bag;
Guarantees of five per cent.;
Profits that to pay them went;
And all the rest that caused our trouble—
Pitch 'em in to boil and bubble.

All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Shares send up, and profits double!

3rd Witch. Heavier fares and fewer trains;
Public loss and Railway gains;
Third-class trucks, like NOAH's ark,
For clean and unclean, damp and dark;

No more day tickets up and down,
For people who live out of town;
A Private Act that guarantees
Our power to treat folks as we please;
Stokers cheap, and smashes plenty;
Forty per cent. instead of twenty;
For sole bye-law our high pleasure;
Engines at low price and high pressure,
(No matter though they smash and scald one.)
Add to the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Fares increase and profits double!

2nd Witch. Join three directors' heads and hands,
And the amalgamation stands!

3rd Witch. Now for picking up our crumbs!—
Something stupid this way comes!
Open strong box, to buy our stocks!

Enter MAC—BULL.

Macb. How now, you secret, sharp, and downright stags,
Who is't you'd do?

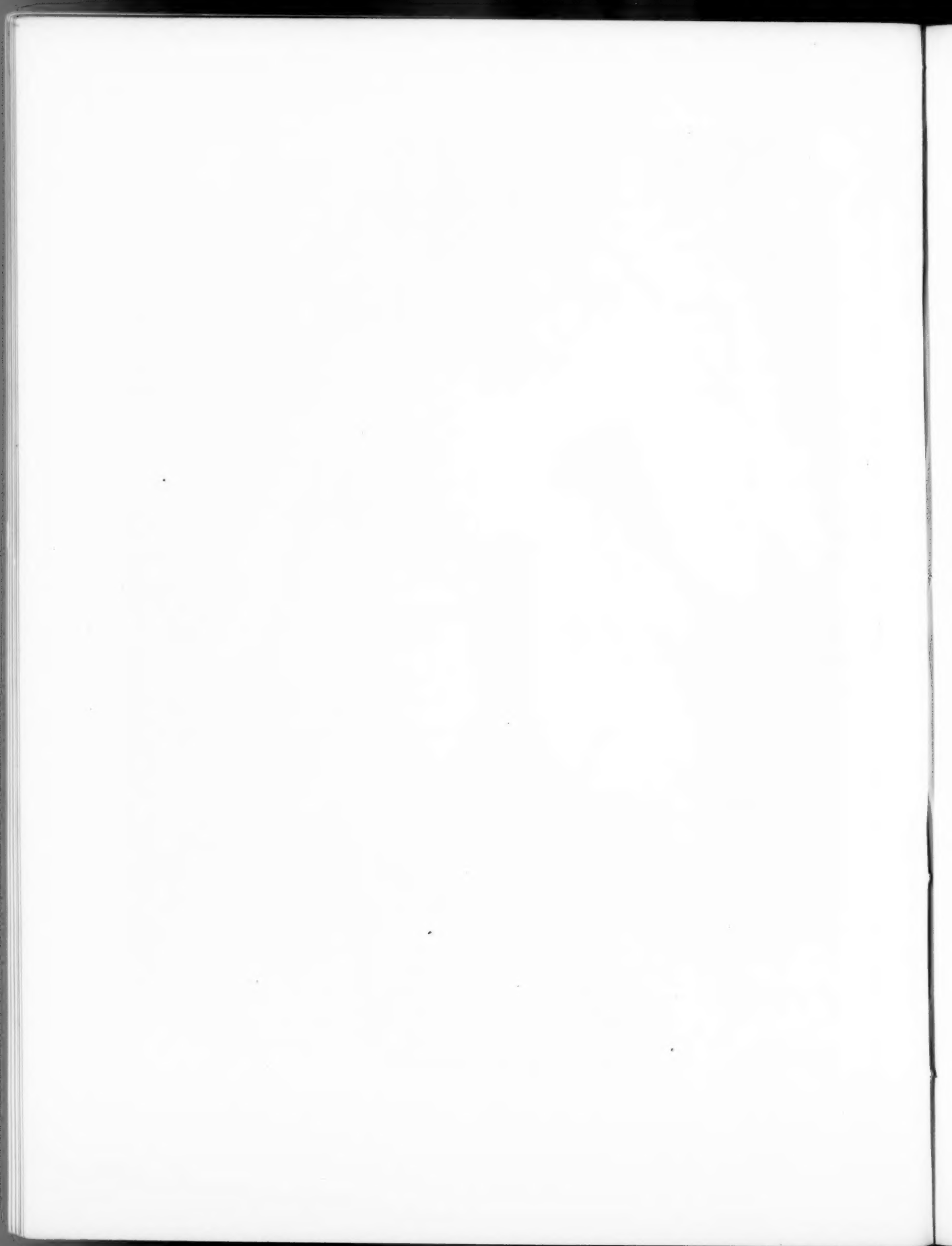
All. To us 'tis quite the same!

A Ray of Sunshine at last.

THIS has certainly been a wonderful year; but of all wonders that have been packed as close as a carpet bag into it, none has been more wonderful than the wonder which set everybody wondering on Lord Mayor's Day. Future ages will be astonished to hear that the Show passed through the City without a drop of rain, and reached Guildhall without the ghost of a fog. The Sun was distinctly visible all day!! This is the first time within the recollection of the Oldest Man in Armour, that the Civic Monarch's reign has begun without a shower.



MAC-BULL AND THE RAILWAY WITCHES.



ADVERTISEMENT.



ANGELA will merely allow herself to observe, that 'busses run from Brixton to the Bank every day, Tuesday next, at 12, included. This much, however, she will say: the weather having set in cold, it is quite the season to wear a Chinchilly Victorine, and a velvet mantle. P. S. Damask roses in cottage.

THE DRAGON'S-BLOOD ORANGE CLUB.

A MAGNIFICENT supper was eaten on the 5th of November by this Club, in commemoration of the unexploded gunpowder of GUY FAWKES. The Chair was taken by Brother OCH MURTHUR. He made an elegant address. Rising, he observed—

There was nothing in the world (after a good supper) like the Christian virtues. He was proud to say, he saw the table full of them. There was not a Brother there who did not think every Papist a scoundrel; and who did not believe that the curse of Ireland was the Catholic religion. That blot, however, should be scratched out—if necessary, by the point of the sword. He was a Christian, and a man of peace; and as such, his cry was—"War to the knife, and no surrender!" He was very sorry for QUEEN VICTORIA. He wished to speak of the gentlewoman with the deference of a loyal subject and the politeness of an Irishman; but *this* he must say of HER MAJESTY—no; on second thoughts, he would not say it; but he would not shrink from his duty. He would give the following toast:—

"QUEEN VICTORIA, and may she speedily return to the upright principles which placed her illustrious family on the British throne!"

AIR.—"Why are you wandering here, I pray?"

The Chairman next gave—

"The Notorious, Glorious, and Uxorious Memory of the immortal KING WILLIAM THE THIRD!"

AIR.—"Old King Cole."

This toast was drunk with three Irish howls, every Brother going down upon his knees, and—ere he tossed off his glass—knocking his head thrice upon the floor. A few enthusiasts took the sawdust out of the spittoons, and—to show their sorrow for their loss—sprinkled it upon their heads. The effect of this was very impressive.

The next toast was—

"ERNEST, King of Hanover."

AIR.—"Tis the last Rose of Summer."

"This toast was, of course, honoured by very many 'Bravos.' Brother O'BLATHER, a distinguished locksmith, returned thanks. He said—the KING OF HANOVER was a great King. In the present Cimmerian darkness of the Continent, when the sweet firmament of rational liberty was obscured by the pestilential fogs of Popery—in the present hour of Stygian gloom, it was a pity that ERNEST, like *Romeo* in the play, could not be cut into little stars, that he might at one and the same time twinkle over twenty kingdoms. And oh! wouldn't it be a great day for Ireland, if QUEEN VICTORIA—whom he wished to speak of with the least—he meant, at least—respect, if she would only invite

to England her beloved uncle—that unsqueezable orange—to take of him a few lessons upon Church and State. As it was, HER MAJESTY—though he could never forget the Maynooth Grant and the potato blight that grew out of it—as it was, he would not refuse the QUEEN the benefit of his prayers.

The next toast was—

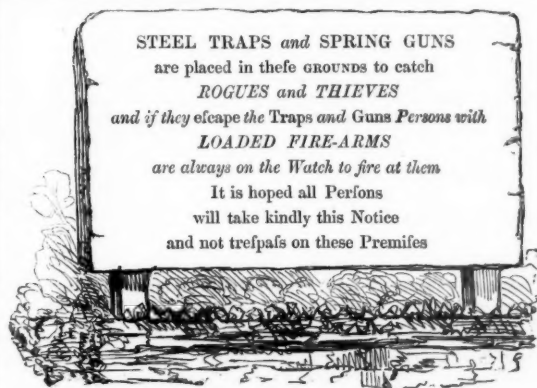
"Protestant Ascendancy in Church and State."

AIR.—"March to the battle-field."

The Assistant Secretary returned thanks. He said it had been asked what was really, and truly, and definitely intended by Protestant Ascendancy? It was this: that in throwing the State dice, Protestant Ascendancy should always come up sixes. Now, this could never be left to chance. Certainly not. How, then, effect it? Why, by loading the die; not with lead, but with a heavier metal—gold. (*Loud Cheers; in the middle of which the table, that had long groaned with every delicacy of wine and dessert, broke down; the lights went out; and the brethren, tumbling one over the other, each man illustrated to his utmost, his personal desire for Protestant Ascendancy.*)

A KINDLY CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

THE pleasantest and dulllest road to Richmond—we adapt our description to all tastes—is that which leads over Hammersmith Bridge through Barnes and Mortlake. There is the peaceful repose—or the extreme dreariness—about portions of it, of quiet, solemn park-scenery. Going to Richmond by this road you will remark, to the left, within three quarters of a mile from the town, a sign-post, directing you through a bye-lane, to the Star and Garter. You will take that path, which is also the lonelier and more agreeable, because it will be the nearest to your destination, inasmuch as you are bound to dine with a party of friends at the tavern just mentioned. You pursue your journey in anticipation of a choice banquet and a glorious sunset, an outlook on the valley of the Thames, which will suggest the happiest imaginings, and the delightful reality of one of the best dinners in the world before you. You are in the most amiable frame of mind possible—on excellent terms with yourself and all mankind. In these dispositions, your goal in view, midway between it and the humbler hostelry of the "Lass of Richmond Hill," on your left, surmounting a high wall you will observe a Board inscribed with the subjoined benevolent notification. We have transcribed it *verbatim et literatim*:—



This precious relic of the olden time—which probably has long outlived the old boy who reared it—is slowly yielding to decay. Perhaps it is destined soon to fall before the hand of innovation and improvement. As a tribute to the memory of the venerable individual whose spirit yet survives in his Notice, *Punch* thus throws the halo of his own immortality around this interesting monument of crusty exclusiveness.

Astronomical Intelligence.

SATURN has lately been appearing in public without his rings, and has occasioned much animadversion among the other planets, who accuse him openly of having pawned them! (*Shabby.*)

BRIGHT REFLECTION IN THE VERNON GALLERY.

THERE is so little light in this place that it is quite impossible to see a single R.A.(y).

A SIDE-BOX TALK.



ROGUY AND POGUY.

Roguy. "SEE THAT GIRL LOOKING AT ME, POGUY?"

Poguy. "DON'T I! I DECLARE SHE CAN'T KEEP HER EYES OFF YOU."

Roguy. "WHAT WOMEN CARE FOR, POGUY, MY BOY, IS NOT FEATURES, BUT EXPRESSION."

[He pokes POGUY in the waistcoat.

TRAITORS TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"You are one of the most humane and kind-hearted of satirists, and stopped one of my letters while the Conspirators' Trials were pending, for fear lest the severity of that remarkable production should have borne hard on the prisoners, and perhaps have shortened their lives. Sir, you could not be brought to believe that the trial, the defence, the depositions, the formation of the Jury, and the verdicts, and the sentences, were humbugs altogether, and you consigned to the flames the document which exposed those fictions. What sober man ever believed that anybody was going to hang MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, or in that way put an end to young MR. MEAGHER'S oratory?"

"This morning, looking over the *Dublin Evening Post* (at Derraheny Castle, the hospitable mansion of my friend, ROLAND CASHEL, Esq.), I saw a letter which a MR. MAGEE, a gentleman who is a traitor to the British Government, addresses to a New York paper. Ah, Sir, what a blessing it would be for England, and what a comfort to the States, no doubt, if all the traitors to Government would but join company with MR. MAGEE!

"In this letter MR. T. DARCY MAGEE, a traitor to the British Government, has the honour to announce to the inhabitants of New York his safe arrival in that city. He feels, no doubt, that his misfortunes will create a sympathy for him in the breasts of all honest and prudent citizens; and, having failed in his attempt to incendiarise his own country, he flung himself with confident generosity upon the hospitality of the great North American Republic.

"Before quitting his beloved Ireland, MR. MAGEE did his best to plunge her in anarchy, ruin, and murder. It was not his fault if a bloody Government thwarted his designs and those of the good and

great men with whom he acted. Some of these have been nabbed and are in prison. Dogged from the cabbage-groves of Boulagh to the clanking dungeons of Clonmel, they have met, without blenching, the anger of the Law, and would have died resolutely under her furies, had the bloody Government not let them off. Honour to the Martyrs of freedom! Next to coming to America, it would have been most agreeable to MR. DARCY MAGEE to have laid his head on the block where they placed their own, and, having cursed England—got up again. But to see America was MR. MAGEE'S first duty. He is here, and he hails the Republic.

"Gentlemen interested in murder and rebellion, may inspect, at MR. MAGEE'S offices, the beautifully bloody and authentic plans ordained for the late revolution. He has no objection to publish the councils of the leaders from whom he has run away; and, now he is out of Ireland, thinks it right, to the best of his humble means, to exasperate the English against that most miserable and beloved country.

"As the people are starving, as usual, and the begging season is to be uncommonly well attended, MR. MAGEE begs to warn the people of England, THAT THE TWO STRONGEST OF FEELINGS OF THE IRISH, ARE HATRED TO ENGLAND, AND A SANGUINE HOPE OF IRELAND.

"This will be sure to make the English people more willing to help their Irish brethren. The dignity of the latter is preserved, while their destitution is made known. 'D— you, I hate you!' says poor, prostrate, bleeding, but honest Ireland; 'but give me some money for all that.'

"Again, while the gentry in Ireland, with a liberality which does them credit, are begging the bloody-minded Government to hold its hand, nor deal severely with the leaders of a rebellion, which wasn't a rebellion after all, only an excitement—nothing but a little discontent—merely a show to frighten the English Government into compromise, like those for which the late dear MR. O'CONNELL obtained so much credit—it will be a great comfort to all parties to know that there really was a rebellion intended to the Government, because the charge of cruelty is disposed of; and, the deuce is in it if men menaced by cut-throats, may not apprehend their assassins. The friends of the prisoners, who, having that interest for their captured acquaintances which outrage and rebellion always excite in a noble and romantic country, must, nevertheless, perceive, that though pity for all prisoners and captives is a Christian quality, it is better, after all, to have them locked up, than practising upon your own throats, families, and hayricks; and to the gallant prisoners, finally writhing in the dungeons of a bloody Government, whose honour is saved, at any rate, by their friends' timely vindication, and who can say to those inclined to exclaim, 'Pooh! you never intended to fight; psha! you are but braggarts and brawlers'—who can say, 'Dastards, ye lie to the teeth! DARCY is there and free, listen to him, if ye will not to us. We were going to pike and torch; we were going to fire and murder; we were not bragging, but in earnest; and very kind it is of DARCY to vouch for us from New York.'

"MR. T. DARCY MAGEE then respectfully requests inspection of the plans, as proposed for the late insurrection.

"In confidence, his explanations will be full and complete; but at present it is only his intention to say so much.

"The towns were strongly garrisoned by the bloody old troops of the QUEEN, whom it would be impossible to attack in their fastnesses. It was the intention of the gentlemen of the Executive to burn down the towns, so that the troops would naturally be put upon the country. Here they could be disposed of more easily—multitudes of guerilla bands would deal with them, and cut them off. And though it is certain that by roasting them in the cities a vast number of Irish must have been roasted too, yet a patriot, and one especially who is across the water, and has nothing to lose, can contemplate the idea of his people butchered and his country in a blaze, for the sake of the delightful freedom which would afterwards ensue, and the harm which the bloody old British Government must get in the shindy.

"But for the intervention of the Irish Clergy, will it be believed that all these benefits might have been brought about? Their reverences prevented their people from joining in the contemplated rising—the tempest which was to tear the monarchy out of Ireland rose, blew, and died away, and the only persons injured by the blast were two or three poor fellows prostrated in a cabbage-garden, and two or three more blown across the water. The spirit was ready to come, MR. MAGEE says, but the Irish clergy exorcised it."

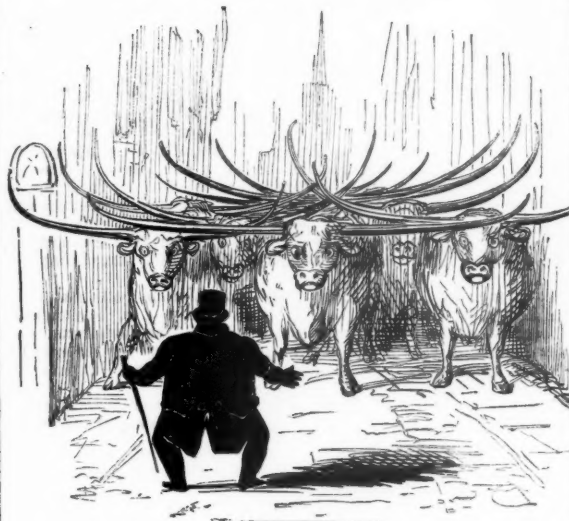
"My revered friend *Punch* knows my opinions, and that I believe, for my part, it would be greatly to the benefit of this country if we could be rid of the union with our beloved sister; but this opinion, rapidly gaining ground, is not universal as yet; meanwhile, and until it become so, are there not compromises to be made, and palliatives that we may apply?

"For instance, if there ever was a moral pointed to a story, there is one to the amiable tale of MR. MAGEE, and that is—PAY THE CLERGY. What force of policemen in green coats have you in Ireland? what horse and foot artillery, and what do they cost? Will it be worth your while to have 3000 black policemen—the best soothers, detectives, preventives, in the world? From the very indignation of

the Roman bishops against the scheme of payment, why, the Empire should see the goodness of the scheme. Give these 3000 clergymen a stake, not in Ireland merely, but in the Empire, and will they be less averse to rebellion and its consequences, than now? Protestant landlords of Ireland, combine together, and pay your best friends, the Catholic Clergy; I say that LORD CARDIGAN, and all his hussars, will not keep the country so well as those 3000 scattered black horse-men, who would garrison every village in Ireland for the QUEEN; and, to well-meaning persons in this country, who cry out against the wickedness of endowing Popery, I humbly point *Mr. Punch's* attention, begging him to ask them whether they prefer an immense costly army in Ireland, and hatred therewith, to the maintenance of a small ecclesiastical force, which would do ten times the service at a tithe of the present charge?

"HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR."

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.



THERE has recently been an irruption of Spanish Bulls into the metropolis, as if the supplies from Smithfield were not sufficient to make the public thoroughfares almost impassable. The Spanish specimen of the Taury party comprises several droves of cattle, whose horns are so sadly out of curl—possibly from the dampness of the climate—that they extend almost horizontally, and render it nearly impossible to pass, without a horn accompaniment of a very disagreeable character. We are thankful to Spain for her onions and for her chestnuts, but we trust she will give us no more of her bulls, if they all resemble those we have been so unfortunate as to meet with.

PUNCH TO THE REV. THE EARL OF GUILDFORD.

MY LORD,

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News*, signing himself "G., Winchester," asserts that your Lordship is Master of the Hospital of St. Cross, near that city. He describes St. Cross Hospital as a relic "of ancient piety and munificence," as it is known to be. He states that it "was founded by princely prelates in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and richly endowed to maintain a number of brethren, to afford support to a number of poor, and to furnish partial refreshment to the multitude of pilgrims and travellers journeying in the South of England." All perfectly true. There, he says, "the poor and weary traveller can still demand his horn of ale and slice of bread, as he did seven centuries ago." Exactly so; though the ale is not very strong of the malt, and cannot be designated XX. He avers that St. Cross is situated "in one of the most delightful spots in the Vale of Itchen." I believe, my Lord, that these statements are quite correct. I am acquainted with parties who have caught minnows in the Itchen, and tasted the Sanctacrucian ale: albeit they gave that liquor a milder term; for, between myself and your Lordship, they called it "swipes." But, my Lord, this G. also declares that the brethren of your richly-

endowed Hospital are greatly reduced in number. This may or may not be. The Institution may have become poorer. Let the base insinuation pass. I wish to arouse your Lordship's indignation at his direct imputations on yourself. He has the impudence to say, that though the St. Cross property, if properly managed, would yield £10,000 or £12,000 a-year, the amount expended in charity is only £1000 a-year. He has the effrontery to assert, that whereas part of the income arises from fines for the renewal of leases, and £12,000 was paid lately for the renewal of a lease, your Lordship receives 16s. 10d. in the pound out of every fine, and did receive nearly £10,000 out of the £12,000 aforesaid. He is so audacious as to allege that your Lordship's income is more than four-fifths of the revenues of the Charity, instead of one-fifth, as originally intended. Pray, my Lord, allow me to excite your Lordship's wrath by the mention of these monstrous aspersions on your Lordship.

But no: your Lordship feels that the charges are incredible. That you, my Lord, should have the capacity—to say nothing of the conscience—to swallow up four-fifths of St. Cross Hospital, beats anything in MUNCHAUSEN. The disgusting exhibition of a clown devouring a leg of mutton and trimmings is nothing to it. If this thing were true, your Lordship would be a greater prodigy than the Sea Serpent. You would be a simeonist so timid, my Lord, that you would burst a Castle of Otranto. My largest cut, by the side of my least initial letter, would give no idea of your Lordship's dimensions. You would be too big for this world; and where could your Lordship expect to go to?

My Lord, this "G." would make out your Lordship to be a monster exceeding in rapacity and voraciousness, the cormorant, the vulture, the shark, the boa-constrictor, the alligator, the whirlpool, the earthquake, and DANDO the celebrated oyster-eater. He would represent you to be as greedy as the grave, and very nearly as gluttonous as Time, the consumer of all things. I hope your Lordship will not endure his calumnies, and will allow me to refute them; only, if you please, your Lordship must condescend to furnish me with the data requisite for that purpose. I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

PUNCH.

PARIS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT.

ON the 4th instant the most alarming reports were circulated throughout Paris; which is not to be wondered at, all things considered, and especially the fact that no less than 101 cannons were fired between six and seven o'clock in the evening. It happily turned out that the noise did not indicate any fresh demonstration of Red Republican liberty and fraternity, but was merely meant to announce the birth of the New Constitution. We trust this will be the first and last discharge of artillery which that Constitution will occasion, or, at least, that any future cannonading it may give rise to will be equally harmless. GENERAL CAVAIGNAC, however, should take care, another time, how he suffers his cannons to be let off in this manner, without any sort of notice or warning, in such a ticklish place as Paris.



THE FRENCH CERBERUS.

ADMIRALTY FARE.

CAPTAIN M'QUHAE not only saw the Sea Serpent, but, what is more extraordinary, he was invited by the Lords of the Admiralty to dine off it.

THE MONS (JULLIEN) IN LABOUR.



the performance of the audience. The enthusiasm of the latter knows not only no bounds, but tolerates no hats; and indeed such is the demolition of these articles of head-dress that *God Save the Queen*, as now played, is a grand hatter's movement in at least forty flats; for, no less than two score of hats are nightly flattened on the heads of those who cannot raise their arms for the purpose of uncovering and showing their loyalty. Many an unfortunate individual who is too crowded to be able to show his respect for HER MAJESTY'S crown, suffers in his own, by having his hat converted into a temporary gibus; and, though the sentiment of loyalty which inspires this onslaught upon the rebellious beavers may be all very well, we think it hard that the public should be kept with their hats in hand, raised high in the air, during the capricious solos with which the National Anthem is interlarded.

No one could object to keep his hat off while the air is played; but it is rather hard to preserve a most uncomfortable attitude, while KÖNIG is shaking for a quarter-of-an-hour over "happy and glorious," or PROSPÈRE is grumbling about "their politics" for ten minutes, through his monster ophicleide. Perhaps the greatest martyr of all to the cause of loyalty is the unhappy drummer of the Coldstream, who, standing next to one of the two men required to play upon one of the grossest cases of *grosse caisse* we have ever seen, receives upon his head every *contre-coup* of the enormous drum-stick, to which a momentum is imparted by the performer's flinging backward his arm, and unconsciously making the head of the Coldstreamer a fulcrum from which the drum-stick receives its rebound.

We hope M. JULLIEN will, in mercy to the public, cut out all the superfluous twiddling, which detracts as much from the simple grandeur of *God save the Queen*, as it tries the loyalty by taxing the patience of the hatless crowd, who are obliged to preserve a most awkward and uneasy posture while listening.

WHATEVER IS THE MATTER WITH LEICESTER SQUARE?



HERE are certain Mysteries of London which the boldest inquirer shrinks from thrusting his nose into. Leicester Square is one of them. What can it have been built for?—what is its use?—how came it there?—why does it not go away?—why does not some benevolent builder take pity upon it, and throw over its raggedness a handsome cloak of eligible mansions, or an embroidered front of desirable residences, or even a plain dicky of commodious shops?—These are all so many mysteries, which you might offer premiums innumerable, and bushels of gold medals, to have explained, and yet never get the right solution. It is strange, but still it is true. Whilst all London has been advancing, Leicester Square has stood still. You will find it in exactly the same spot where it was full five-and-twenty years ago. It has not moved an inch. The same birch brooms for trees, the same weeds for grass, the same brushwood for gravel walks, the same cobwebs for flowers, the same dogs and cats for visitors! It is sad, but perfectly true. The Statue remains, too, in the same state of stony indifference that has distinguished it for ages, long before we knew it. It looks resigned to its fate, and holds its nose with philosophic coldness above the rubbish of this world that surrounds it so plentifully on every side. We always felt for that poor Statue. It looks such a melancholy outcast! We would willingly give a pail of whitewash to see it clean again.

A change, however, has lately come o'er the wilderness of Leicester Square. Whether a policeman has told it to "move on" or not, we cannot tell, for we have not asked it; but it certainly is stepping out of the way to improve itself. There has been an air of wildness and decided derangement about the poor thing for some time past; it has evidently been unsettled, and had grown quite callous about going to the dogs, but now it looks as if it were coming a little round again. Two or three of the railings have been replaced; a wheel-barrow of rubbish has been hurried away; a walk has been swept, and a forcible entry has been made through one of the least infirm gates. Long poles are sprouting up inside in parallel lines, as if they were taking their places for a country dance. There is decidedly something up; but whether it will spring into anything, it would be rashness on

our part—or anybody's part—until next year, to say. Report hints that it is taken by a washerwoman for 999 years, to be turned into a drying-ground, and the poles certainly give some foundation to this rumour. In the meantime every man has a right to inquire what will become of the Statue? If a finger is laid upon it, we will not answer for the consequences. Regent Street has gone; and if the Statue of Leicester Square goes also, why, London will probably some day go after it. This is a question that interests, more or less, every person that lives in the metropolis; and all of us who feel the slightest warmth for our hearths, must unite and keep our eyes open, for the next month at least, upon those suspicious clothes-poles. This is no time to be sleeping, when we have the Sea Serpent almost knocking at our doors, and the Statue of Leicester Square stands in momentary fear of being knocked off its pedestal.

Further Abasement of the Trafalgar Basins.

WE are sorry to observe that the contemptible slop-basins in Trafalgar Square are already showing an accumulation of grouts, as thick as if they comprised the sediment of a series of Nelsonian tea-parties, given by the principal Statue in the Square to his brother Statues in the neighbourhood. If it were only out of mercy to GEORGE THE FOURTH'S horse, the water in these receptacles should be purified, for it is impossible that that or any other animal could drink his health out of the stagnant pools that are now lying before him. It is really too bad to establish a couple of open cesspools in such a situation as Trafalgar Square; and we shall expect soon to see arrangements made for dredging for ballast, unless the preliminary deposit already formed is removed before a secondary, and even a tertiary deposit creates an almost impervious stratum on the top of the under-crust already existing.

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VERNON GALLERY.—ARTISTIC SYMPATHIES.



OUR letter-box has been filled with letters from all the living painters whose pictures—known as the Vernon Gallery—have been put into the National Cupboard. The artists are, it seems, one and all in a terrible condition. There is, it appears, some "horrid sympathy" between their flesh and blood and their paint and canvass. The men suffer in their pictures. If a bit of silver-grey be scratched, the artist feels the stab somewhere; if a cool green be peeled, the artist has his skin flayed away. This is very odd, and reminds us of the famous portrait that gives the name of the *Picture* to a play of MASSINGER'S. Of course in these dramatic

times, all the world knows it. Nevertheless, we will venture to speak more fully of the incident. A certain king, going to the wars, leaves his wife. (Some men go home to both.) He is doubtful of her constancy; whereupon one *Baptista* presents him with a portrait, whose changes shall truthfully indicate the changing condition of the Queen. *Baptista* assures *Mathias* that if the picture once vary

"From the true form, and what's now white and red
Decline to yellow"—

the lady is courted, but innocent. "But," adds *Baptista*—

"But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
The fort, by composition or surprise,
Is forc'd, or with her free consent surrender'd."

Such pictures are not to be painted now-a-days; and if they were, some folks might refuse to sit for them. However, it would seem that the Vernon Pictures and the Vernon Artists sympathise in an opposite way. It is the painter that suffers when "what's now white and red" is rubbed into "yellow:" it is the painter who "turns all black" when his picture receives a thump of the eye from a crowding public.

We have no space to give all the letters at length; but shall pick a few extracts illustrative of the feelings of the living painters now suffering in their pictures.

Hear MR. S. COOPER, about his *Farm-Yard with Cattle*. "For these last three weeks"—he writes—"I haven't had a bit of rest. No, Sir, not so much as a bit. I have had a dreadful tenderness in my right calf, as if the skin was peeled off like an onion. Went to the National Gallery yesterday, *Mr. Punch*, and saw the whole thing. One of my—no, I won't say beautiful, but I might—one of my best bits of cattle, flayed as if a butcher had skinned it. If this is to go on I must be measured for a whole suit of diac'lum."



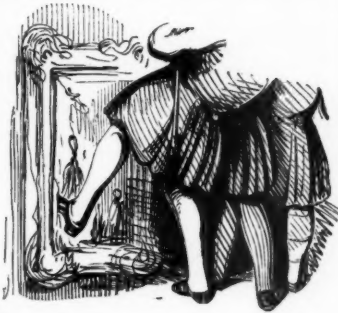
The next is a very temperate appeal from MR. MACLISE. He is concerned for his *Hamlet*. He writes, "The day before yesterday, *Mr. Punch*, I received from an invisible hand a very savage and improper black eye. There being nobody in my studio, I thought of course it was my fancy; and so went on as if nothing at all had happened—to be sure. Why should I trouble myself about it? However, going out to dinner, and going to a glass by accident, I saw this same black eye." (MR. MACLISE here enters into a very fine theory of colour: it is, however, too abstract for our pages—so, we jump to the great fact.)—"The thing was plain, when to-day I visited the Vernon Pit (it was once called a Gallery). There, Sir, I saw my *Polonius*, with one of his eyes nearly out—and my eye, you may be sure of it, was entirely out to look at it. What's to be done, *Mr. Punch*? I'm a peaceable man, and love the laws of the Saxon; but do you think they would allow me to take private lodgings for my *Hamlet*, till the Government can provide him with a decent apartment?"

MR. PICKERSGILL complains very pathetically about his *Syrian Maid*. He writes—"Were she a Maid-of-all-Work in a lodging-house she couldn't be worse touselled. I can't express my feelings; and, being an R. A., I am not expected."

MR. MULREADY complains of a dreadful "pricking of his thumb" for some days. "Went to the Babel Gallery," he writes, "and found the hand of one of my boys in *Fair-Time* shockingly scratched."

In like manner, MR. STANFIELD suffered from a sudden thickness of vision. All sympathy! Went to the Gallery, and discovered some of his pellucid sea-water rubbed into brown paper.

We might proceed, adding new instances of sympathetic suffering on the part of the unfortunate men whose works have, in veriest simplicity of heart, been handed over by MR. VERNON to the tender mercies of our Art-loving Government. However, we trust we have done enough to convince even a very dull reader (if we have such a treasure) that it is very natural that painters should feel the injuries committed upon their works as sensibly as wrongs inflicted upon their own flesh.



THE TIMES WERE NEVER SO BAD.



OR two years the badness of the times has been the cry of the world in general, and the excuse for dunning tradesmen in particular. Everybody to whom one owes money has had "a little bill to make up," ever since 1846; and the "tightness" has been the pretext for one half the world to bother the other half about those "small trifles" which have been "standing since Christmas."

It is a popular notion with the tardy debtor, that the tradesman who cannot wait, has no right to continue his business; and that to ask for his "small account" is to confess a deficiency of the requisite capital to carry on his dealings in a respectable, or at all events in a creditable manner. Without going so far as this, we may confess that we hate grumbling, and are glad, therefore, to hear a change in the tone of the national voice, and an acknowledgment that things are beginning to look a great deal brighter than they have done. For ourselves we have little care, though we like cheerfulness in our neighbours, and therefore we have been indifferent as to "railway panics," "monetary pressures," "pecuniary tightnesses," "financial crises," and all the other ills that Commerce is heir to. We have always felt that if the worst came to the worst, we could send *Toby* on to the stage, and let him take that station among the dramatic dogs of the day to which his histrionic genius would entitle him. We are convinced that in such pieces as *The Dog of Montargis*, *The Butcher's Dog of Ghent*, and *The Jolly Dog of the Abruzzi*, he would make a hit, or, to speak more appropriately, bite his name in our histrionic annals. He would far surpass in sagacity that popular but injudicious mongrel who, while performing at the Victoria, lingered too long over the sausage that formed the bell-pull. Our own dog *Toby* would never disgrace himself by such an unprofessional neglect of the business of the scene; and therefore, as we said before, the stage was always open to him if the worst had come to the worst. Happily, the worst is coming rapidly to better, and even Railway shareholders are beginning to wear a smile. We seldom predict until after a thing has occurred; but we venture, on this occasion, to anticipate for the country a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

What's to be done with the Serpentine?

EVERY one agrees that the Serpentine must be got rid of, but no one knows how to get rid of it. It would be vain to get a policeman to invoke it with the exclamation—

"Flow on, thou shining river!"

for its stagnant state prevents any hope of the order being obeyed. We know of only one way by which it may be absorbed and made serviceable at the same time. Our plan is to use it as a substitute for the "glutinous wash" employed to give their adhesive quality to the backs of postage stamps.



CONTINUED SUCCESS! CROWDED HOUSES!

ST. PAUL'S!

THE OLD ORIGINAL EXHIBITION!

AT THE ORIGINAL PRICES!

THIS unrivalled Nave has been cleaned and decorated during the recess, and is now universally acknowledged to be the finest Ecclesiastical Edifice open to the Public at any price.

THE OLD FAVOURITES STILL ON VIEW.

THE TOMBS AND MONUMENTS,

Allowed by all visitors to be superior to those in
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE UNEQUALLED ORGAN!

With the powerful Corps of Choristers in several favourite Chants, every morning and afternoon.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY,

In which the softest whisper is reverberated from the Dome like a

PEAL OF REAL THUNDER.

The universally admired paintings by

SIR JAMES THORNHILL,

THE BALL,

(*En negligé*, since the removal of the Observatory.)

THE CROSS, GILT WITH REAL GOLD,

At an enormous outlay, and commanding a view of this vast Metropolis; with other Entertainments, all to be seen, at the incredibly Low Charge of

2d. EACH!!!

NOTICE.

To their Patrons, the Nobility, Gentry, Distinguished Foreigners, and Public at large.

It having been lately stated in a daily newspaper of some circulation, called the *Times*, that the price of admission to the St. Paul's Galaxy of Art and Grand Exhibition of Ecclesiastical and Architectural Curiosities, has been raised to 6d. a head, the Proprietors beg to give the statement an unqualified denial, and to appeal to the above Programme as a proof that they are still anxious to merit the favours of a kind and discerning British Public by opening their doors at the usual, but ridiculously small charge of

TWOPENCE EACH!

N.B. Vergers in attendance, of whom Catalogues of the Curiosities may be had, at the small sum of Sixpence each. Good fires in every part of the Exhibition.

Enquire the Character at the Doors. Open from Ten till Dusk.

"Cautiousness, large."

Last week a witness at a police-office, speaking of an alleged stolen ring, observed—

"Might have said it belonged to my dear wife, but did not use the words, 'my dear departed angel.'"

Nothing like being on the safe side.

PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND ON FINANCIAL REFORM.

MR PEOPLE—as MR. ELLISTON used to call the British Public when he was sober, or my Pippins, as he termed it when otherwise—I have a few words to say to you about Financial Reform. There is a cry, and a very proper one, for retrenchment; but let us take care that we do not adopt that species of retrenchment which has been happily described as the "reduction of useful expenditure." Let us cut our infinite variety of Gold Sticks and Silver Sticks by making them out theirs; and let us go into particulars respecting the useless Generals who form some of the most expensive and most unnecessary items of our Army; but do not let us begin our retrenchment at the wrong end.

If in some respects we are too lavish, in others we are too niggardly, and without meanness let us try to hit the happy mean. There are many functionaries receiving too much for doing nothing, and many more receiving too little for doing a great deal. There is one class whom I would call your attention to as being, between you and me and the post—I allude to the postmen—most cruelly ill-paid. The letter-carrier who gives a double rap at your door has often not a single rap wherewith to bless himself. His walk in life is frequently such a walk that it is a wonder how he has a leg to stand upon; for he travels some twenty or thirty miles a day, to the equal wear and tear of body and sole. For this, his salary is a guinea a week; and in addition to physical fatigue, he has to endure the mental tortures of TANTALUS, by money-letters frequently passing through his hands. The rich Uncle in a farce, who gives away a couple of fortunes in an evening, after having pawned one shirt to pay for the washing of the other, is not more wretchedly situated than the postman who has to leave large sums at other people's houses, without having a shilling at home. Even a pig is thought to be worth a farthing a mile for his travelling expenses on a railway; but a postman is frequently paid at the rate of five miles a penny, in the course of which he has to knock at two hundred doors, make out one hundred hieroglyphical directions, and be informed six different times, that six different MRS. JONESSES are "gone away, not known where."

More need not be said of the hard lot of the postman. His knock comes home to every man's door; and everybody will admit that a reasonable addition to the postman's pitiable pittance, ought to be one of the first steps of a really equitable financial Reform.

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.



CERTAIN song-writers of the present day appear to be madly, desperately, and fervently in love with the "merry sunshine," and the "merry moonshine;" but why not with the "joyous rushlight," or the "laughing gas?" We should like to know what is the use of falling in love with the "merry sunshine" in a place like London, where the object of one's love is so very rarely seen, and even when visible, is so muffled up in fog and smoke as to appear to a dreadful disadvantage. If our affection is to be bestowed on any kind of light, why should we not love the "jolly camphine?" or some other object illumining

the dreary path of life, but with whom we are more likely to come in frequent contact than with the "merry sunshine," which we cannot expect to see much of in a climate like ours.

If our song-writers were to make up their minds to love any light rather than the light of the sun, they would not be so likely as they now are to give themselves up to a hopeless flame, or so unlikely to have their passion returned with appropriate warmth. Even the rushlight would should the rushlight itself expire, we may always cherish the former, repay devotion better than the sunlight; for, in the case of with affection the shade of the departed.

The Loves of the Lights will be a memorable era in the history of English Poetry. Our songsters are gushing with affectionate yearnings for all kinds of lights, from twilight to moonlight; and, in fact, they are apparently so dreadfully light-headed, that it is a pity some member of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, does not kindly come forward to blow out all their brains.

HERO DESECRATION.



HERE exists an individual who, a short time since, gave a Lecture at the Western Institution—and who is now repeating his task elsewhere—a Lecture on the Non-Entity of SHAKESPEARE and BEN JONSON. The men whom we have hitherto regarded as flesh and blood—as two individuals—lived, it appears, in many parts: namely, in the various brains of various monks. Yes: “The Monks,” says E. S. DICKSON, “were the authors of those Dramatic Compositions called SHAKESPEARE.” Moreover, “BEN JONSON and SHAKESPEARE never existed in human form: they

are spiritual ideas or idols erected in the monkish times!” We understand that DICKSON himself is quite harmless: hitherto he has bitten nobody; and lectures out of a strait-waistcoat. Possibly, a keeper, in some part of the room, exercises a professional control over him. Nevertheless, these antics of DICKSON ought to be suppressed: otherwise, who can answer for the mischief they may create? We know how prone is a certain low, creeping mind to plagiarise a first great thought. A RUSSELL, for instance, cannot have his *Ship on Fire* without a SMITH immediately coming out with a *Barge in Flames*; *The Monica* instantly produces *The Beside Himself*; and *The Gambler's Wife* is inevitably followed by *The Thimblebigger's Widow*. Now, unless this profane tom-foolery, or hopeless lunacy of DICKSON be met by the proper authorities, we shall very soon not have a single hero—whether of foolscap, gunpowder, or imperial purple—wherewith to bless us. Allow DICKSON his rant, and prepare to have, in a very short time, announcements somewhat similar to the following:—

“THE NAPOLEON NONSENSE.—The lecturer is prepared to prove that NAPOLEON never existed in human form. He was no other than a myth of the French Revolution. He was, in fact, the original of the Jack-o'-lantern playing on the blood of a slaughter-house. What we believe to have been NAPOLEON at Saint Helena, was no other than a *Grey Redingote*, filled with the blast of a trumpet.”

“THE TALLEYRAND TARRADIDDLE.—There was no such person as TALLEYRAND. Many Lives have been written of him; and others are to be written; but the human thing we acknowledge as TALLEYRAND never had a being. TALLEYRAND, in fact, like all genius, is a myth. An incarnate embodiment of the wakefulness of a weasel; a type of vigilance and astuteness. Hence, the Proverb—“Catch a TALLEYRAND asleep.”

“THE LOLA MONTEZ LIE.—None but the most ignorant can, for a moment, believe in the existence of a LOLA MONTEZ. As easily prove it, as make a feather broom from the tail of a phoenix. LOLA MONTEZ is, in fact, a myth. In very truth, the incorporated idea of crinoline, diamonds, pearls, and coral; with roses and lilies in the abstract, and castanets and bull-dog in the concrete.”

“THE WELLINGTON WAPPER.—Of course, as men manufactured NAPOLEON out of a myth, it was necessary to supply an ideal conqueror of the aforesaid glorified Jack-o'-lantern. Hence the idea of WELLINGTON. Hence the Wellington Boot, that signified the iron heel of the victor. It can be received as no valid argument that the bronze horse opposite Apsley House wears shoes and not Wellington Boots. That defect lies at the door of the sculptor.”

“THE GEORGE THE FOURTH FLAM.—The King that engrosses so many pages of the History of England is, in truth, no other than a mythic embodiment of the graces of the dancing-master, and the work of the tailor. The oak leaves about his head merely typify the wonderful power of a bow that could beat all Europe. A certain Welsh Bard, named BRUMLLLL, known to the learned by his Epic of *Starch, in Five Thousand Fyfts*, first imagined GEORGE THE FOURTH; and SHEE—the tailor—subsequently added to the allegory: that, it must be owned, has been very handsomely embodied by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. It will be found that LORD BROUGHAM, in his *Notices of English Statesmen*, treats GEORGE THE FOURTH as a bodiless thing—a mere wind-bag; a creature of court breath, and royal purple.”

“THE DUKE OF YORK DODGE.—There never was any DUKE OF YORK. And the story about MRS. CLARKE is merely a modern

adaptation of CHAUCER's *Clark's Tale*. The DUKE OF YORK is a myth of Debt. This, it is very plain, is shown by the monument erected to the shadowy Man. For what does the monument signify, but the Column of a Ledger? what the folding-doors that lead to its staircase, but Debt by Double Entry? As a climax, the assumed figure of the Duke is stuck upon the top, as poetically illustrative of the principle, or rather want of principle, never known ‘to come down.’”

As worshippers of the heroes of our country, we trust we have now said enough to show the dangerous effects of MR. DICKSON's lectures. Unless he be stopt, what will he not turn into a myth? He will rob us of the domestic virtues of our GEORGE THE THIRD, assuming that they mean nothing more than a myth of mutton and turnips; and—we shudder even to think of it—haply deprive us of what many politicians have held to be our Palladium, the National Debt; declaring that such Debt has no other meaning than the Chalk Deposit of England.

THE OLD AND NEW CANTAB.

THERE's a fine old song for fine old gents, with fine old wine elate,
Of a fine old, etcetera—the rest I needn't state;
And *Punch* unto that fine old air new-fashioned words would mate,
Of the fine old Cantab as he was before this change of late—
The fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time!

His rooms their range of ballet-girls and running-horses showed,
And a fox-brush, meant to indicate that up to hounds he rode;
There at vingt-un or loo he'd sit, until the cocks they crowed,
Nor ever thought of how to pay the various ticks he owed—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time!

From Eton or from Harrow he came cramm'd with longs and shorts,
An ambition to drive tandem, and a taste for fruity Ports;
And his hardest work was playing, till he deafened half the Courts,
Concertos on the Cornet, in keys of different sorts—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time.

As a Freshman he wore sober ties, and gave a Don the wall,
But came out, his second year, in short coat and fancy shawl,
And treated the authorities with no respect at all,
Was seldom seen at lectures, and never dined in Hall—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time.

So he managed to forget the trifling all he once did know,
And by a very narrow shave got through his little-go,
And then he took “a coach” with cram what brains he'd left to stow—
Arithmetic to the Rule of Three, and some Algebra, also—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time.

Thus, loo, lark, liquor, and late hours, made time and money fly,
Till when three years brought on the Poll, he was plucked disgracefully,
And his disgusted gov'nor came and paid off, with a sigh,
Ticks to a tune which nearly sucked the poor old pump quite dry,
For his fine old Cantab of a son, one of the olden time.

But times are changed henceforth, we know; for, from eighteen-forty-nine,
The sons of Alma Mater must choose a different line;
And if you try the Muses round, not a lady of the nine
Out of whom he won't be qualified with ease to take the shine—
Our fine young Cantab that's to be, all in the future time.

For reading and not racing he'll have to keep his book,
He'll blush at his own pink, and hang his tops upon the hook;
And if e'er he use a cue, 'twill be for motion's laws to look;
And for milk punch he'll drink his toast—and water from the brook—
Our fine young Cantab that's to be, all in the future time.

He'll put off the old ADAM for the new one—ADAM SMITH;
Political Economy will bring private, p'r'aps, therewith;
At Ge—or else The—ology he'll spend his pluck and pith,
Tea and Theorems ousting loo and lush, which will be all a myth
To our new Cantab that's to be, all in the future time.

Save for studying the pendulum he'll never try a tick;
A novel definition he'll invent for the word “brick”;
Not one who braves the Proctor, or bargee can slang or lick,
But who digs up Hebrew roots like beans, and knocks off *Morals sliick*—
Such our new Cantab is to be, all in the future time.

Old Dons will shake their heads, no doubt, and the good old days deplore,
When reading men were voted slow, and lectures all a bore;
But still let's hope that Cambridge will furnish, as of yore,
All the wisdom of our ancestors, and perhaps a leetle more,
To the fine new Cantab that's to be, all in the future time!



YOUNG FRANCE MEWLING AND PUKING IN THE NURSE'S ARMS.



THE OUVRIER CRAWLING LIKE SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.



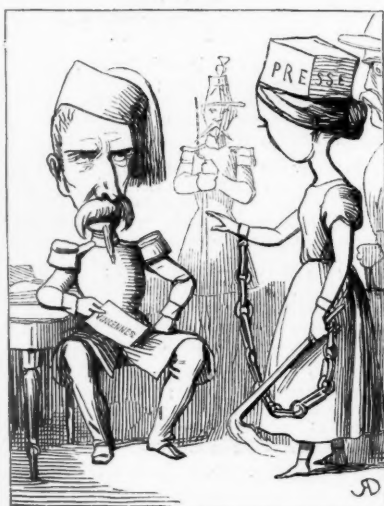
LAMARTINE INDITING A SONNET TO LIBERTY'S EYEBROW.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE REPUBLIC.

—FRANCE is a stage,
And all her heroes little more than players.
Her Kings their exits have, and entrances;
And the Republic runs its round of parts,
Its acts being seven ages. First, Young France,
*Emeut*ing and plotting, e'en in the nurse's arms;
Then *ouvrier* out of work, casquette on head,
And frowning hairy face, going, in faith,
To LOUIS BLANC to school. Then LAMARTINE,
Spouting away, writing a score of sonnets
Unto Dame Liberty's eyebrow; then *Mobile*,
Clapped in strange clothes, and bearding barri-
cades,
Zealous against old friends in sudden quarrel,
Taking a sight at death and devastation
E'en in the cannon's mouth; then CAVAIGNAC,
In power despotic and a state of siege,
With frown severe, and beard of Algiers cut,
O'er-riding Law with a soldier's insolence—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shows
Poor Liberty, with Constitution weak,
Halting 'twixt Anarchy and Despotism,
Her youthful *bonnet rouge* a world too wide
For her shrunk brains, and the big boastful
voice,
Turning again to the old treble, pipes
LOUIS NAPOLEON in. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans trade, sans tin, sans press, sans everything.



THE GARDE MOBILE SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION IN THE CANNON'S MOUTH.



THE JUSTICE, WITH EYES SEVERE AND BEARD OF FORMAL CUT.



THE LEAN AND SLIPPERED PANTALOOK, WITH SPECTACLES ON NOSE.



THE LAST SCENE OF ALL IN THIS EVENTFUL HISTORY.



H.R.H. FIELD-MARSHAL CHANCELLOR PRINCE ALBERT TAKING THE PONS ASINORUM.
AFTER THE MANNER OF NAPOLEON TAKING THE BRIDGE OF ARCOIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THEODORE looked into every Brixton bus last Tuesday. He thinks not of the threepeaces; but ANGELA was not there. No Velvet Mantle; no Chinchilly Victorine; no Damask Roses and no Cottage. Can ANGELA sport with a heart that is breaking?

ON THE MORAL, SOCIAL, & PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.

Delivered in the Hall (of his Chambers) by J. BRIEFLESS, ESQ., &c., &c.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

LECTURE IV.



SIR.—In my last lecture I touched upon your education; the field was, indeed, a narrow one: but to-day let me say a word or two on manners, of which the "gent., one, &c." betrays too often a sad deficiency. In the first place, you should avoid flippancy, and fly the faintest shadow of a joke; for, though the man who can make a pun might pick a pocket, I do not think it is essential for even an attorney to be *au fait* at this accomplishment. You, Sir, have often been led into vulgar jocosity at the expense of my clerk. I have heard you ask him when he would be out of his teens, and out of his velveteens. Nor have you scrupled to try to catch the services of me—the old bird—by offering chaff to him—the younger one. Believe me, that although the poet has told us,

"Tis good to be merry and wise,"

it is not always wise, but frequently other-wise, to be merry. Let me entreat you, Sir, never to forget the *suaviter in modo*, and recollect that he will have little prospect of being able to keep himself, who cannot keep his temper. You may undergo many trials from the very fact of your never being engaged in any trial at all; but recollect that the man who allows his own judgment to go by default, will never obtain the confidence of his client.

The violent action of irritability is an action against yourself. It is you who will suffer the damages, and—oh! terrible penalty upon an attorney!—the party pays his own costs. You are the party; you are your own legal adviser; and, as every man in this condition has a fool for his client, you, Sir, are a fool! How many cases I have known, how many instances I have seen, which I might, could, would, or should describe, if it were not that, for obvious reasons, I mightn't, couldn't, wouldn't, and shouldn't.*

Shall I hint the possibility of an irritable "gent., one, &c." being found impaled on one of his own files, or having devoted the whole of his tremendous powers of attorney to his own destruction?

Avoid slang, and particularly in the presence of the Judges, even when at Chambers; for, though the ermine is superseded by the paletot, the judicial heart beats no less majestically beneath the registered wrap-rascal of NICOLL, than under the ample crimson of ADAMS AND EDE (late WEBB).† Be careful not to put off the Chesterfield of politeness on such occasions as these. The Caxon‡ of private life may not be so imposing as the judicial horse-hair; the Jasey of social intercourse may not have the pomp and stiffness of the official head-gear; but you must recollect that—

"A Judge 's a Judge for a' that;"

and you must never indulge a presumptuous familiarity on the strength—or rather on the weakness—of the private wardrobe of a great public functionary.

The unrobing of a Judge, like the unrolling of a mummy, takes nothing from the venerable character of either. A Lord High Chancellor, with whom I enjoyed the privilege of constant intimacy, and an occasional chop; at the *soirées* of whose lady I have

"Stood amid the glittering throng;"

at whose banquetting-table I have sat among those

"Who deeply, deeply drink of wine;"

at whose matutinal breakfasts I have eaten the bread of friendship, and laid on the butter of admiration; with whose card-rack and with whose toast-rack I have been equally familiar—yes Sir, a Lord High Chan-

* MR. BRIEFLESS has in this case copied a learned predecessor on this subject, who continually states that he is able to say a great deal, "only he doesn't;" and who thus gives the public to understand that, like that "honest fellow" *Tago*, he "knows more—much more—than he unfolds."

† The robe-makers at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street.

‡ Caxon and Jasey are two almost obsolete terms for two kinds of artificial coiffure, which the "Real Gentlemen's Head of Hair," or "Gentlemen's Head of Real Hair," or "Gentlemen's Real Head of Hair," and other similar contrivances have superseded.

cellor, with whom I have been on those easy terms, has been, to my knowledge, a purchaser of the humble highlow; yet no lawyer ever had a more respectable standing than himself. Have I said enough to prove to you that the Judge *en déshabille* at Chambers, should be as respectfully treated as the Judge *en grande tenue* in Court—his proper sphere? Echo, through a million ophicleides, answers "Hear."

Your intercourse with the Bar is a very delicate subject, and I had rather let it alone—I mean, of course the subject; though in your case I might add, "and the intercourse also," without giving offence to the class to which you belong. The relations between barristers and attorneys require the nicest treatment. You know, Sir, that I abominate huggery; but when I have a gentleman to deal with, who is also an attorney, I can avoid huggery without adopting any of the opposite attributes of the bear. Nor do I admire those who, while keeping an attorney at more than arm's-length in public, are in private "all things to all gents," (ones, &c.). I am not one of those, either, who consider that a man once admitted on to the roll of attorneys, is at once struck off the roll of humanity; nor do I look upon the Law List as essentially the Black List of the age we live in.

It would seem like mockery on my part were I to lecture you on exactness in money matters, when it is notorious that you, Sir, are exactly the reverse; or rather, that your exactness consists in exacting from me my labours without their equivalent—when you can. "Knowledge is Power," and happily, my knowledge of you enables me to prevent your making many more of these "points of practice" at my expense. Learn, if you can, to be economical, not of money only, but of time; and I will set you an example on the latter point, by telling you, that as my time is valuable, I can spare no more of it at present, and you must therefore go. I would have warned you, nevertheless, against the consequences of doing things in a hurry; but, as I have just remembered I have something else to do, I must advise you to hurry off. Time, they say, is money, and therefore capital, which may be true; but if you have nothing to do, your capital will remain idle, although it is constantly going, and returning you no profit at all. This is my case at present; so,

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once."

MUSIC FOR THE NURSERY.



IN consequence of the great demand that has lately sprung up for Niminy Piminy Tunes for Namby Pamby Players, and other musical minutiae of the same class, it is in contemplation by the MESS. JULIEN to arrange a series of classical compositions to suit the nursery taste that is now prevalent. The *Maestro*, who last year took a trip to the Swiss mountains, for the purpose of picking up all sorts of instruments to give effect to the *Ranz des Vaches*, has this year been upon an expedition to the Lowther Arcade, to collect the necessary materials for arranging *pour un grand*, or rather *pour un petit orchestre*, the overture to *Fidelio*, in which the penny rattle, the halfpenny whistle, and the child's coral, will be intrusted to the respective mouths of BAUMANN, KENIG, and RICHARDSON. It is intended to announce a series of classical performances, under the name of Funny little Fugues for Noisy little Ninnies, and these will be succeeded by a set of Brobdignagian Barcaroles for Boisterous little Baritone.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.



THIS is a title we have on more than one occasion taken up; and we only regret that there is no DISRAELI of the daily press, to devote himself to the task of collecting the curiosities of the advertising literature of the newspapers. The *Times* of Tuesday gave a rich specimen, in the shape of an advertisement, of a Double Brougham, the lightest ever known, and "built to the order of a gentleman called out of this country to be sold a great bargain." Are we to infer that the unfortunate gentleman has been kidnapped for the Slave Trade, or how are we to understand his being called out of the country to be sold a great bargain? We do not pause for a reply—if we did, we should never go on again.

Another advertisement, in the same day's paper, commences by calling public attention to Native Oysters, which, it is added, are not in perfection until they are six years old. We should like to catch an oyster telling its age, and we defy any one else to ascertain the secret. There is no judging by its teeth, and we are not aware of any other criterion, unless the strength of the beard may be relied upon. It is something new to us to be told that an oyster must be six years in shell before it is worth opening.

A LITTLE LESSON FOR STAMMERERS.

WE would recommend persons who have a slight impediment in their speech to practise reading the following sentence. After they have read it a dozen times every day for a couple of months or so, they will be quite cured, or else they may depend upon it their case is perfectly hopeless.

"Now WINDISCHGRATZ, being joined at Schwechat by PULSKY, who was, according to the *Schlesische Zeitung*, the agent of the BAN JELLACHICH, prepared to meet MESSENHAUSER, who relied on KOSSUTH relieving him; but FRÆBEL advised him to retire to the Burghor, where LIMONICH, with his Magyars, was waiting for supplies from Göding. At this crisis, what should Schleswig Holstein do but send the trusty UNRUH to Olmutz, to demand terms of KRAUSS, or else it would be the worse for WUSSENBURG, who was already in the hands of DYONIS PAZMANDY, the brave chieftain, who had so valiantly overthrown CZANYI and LUSZENSKY, and his Croats, near Buzitorean, on the right side of Hezendorf, just between Veneja and Chiarojvenna, the capital of Colico. But FELIX SCHWARTZENBERG, arriving at this moment, and WINDISCHGRATZ having received some information in the *Preussische Staats Anzeiger*, which showed too plainly that BEM was a traitor, they coalesced, and the result was, they quite cowed BENKO, who was in full force at Temezeit. That same day JELLACHICH entered the Karntner Strasse."

THE DIET OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

AT the risk of our popularity—which is with us an infinitely minor consideration to the public good—we propose an organic change of a tremendous nature in the British Constitution. Plumply and plainly, without if or but, we recommend the conversion of the House of Commons into a National Diet.

It has long been said that no business in this country is ever done without a dinner. We were going to instance Parliament as affording an exception to this rule; but we find, on consideration, that it does not. We say then, that every meeting of the House should be a public dinner; and then, perhaps, there would be some hope of the despatch of public affairs. In this way the Assembly of St. Stephen's would become a *bonâ fide* Diet. The following are the arrangements which we suggest for adoption; and when they are adopted, we sincerely trust that the evening's legislation may bear the morning's reflection:—

Tables shall be laid out separately for the principal parties, with the legs of the mahoganies fixed firmly in the floor of the House, lest, in the heat of discussion, the rival partisans should literally turn the tables on each other.

The Bill of Fare for the day shall be appropriate to the Order of the same. Thus, when the Poor-Law is to be discussed, it shall consist of roast beef and plum pudding (with skilly and water-gruel for those who prefer the latter), in order that the Diet may be generous. On the

other hand, the debate on the Estimates shall be taken upon cold mutton.

Irish debates shall be preceded by the stew, Scotch by the haggis, of the respective countries.

The business of the House shall not commence until after the removal of the cloth. The Speaker shall then call upon an honourable gentleman for his motion, which shall be proposed after the manner of a toast. If the measure is one of reform or retrenchment, no Member shall drink it who is not prepared to vote for it; but if it be for the imposition of a new tax, or of a coercive nature, it shall in that case be allowable to drink, by way of amendment, to its second reading that day six months.

Each Member shall be strictly required to drink every pledge which he has given to his constituents.

Free Trade questions shall be debated upon French wines; those relative to Excise over grog; but whisky shall on no account be introduced when Irish affairs are under consideration.

Foreign Policy shall be discussed upon iced claret, as the lightest and least heating of beverages.

In deliberations upon University or Ecclesiastical questions, the Conservative tables shall be supplied with champagne, and the Liberal boards with choice old port, which will tend to produce that compromise of feeling so desirable upon such occasions.

No Member shall be permitted to drink till he has finished his speech—with a view to the probable abridgment of the oration.

When a Minister is asked a question, he shall be bound to answer it—or swallow a glass of salt-and-water.

Should any Honourable Member so far forget himself, in the excitement of debate, as to throw bottles, he shall be obliged to acknowledge that he committed the outrage only in a Parliamentary sense.

The allowance for each individual shall be a bottle of wine; but a power shall be vested in the Speaker to license certain gentlemen to drink as much as they please—there being some of them whom it would be desirable to prevent from remaining on their legs. A similar privilege shall be extended to the Premier, on the principle, "*In vino veritas.*"



THE GASTRONOMIC SERJEANT-AT-ARMS ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE.

THE THING TO TEACH AT CAMBRIDGE.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—I PERCEIVE that the new Cambridge Curriculum includes the science of Political Economy. Now, Sir, I have a son at that seat of learning, and I speak feelingly. It may be all very well to instruct undergraduates in Political Economy; but I wish the University authorities would also contrive to teach these young gentlemen a little personal frugality. I am, Sir, greatly indebted

"To various Wine-merchants, Bootmakers,

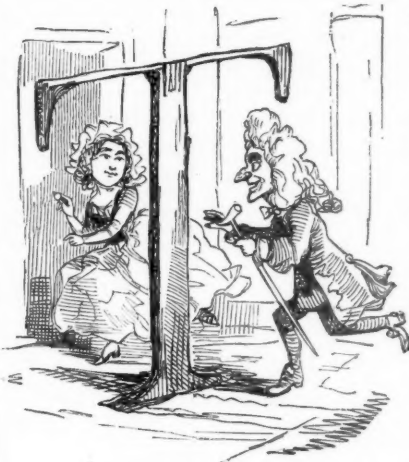
"Liverystable-keepers, and Tailors,

"Your most unfortunate humble servant,

"PATERFAMILIAS."

A BOW-STREET BALLAD;

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FORCE.



HERE 's in the Vest
a city pleasant,
To vich KING BLA-
DUDGEv, his name,
And in that city
there 's a Cres-
cent,
Vere dwelt a noble
knight of fame.

Although that gal-
liant knight is
oldish,
Although SIR JOHN
as grey, grey air,
Hage has not made
his busum coldish,
His Art still beats
tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years
sins, this knight
so splendid,
Peraps fateagued
with Bath's rou-
tines,

To paris towne his phootsteps bended!
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair SIR JOHN provided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—
COUNTESS GRABROWSKI her sweet name was,
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus COUNTESS ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the BARON OF SAINT BART.

Their pashn touched the noble SIR JOHN,
It was so pewater and profound;
LADY GRABROWSKI he did urge on,
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownnd.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind SIR JOHN, "and live with me;
The living there 's uncommon pleasant—
I'm sure you 'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair GRABROWSKI,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The BARRING here shall have the ouse-key,
With breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

"And when they've passed an appy winter,
Their opes and loves no more we 'll bar;
The marridge-vow they 'll enter inter,
And I at Church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good SIR JOHN he did provide
No end of teas, and bails incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he 'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy 's getting cold!"

But O! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;

O, BARRING OF SAINT BART, O, COUNTESS
GRABROWSKI, and O, cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
SAINT BART he treated like a son—
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went & done!

My trembling And amost refewees
To write the charge which SIR JOHN swore,
Of which the COUNTESS he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son in lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folk's best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought SIR JOHN, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to MR. BROUGHTON,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have slanderd!
If guilty, wengeance will not fail;
Meanwhile, the lady is remanderd
And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

PLEACEMAN X. 54.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE EARL OF CARDIGAN?



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, who has so often figured at the bar of public opinion, has been once more brought before that Court, charged with the old offence of tyrannical and insolent conduct to one of his officers. The present plaintiff is the HON. CAPTAIN NOEL; and the particulars of the case are notorious. Of the treatment which he received from the noble Lord, CAPTAIN NOEL complained to the Commander-in-Chief, who decided that it was so well merited that he ought to apologise to the EARL OF CARDIGAN. This the gallant Captain declined to do, probably not seeing how he could apologise for his word having been denied, his manners sneered at, and himself turned out of the room.

In deference to the decision of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, we will suppose that LORD CARDIGAN, in this matter, has acted and spoken like an officer, a nobleman, and a gentleman. Otherwise, we should have regarded him as having decidedly exhibited himself in what *Bottom* calls "ERCL'S vein—a tyrant's vein." We might have been tempted to pursue the analogy between the EARL OF CARDIGAN and *Bottom*, whose "chief humour" was "for a tyrant," and who was denominated by his comrades, "Bully *Bottom*."

But we will assume that his Lordship was in the right. No doubt, at least, he has kept on the safe side of martial law. We cannot, however, help asking how it is that the EARL OF CARDIGAN is constantly at variance with somebody in his regiment? Whence comes it that, as the BISHOP OF EXETER has always some undutiful curate, so he has ever some refractory officer on the grill?

Is the circumstance ascribable to peculiarity of temper? If so, what is it that has soured his disposition? Can it be an ungratified longing for military distinction? Is his Lordship the young *Norval* of the 11th Hussars? Has he "heard of battles," and sighed for unattained laurels? Is he tantalised by the sight of decorations and medals adorning the breasts of Peninsular and Indian officers? Nay, we trust not. Perhaps he suffers from some physical source of irritation. Is he troubled with a corn? Or is his general health out of order? Is his liver in fault? That must be it. Then why does he not try an Antibilious Pill? Why not drink Taraxacum Coffee? He should consult SIR JAMES CLARKE, or DR. CHAMBERS. We are convinced he must be very ill. POOR LORD CARDIGAN! We pity him very much; indeed we do. He is the victim of bile and indigestion. His food disagrees with him, and hence he disagrees with his officers. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON is not the man to deal with his case. The proper person is the Surgeon to the Forces. If the EARL OF CARDIGAN will take a little medical advice, the 11th Hussars may become quite a pleasant regiment. Thus tenderly have we touched LORD CARDIGAN; whereas it may have been expected that we should have hit him hard. But his Lordship is not one of those persons who have no friends. The issue of his affair with CAPTAIN NOEL shows that he is exceedingly well befriended at head quarters.

THE UNLOYAL ONE.

We formerly used to hear and read a great deal about a Hatti Scheriff; but if ever there could be a necessity for the interference of such an officer, now is the time. The nightly demolition of hats at Drury Lane Theatre is something so tremendous during the shakes, solos, ad libitums, and encores of *God Save the Queen*, that (we have it on the authority of one of the charwomen of the establishment) there are at least six dust-pans full of old beaver to one of orange peel to be removed every morning after the performance of the preceding night. The little bit of clever fingering on RICHARDSON'S flute costs many a gossamer its existence; for, the impossibility of keeping the gossamer elevated in mid-air, brings it down on to the devoted head of its owner, and immediately three thousand voices, joined with four hundred fists, a score of walking-sticks, and six umbrellas, reduce the hat to an untimely gibus, in spite of the remonstrances of the bonneted occupant. When JULIEN gives the signal for a *da capo*, many a hat is converted into a sort of night cap (*oh*) by a crushing process, which reduces it to the consistency of a mere *bonnet de nuit*.

One would think that the notorious HATZOFF, the great enemy of Polish independence, had arrived in this country, and taken a season ticket for JULIEN'S Concerts, in order to oppress the Polls of this country, and violate their liberty, even when under the shelter of the British hat or crown. The *débris* of devastated *chapeaux* would make a monument to SIR THOMAS BEEVOB, and the pile of velvet naps that have severely napped it, would, if woven into a carpet, make several hundred yards of velvet pile. If *God Save the Queen* should run through the season, with all its absurd and tedious variations: if, in fact, its glorious notes are not paid in short, to that bank of loyalty, the British ear, the hat will disappear from the head of the playgoer, for no one will be anxious to play the victim in the farce of *Smasher and Crasher*, which is performed every night, not only at the Adelphi, but at Drury Lane.



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," WITH VARIATIONS.

Rather Showery.

We have had our showers of frogs, and of lady-birds, and of locusts, and of blacks, and of hail the size of small paving-stones, and other things that do not usually turn up on the top of an umbrella; but a French paper puts the English newspapers completely out, in the way of showers. The *Reforme* publishes a *shower of Fire*! If this shower really fell in France (and we would not doubt it for the world), we should say it was only the commencement of the reign of the *République Rouge*, which wishes to carry fire everywhere. However, this sort of shower has been pretty general lately, all over the Continent.

We would much sooner have a shower in London just at present, than one in Vienna or Berlin. We must confess we have a weakness with regard to showers, and when we have one, we like it to be "cold without," instead of "warm with." We prefer taking it "neat," and do not think a shower is much improved, after the French recipe, for having a regiment of soldiers "just to take the chill of."

A REMONSTRANCE FROM CUFFEY.

WHAT do you mean, my LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
To do with me and MR. FUSSELL?
You put us down without a tussle—

We only bluster'd;
Whereas you see that SMITH O'BRIEN,
The QUEEN'S authority defyin',
Agin the Unicorn and Lion
Rebellion muster'd.

Well, you've convicted him of treason;
It seems that clemency 's in season,
For he, no doubt, for some good reason,
Ain't to be martyr'd;
Oh, no! you mean to spare his wizen,
The traitor's doom will not be his'n,
Dragg'd on a hurdle from his prison,
Hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.

Now, if he isn't executed,
Why ain't my sentence, too, commuted?
Your justice will be, sure, dispu'd
By all the nation,
If, of a smaller crime convicted,
I'm to have mine in full inflicted,
Served out, with rigour unrestricted,
With transportation.

I own my crime—I'm punish'd rightly—
I know I ought to catch it tightly;
But yet my Lord—don't weigh it lightly—

I ask you whether
The gaol, at least, don't level stations,
Ranks, and conditions, and gradations,
Rendering all in our situations
Convicts together?

Fair play, your Lordship, is a treasure:
Deal with us all in equal measure;
Spare SMITH O'BRIEN at your pleasure,
But unto RUFFY
Show the same favour, and to ROONEY,
To JONES, to FUSSELL, and to MOONEY,
And me, unhappy crack-brained spooney,
Poor little CUFFEY.

WHAT IS A POUND?

SIR ROBERT PEEL, some time ago, puzzled the world in general, and himself in particular, by asking, What is a Pound? We believe the Right Honourable Baronet, like the green-grocer's boy with his master's little account, is "waiting for an answer;" and, taking pity upon him, we offer the following solutions of his rather quaint query:—

A Pound—of cherries sold in the streets, is eight ounces.

A Pound—of raw sugar is ten ounces of saccharine to one ounce of brown paper and five of sand.

A Pound—of arrow-root is twelve ounces of pure *radix sagittæ* to four of chalk.

A Pound—on the stage, is one brass button, or, when in the shape of small change, it is ten gallery checks.

A Pound—of waste-paper sold at a butter-shop, is twenty-four ounces.

A Pound—of mutton-chops, is nine ounces of meat to four of flank and three of bone.

A Pound—cake is a shilling and upwards, according to its size.

We hope SIR ROBERT PEEL will find these answers to his question of "What is a Pound?" perfectly satisfactory.

A Dish for a Jesuit.

MR. STEINMETZ, in his recently published *History of the Jesuits*, tells us that IGNATIUS LOYOLA "used to fast every day on bread and water, except Sunday, when he would eat a few herbs, boiled and mixed with ashes." We have heard of a glass of water with a cinder in it, but ashed herbs are a novelty not to be found in even SOYER'S code of cookery.

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DEATH OF THE EARL OF ROBINSON.

(In the manner of a popular Necrographer).

IT is our duty to record this morning the demise of a nobleman who has for some time held a not insignificant position in English politics and society. AUGUSTUS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SMITH, EARL, VISCOUNT AND BARON ROBINSON, expired a quarter-of-an-hour ago at his house in Belgrave Square, where indisposition had of late detained his lordship. His son, the VISCOUNT SMITH, at present third EARL OF ROBINSON, was immediately sent for from Paris, where his lordship is staying. The death of the second EARL will no doubt be a shock to the present nobleman; but as his Lordship inherits Castle Robinson in Yorkshire, Robinsonburgh, Mayo, the rich paternal estates in Norfolk and Suffolk, and the funded property, which is very considerable, his grief will probably be of trifling duration.

The family of the ROBINSONS is rather numerous than distinguished; nor can the biographer of the race discover that they were remarkable for talents or wit, or for public or private virtue. The founder of the House was known for many years by our ancestors as COCK ROBINSON, and his juvenile escapades with SMITH, and BROWN, and JONES, were long familiar subjects of public talk. COCK ROBINSON was a creature of WALEPOLE's, and accused—not without justice, probably,—of repeated malversations of the public funds. He was Deputy of the Pewter Closet, did not retire into private life without carrying with him some of that metal over which he had the charge, and was created a Baronet by a clever but certainly not squeamish minister. This SIR HAYCOCK ROBINSON died in 1764, and was succeeded by his son SIR GEORGE ROBINSON.

SIR GEORGE represented Robinsontown in Parliament, and increased the family estate, not by any genius or talent of his own, but by an economy which was pushed perhaps beyond the bounds of manliness; and, above all, by marrying the immensely rich daughter of WOOLLEY BROWN, Esq., of Tobago. The absurdities of the lady and the niggardliness of her husband, formed matter of fun for the wags of the day; and cheese-paring ROBINSON and the whitey-brown heiress have had the honour of some satirical verses from the pen of TOPHAM BEAUCLERC. GEORGE III. is said to have been shocked when the BARONESS ROBINSON was presented to QUEEN CHARLOTTE at Court; and cried out "Black, black; didn't know she was a black woman." However, ROBINSON was a baron. The votes which he commanded, and which were at the service of LORD NORTH, LORD ROCKINGHAM, the Lord Keeper CECIL, and indeed of every Ministry—and the lucky demise of the black heiress, raised BARON ROBINSON to an Earldom; at which period, though stricken in years, he considered himself by marrying a very young lady—ARABELLA, daughter of HICKS fifteenth Earl of Blenkinsop, who subsequently ran away from his Lordship.

The subject of the present memoir, AUGUSTUS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (then the HON. G. A. A. ROBINSON), in the year 1799 entered the House of Commons, when QUIBEROON capitulated, LORD NELSON engaged the Spanish Armada, MR. HUSKISSON brought in his Turnpike Act, MR. TIERNEY made his celebrated speech against the Pig-tail Tax, and the one-pound note question was raging. On neither of these questions did the new Peer think fit to speak from his place in the House of Lords; nor indeed did he open his lips there—a proof of discretion on his Lordship's part, for nature had endowed him with but a feeble brain, and he had the sense to be aware of his utter mental inefficiency. It is a pity that, in this respect, some of their lordships would not take pattern from the EARL OF ROBINSON—a pity, too, that that nobleman's own incapacity was such as to lead them justly to mistrust him.

The young nobleman was educated—if that may be called an education where a man can barely write his name (and LORD ROBINSON could not be said to have gone much further in the practice of orthographical learning)—at Eton, and subsequently at Christchurch. It is needless to say that he took an honorary degree. The Continent was as yet open to our aristocratic youth, when the young man achieved the distinction just mentioned, and the young Peer took the grand tour of Europe. A quarto volume was published, with some observations on Hecla and Stromboli, by VISCOUNT SMITH; but it was known that the work was written by the REVEREND BARING LEADER, his tutor, and afterwards BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY—a man neither conspicuous for preaching or practice, and who might be called, by the severe, a disgrace to the Church.

In person, LORD ROBINSON was corpulent rather than athletic, and ungainly without being strong. He was marked with the small pox in infancy, and by that disease deprived of an eye. His lameness was the result of a subsequent accident. His Lordship lisped, and could not pronounce the letter R. MR. CANNING's lines about "Wobinthon"

will probably be remembered by our readers. They are, to be found in that clever but overrated Miscellany, the *Antijacobin*.

He was sent to negotiate the Treaty of Straalsund, when the capitulation of Magdeburg gave some hopes to the Allies (though it may be supposed that a person such as LORD ROBINSON was merely a ceremony, and that the work was really done by subordinates), but the negotiations, whatever they might have been, were interrupted by the best reason in the world—MACK's victory. The battle of Pultawa, COUNT TILLY's brilliant engagement with MIROSLADOVICH, and the sudden burst of NAPOLEON into the Ukraine and Swedish Pomerania with an army of five hundred thousand French, Poles, and Italians of the Old Guard, abruptly ended the conference, and sent the diplomats to the right-about. LORD ROBINSON narrowly escaped capture in the frigate the *Arethusa*, which brought him from his mission. She was chased and engaged by the French ship the *Belle Poule*, in the Bay of Bengal, and the particulars of the action are narrated in JAMES. His Lordship was not complimented for his courage in the affair—but he was a civilian, and suffered greatly from sea-sickness.

In 1811 his Lordship married BLANCHEFLEUR, the beautiful daughter of HARQUEBUSS, DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXE. GILLRAY's caricatures of the pair are still to be seen in the portfolios of collectors. Suffice it to say, their union was not a happy one.

The pleasures of the table appear of late years to have been LORD ROBINSON's only passion. His dinners were the most splendid given in this city, and were frequented by those who contributed their wit in return for his *entrées*. His Lordship's mind did not enable him to appreciate the former, and it is owing to a too great indulgence in the latter that he has been called away from a world which will not very much miss him.

With all his splendour LORD ROBINSON was said to be stingy, and, though dull, he was not good-natured, as are some stupid people. His deafness of late years still farther excluded him from the enjoyment of society. But beyond these points little can be said in his dispraise. So long as his tenants paid their rents, he did not annoy them. He cannot be said to have cheated his tradesmen,—to have picked a pocket, or to have robbed a church; nor, on the other hand, can it be stated of him that he invented gunpowder or set the Thames on fire.

PICKFORD A MYTH.

It was BISHOP BERKELEY, we believe, who denied the existence of matter—a doctrine which taught us to look at everything as perfectly immaterial. We really shall begin to think there is something in this great theory of nothing, for lectures are being given by a gentleman who ignores SHAKESPEARE altogether, and maintains that there never was such a person in existence; so that, if he never lived at all, the house he lived in must be, *à fortiori*, a castle in the air. It is difficult enough to believe that the Swan of Avon, whom we have all been so accustomed to run after, is a mere nonentity, involving us in a wild-goose chase; but it is still more perplexing to hear, as we heard the other day, from a letter in the *Times*, that there is no such person as PICKFORD, and that PICKFORD is an idle fiction, a stretch of the imagination, a creature of the fancy, and, in a word, a myth. We can scarcely credit the possibility that PICKFORD, whom we have always imagined as a sort of luggage ATLAS, carrying the whole world of heavy goods upon his shoulders, should be a mere name, without a living representative.

Our faith in the reality of everything is shaken when we find PICKFORD, whom we always regarded as leading the van of civilisation, to be nothing more than "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." After this, we feel that seeing is necessary to believing, and we shall doubt the actuality of even BARCLAY & PERKINS, MEUX, or SWAN & EDGAR, unless they one and all give us "the proof, the ocular proof," by coming forward in *propris personis* and proving their respective identities.

Our Colonel on the Sea Serpent.

"DEAR PUNCH,

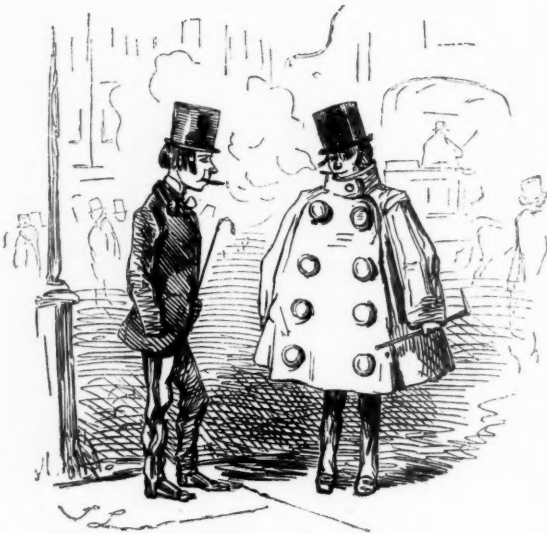
"PROFESSOR OWEN, in his communication to the *Times*, seems to consider the last Sea Serpent as one of the Great Seals; if this be the case, it surely implies a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the Lord Chancellor, who should be called upon for an explanation.

"I remain, yours truly,

"SIBTHORP."

VERY CHEAP, BUT VERY NASTY.

THE fellow WHITE, who has lately been deservedly expelled with ignominy from the British Army for robbing a soldier of the National Guard, has the audacity to call it "a cheap mode of purchasing his discharge."



"MY EYE, ARRY, THAT'S A STUNNING GREAT-COAT."
 "AH! I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S RATHER 'DOWN THE ROAD.'"

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

WE observe by the papers that it is in contemplation to oblige persons seeking a commission in the Army to undergo an examination as to their qualifications, in the same manner as candidates for the medical and other professions. This is quite right. Of two professions so similar in their objects, it is strange that so much should be required to qualify for the one and so little for the other. But henceforth the pill and the bullet are to be placed on the same level—the lancet and the sword in the same case. The soldier will no longer receive his license to kill (any more than the doctor) without having first taken out his diploma. Degrees will, of course, be granted to the candidates for honours—the M.R.C.S.'s (Members of the Royal College of Soldiers)—so that we shall have another *squad* of M.D.'s, F.R.S.'s, &c., these letters representing respectively Mad Dragoon, First-Rate Soldier, &c.

The only objection that occurs to us as likely to be raised to this new project, is, that it may cause a number of extra professorships to be created, and so lead to some jobbing. If we thought this, we should decidedly say, "As you were with that motion." But, as many of the professors of our Universities have plenty of leisure time, they might undertake the duties of the new office. The Church Militant might perhaps spare some minor canons to teach the young military idea how to shoot. By way of assisting the new professors, we beg to give the following as a specimen of an examination for a young cornet:—

- Q. What is meant by "dressing?"
 A. Putting on the shell-jacket for dinner.
 Q. What is "an odd file?"
 A. LORD BROUGHAM and the Brook Green Militia-man are odd files.
 Q. What is a "good Wheel?"
 A. One that won't run off the rails of a railway.
 Q. What is "cutting true?"
 A. Cutting the Quartermaster when you meet him out of barracks.
 Q. What is the "pursuing practice?"
 A. Ask HULME the policeman, or the MESSRS. FORRESTER.
 Q. What is an Orderly Officer?
 A. Orderly Officers do not walk in ranks of threes up the Haymarket at two o'clock in the morning, and have to pay £5 each for a "spree" at the police court.

DISCOVERING THE LONGITUDE.

THE extreme length of the American Sea Serpent may be in a degree estimated from the astounding fact, that it has been running through the papers now for a month, and we have not seen the last of it yet.

THE SEA SERPENT.

By the "Observer's" (and our) Own Correspondent.

WE have reason to believe—though we will not pledge ourselves, because we have an objection to being pledged—though we are often taken in—that a Sea Serpent, or something like it, has been seen somewhere by somebody. As we make a point of believing nobody's eyes but our own—not that we can always depend on those without our spectacles—we are unable to say with certainty whether the Sea Serpent really exists; not that we deny its existence—far from it; for we should be sorry to throw a doubt on anybody's words, or to deprive an innocent creature of its life; for if none of our readers would

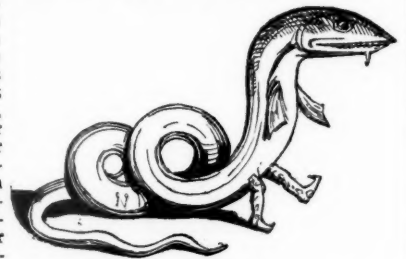
"Rank among his friends the man
 Who needlessly would set his foot upon a worm,"—

we are sure that nobody would rank us among his friends, if we needlessly set our foot upon a Sea Serpent, which we are determined not to do. From our own peculiar sources, which are no secret, for they are open to all the world—if, indeed, the world takes the trouble to look—which we don't say it does, though we won't say it mightn't, if it liked—we have ascertained that the Sea Serpent is something like a horse, according to some, and according to others, "very like a whale."

PROFESSOR OWEN, with whom we do not pretend to be intimate, though we don't feel called upon to explain whether we are intimate with him or not—which has nothing to do with it, although we have stated the fact, which we have a perfect right to do, if we think right, and we care not who says we are wrong—thinks it was a Seal desirous of taking an ice, and looking out for an iceberg. This seems doubtful, for few would think of taking ices in autumn; at least, we should not, but we do not say that Seals have the same tastes as ourselves; but we are wandering from the subject; at least, if we may be said to have had any subject in view when we set out with admitting that we never saw the Sea Serpent at all.

Though it may be doubtful whether there is such a thing as a Sea Serpent in real life, we have good reason to believe, on the best possible authority, which is, after all, the proper authority, and no other authority ought to be called upon to act. And this brings us to the point we were going to mention, which relates to acting, namely, that the Sea Serpent will most likely figure in one if not two, and perhaps three—supposing there should be as many as three, which we are not in a situation to say—of the forthcoming Christmas Pantomimes.

We might, perhaps, add, if we were disposed, and we don't know that we are not disposed; at all events we cannot be called indisposed, for our health at our time of life was never better, that the Sea-Serpent will figure on hearth-rugs, dressing-gowns, neck handkerchiefs, and other articles of daily consumption—supposing, at least, that a neck-handkerchief can be fairly called an article of consumption, when it is notorious that consumption is prevented by keeping the throat warm.



THE FASHIONS OF THE DAY.

VERY HUNGRY COMMISSIONERS!



OUTLESS reading a report in the *Times* is believing; or else it would be impossible to credit the extraordinary statement, that, at a recent meeting of the Court of Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers,—

"A letter from Mr. BATEMAN, lately one of the Commissioners of the Holborn and Finsbury division, addressed to the EARL OF CARLISLE, was then read, complaining that the Metropolitan Commissioners had refused to pay a sum of money (£94 16s.) expended at a dinner which some of the Commissioners of that division had at the Albion Tavern."

Ninety-four pounds sixteen shillings expended at one dinner by some of the Commissioners! Gracious goodness! how much would have been devoured at one meal by the whole lot of them? If they can clear cesspools as well as they can plates, the sewerage of Holborn and Finsbury must be excellent. How could they possibly manage to consume between ninety and a hundred pounds' worth of food and drink? Did they call in the assistance of their subordinate sweeps and scavengers? Why, the wine they must have drunk would have sufficed to flush their sewers as well as themselves. They have outdone HELIOGABALUS if not HERCULES. We know nothing to match such enormous gluttony, except the effrontery of asking for the payment of the cost of it at the public expense.

CONSTITUTION FRANÇAISE.

Preamble.

AU NOM DU SENS COMMUN, L'ESPRIT NATIONAL PROCLAME :

I.

LA FRANCE s'est constituée pour le moment en République. Elle a choisi cette forme du Gouvernement parce que c'est la meilleure; néanmoins, La France est parfaitement libre d'en choisir une autre demain, si la fantaisie lui en vient.

II.

La République Française est éternelle—excepté toujours en cas de Révolutions.

III.

Elle a pour principes : Le Rappel, les Barricades, et les Lampions. Elle a pour base : absolument rien du tout.

IV.

Tous les Français sont égaux devant cette base, et ont une égale participation aux principes de la République.

V.

Les citoyens doivent beaucoup, mais pas moins que la République.

VI.

Les citoyens doivent à toutes heures du jour et de la nuit défendre la République avec leurs meubles, avec leurs pavés, avec leur poudre, avec leur dernier sou, et même avec leur vie, autant de fois que la République leur demande ce petit sacrifice.

VII.

La République doit donner de l'ouvrage à n'importe qui le demande; et en tout cas que les braves citoyens ne veulent pas travailler, elle doit leur donner de l'argent—pourvu toute-fois qu'elle en a.

VIII.

La République doit infiniment plus, car elle doit déjà 600,000,000 francs et quelques centimes. Elle paiera quand elle pourra.

Pour la garantie de tous ces devoirs, l'Esprit National décrète, ainsi qu'il suit

LA CONSTITUTION DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

ART. Ier. Le Peuple c'est le Souverain—c'est-à-dire, si la population est à 36,000,000, chaque Français renferme en lui la 36,000,000ème d'un Souverain—pas plus, pas moins.

II. Le peuple dans ses droits de Souverain, ne peut, en aucun cas, porter la Couronne.

III. La demeure de toute personne est inviolable, excepté, bien entendu, par les boulets et les troupes, et autres suites d'une petite révolution.

IV. Tout citoyen peut aller et venir où bon lui plaira sans peur d'être arrêté ou détenu, avec cette exception, que s'il veut voyager ou sortir de la ville, il faut préalablement se munir d'un passeport—autrement il peut être arrêté au premier pas, et renvoyé, et, s'il dit un mot, jété en prison.

V. La censure est abolie; mais les arrestations d'écrivains existent toujours.

VI. La Presse est libre, c'est-à-dire, de penser et s'exprimer d'une manière à ne pas déplaire, s'il vous plaît, au Président.

VII. Les citoyens ont le droit de s'associer, et de manger, et de parler, et de chanter, et de crier, et de danser, et d'écrire toutes les bêtises qui entreront dans leurs têtes, ou leurs mains, ou leurs jambes; pourvu en tout cas que ces membres du corps public ne fassent rien qui puisse choquer l'oreille, ou les yeux, ou la sensibilité du Pouvoir.

VIII. Il n'y a plus de princes ou de nobles, excepté que dans les Vaudevilles, et les Opéras Comiques, et les Contes de Fées, et les Romans, y compris l'Histoire.

IX. La Propriété n'est pas le Vol. Néanmoins, l'Etat peut exiger le sacrifice d'une Propriété qu'elle affectionne, et moyennant une juste indemnité, c'est-à-dire, un bon sur le Trésor.

X. Cette Propriété, une fois exigée, ne pourra jamais être rendue.

XI. Les destinées de la France sont filées dans une seule Chambre.

XII. Mais cette chambre est d'une telle grandeur qu'elle peut contenir neuf cents représentants.

XIII. Chaque représentant reçoit une indemnité par jour pour son tabac et son eau sucrée.

XIV. Ce tabac et cette eau sucrée sont sacrés, et ses créanciers ne peuvent nullement les toucher.

XV. Il recevra ces bénéfices tout de même quand il est en vacances.

XVI. L'Etat se contente d'un Président, mais il faut qu'il soit ni Anglais, ni Turc, ni Chinois, ni Crétin, ni Anthrophage, mais Français, tout ce qu'il y a de plus pur. Les enfants, audessous de l'âge de 30 ans, sont exclus. Quant aux femmes, elles ont leur Chambre chez elles, où elles peuvent régner, et gouverner aussi, sans que la République s'y mêle.

XVII. Tout Français, y compris les Sourds-muets, a une voix dans la République, le moment qu'il a atteint l'âge de discrétion.

XVIII. Tout électeur a la chaire du Président dans sa tête.

XIX. Le suffrage est pour tout le monde. Quant au scrutin, les balles seront tirées, justement comme à une barricade, secrètement.

XX. La dette publique continue une dette publique.

XXI. La justice est gratuite pour les avocats.

XXII. Il n'y a pas de loi qui force un Français, quel qu'il soit, de porter la croix de la Légion d'Honneur, ni de punition pour celui qui refuse de lui livrer son sein.

XXIII. L'esclavage ne peut exister en France, mais c'est autre chose avec le service militaire.

XXIV. Tout Français est nécessairement né, ou garde nationale, ou soldat.

XXV. L'armée est un corps sans tête, car elle ne peut en aucun cas déshéber.

XXVI. La constitution garantit aux citoyens, tant qu'ils sont sages, la durée de feux d'artifices et des spectacles gratuits.

XXVII. La date de la prochaine révolution est laissée entièrement au choix des Français.

XXVIII. Cette constitution est confiée à la stabilité inébranlable de la nation Française, et à la fraternité et l'accord unanimes de tous les Républicains, les Rouges même y compris.



THE POODLE THAT HAS LOST HIS WAY.

KITCHEN CLASSICS.

THE fire of classical enthusiasm has got down at last into our coal-scuttles, a specimen of which has been brought out under the Anglo-Grecian title of the Purdonium. We should not like to venture to tell our servant to replenish the Purdonium—



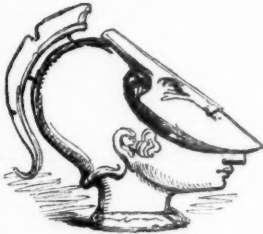
WHAT, SIR?

unless we were sure he could rub up his Greek as well as rub up our coal-scoop. There must be at once a culinary edition of the classics, if objects of every day use are to be called by these very hard names; for nothing now-a-days can be spoken of in plain English. If we want our waterproof great coat, we must ask for our Aqua-scutum; and if we go into a shop to purchase a shirt, we are liable to be asked if we want an Eureka. Corn-plaster could not get its own name

to stick to it, and has taken the title of Anti-Callosity, while a common



wrapper is presented to us under the odd appellation of a Palla Gallica. We must really put down these lingual disguises in which ordinary objects are now put forth; for, if the evil does not abate, we shall have our old friends the high-lows spoken of as *alta-inferiora*, a fate which we should bitterly lament; for the high-low is the patronymic of a long race of shoes that we would not "willingly let die."



THE PURDONIUM.

SOFT SOAP AND CIVIC SEWERAGE.

A REPORT on the state of the civic sewerage has been lately published, addressed to the City Remembrancer. The document has been compiled by MESSRS. WALKER, CUBITT, and BRUNEL; but its authorship, we think, will be ascribed wholly to WALKER. It declares London to be the best drained city in the world, the sewerage to require very little extension, the sewers themselves to be generally clean, to need no alteration, and to have been constructed economically. It decides that the attempt to divert the flow of filth from the river is hopeless. It assumes that sufficient improvements in the metropolitan drainage will be made from time to time, as heretofore, which will be quite sufficient. It condemns both of the plans of sewerage which have been suggested for Westminster, as inapplicable to London. In fine, it asserts that to cleanse the City hardly anything is wanted beyond a little more water. All this must be highly satisfactory to the citizens, and MESSRS. WALKER, CUBITT, and BRUNEL will savour in their nostrils more agreeably than anybody would suppose they could, after the peculiar researches they have been engaged in.

Our own engineer has furnished us with a report on the same subject, which embodies in a few words both the substance and the spirit of that above referred to. It is simply this:—

"Your humble servant has explored all the sewers in the City, and pronounces them incapable of any improvement in size, form, or arrangement. His nose has been unassailed, his boots unsoiled, during his progress. He considers the City of London better drained than even the national pocket, and the purity of the sewers to exceed the proverbial cleanliness of the whistle, or the new penny. The result of his investigation is, that he can only suggest that now and then, perhaps, they might be advantageously flushed with lavender-water.

"Your humble servant is nevertheless of opinion that the sewerage of the City should be inspected from time to time, and respectfully recommends that he himself should be engaged, at a reasonable salary, to do the job; in the performance of which he trusts he has proved that he is likely to meet the views of his employers."

SONGS OF THE LONDON TRADESMEN.

No. I.—THE TAILOR'S SONG.

My pal'tot now is register'd,
My beautiful, my fair;
You cannot test its quality
Unless you know its wear.

Had you been standing at my door,
You might have seen arrive,
Six thousand of the overcoats,
And all at one pound five.

The sculptor's chisel all in vain
Might with my cutters vie;
If PHIDIAS could live again,
He'd fail were he to try.

Its durability is such,
No change it ever knows;
My pal'tot, like a good man's life,
Is brilliant to the close.

No. II.—THE WINE MERCHANT'S SONG.

WHILE merry Christmas is approaching
Through old November's fogs,
My wine I quietly am broaching—
The heads of several hogs.*
I've Port than penny loaf more crusty,
And Sherry bright with gold;
Marsala, too, in bottles dusty—
Proof that the wine is old.

I've exquisite and choice Madeira,
Round which the cobwebs twine,
As if to mark the distant era
Of laying down the wine.
I've Cape from fifteen pence or lower,
If tastes should that way tend;
I of the vines can trust the grower—
I'm proud to call him friend.

When METTERNICH, amid the fury
Of Revolution's shock,
Was hurl'd to London, I assure you
I purchased all his Hook.
His terms were cash, and I consented:
Those terms are therefore mine;
But you will be, like me, contented,
When you have tried his wine.

A Political Malaria.

M. CRÉMIEUX, the Ex-Minister of Justice under the Republican Government, declared, a few days ago, that "the Revolution arrived because it was in the air." The air in question seems to have been one of those very ill winds that blow no good to anybody. It stands a very fair chance of going away by the medium which brought it, and dissolving into air of the thinnest description, though not without some breezes of a very heavy character. Most great scourges are accounted for by saying that they are in the air. The Cholera is, we are told, in the air, and we are not surprised at the French Revolution being a creature of the same element.

Child's Dissolving Views.

THE above series has been enriched within the last fortnight with a valuable addition, that is likely to be very popular amongst all judges of chiaro-scuro. The subject was "The HON. CHARLES FITZWILLIAM expressing his views to the Electors of the West Riding." The principal figure came out at first very boldly, standing prominently on the foreground; then it got fainter and fainter, lost colour, became very confused, gradually grew obscure, kept retreating more and more, till all of a sudden it disappeared, and no one could tell where. It is supposed it was withdrawn by the hands who were pushing it forward. The exhibition was a very short one, but afforded a deal of amusement to those who witnessed it.

* Poetical for "several hogsheads."

AN ASTROLOGER'S FORTUNE TOLD.



WE notice that a certain Astrologer, whom we will call SIDROPHEL, has published a Prophetic Annual, in which he predicts all manner of calamities—war, pestilence, and famine being the least of them—to fall on this country during the ensuing year. In the same work, MR. SIDROPHEL offers to answer "horary inquiries" at five shillings per answer, and to cast nativities at a sovereign each; remittances to be sent in cash, and stamps objected to.

For his wholesome suggestions to the public, and his honest proposals to individuals—for his comprehensive benevolence, which would take everybody in, we owe something to this respectable pundit, and shall endeavour to pay the debt in kind, by a judicial opinion on his own particular horoscope, as displayed in his annual. We have there the Sun in the Seventh House, threatened by Saturn. Our Astrologer himself is under the Sun, and may be regarded as one of the greatest humbugs beneath it. By the menace of Saturn may be understood an intimation from an officer of the detective police, who has an eye upon MR. SIDROPHEL, and tells him that he had better mind what he is about. In the Fifth House, the Moon appears in conjunction with Mars, which signifies that a cook-maid, under lunar influence, has reposed her affection upon a Grenadier Guardsman. The relations of these planets show that the cook will consult the Astrologer on the subject of her attachment to the soldier. In the Sixth, Mercury is lord of the scheme, denoting that Mercury, as the ruling star of roguery, will preside over the design of the fortune-teller on the servant's pocket. The Seventh refers to the success of the swindle, which appears doubtful. Jupiter, afflicted in the Eleventh House, shows that the master of the domestic is suffering from depredations on his larder, and other larcenies, committed by the young woman's military follower; many legs of mutton mysteriously disappearing; unaccountable consumption of butter and cheese; divers chickens and lobsters run away with by the cat.

Mars on the cusp of the Fourth, squaring Venus in Taurus, foretokens the Grenadier in the Bull Inn, carousing on the proceeds of his courtship—the money out of which he has done the confiding maid. Doubts and suspicions on the part of the girl's master, who is applied to for an advance of wages.

The conjunction of Saturn and Mars in Aries foreshows the meeting of the policeman and the soldier at the area, whence the former is ascending with a roast duck under his arm in a napkin. This combination of malefics will occasion woe to the Astrologer. All is discovered. It turns out that the cook has for a long time been robbing her master, in order to feast her grenadier, in the expectation, fostered by MR. SIDROPHEL, that the fellow would ultimately marry her. She has spent her last farthing, and pawned her clothes besides, to meet the Astrologer's demands. Mars, afflicted in the same House with the Sun, indicates the soldier and the fortune-teller together at the House of Correction, whither the former is committed for theft in a dwelling-house, and the latter as a rogue and vagabond, and a receiver of money under false pretences. In short, we plainly read in the aspect of the stars a disastrous "six months" for MR. SIDROPHEL.

May common sense preserve all simple folks from quacks and impostors! Let them employ their reason to conjecture the future, and not consult those cozening knaves who call themselves Astrologers!

A CHURCH AS COLD AS CHARITY.

To the EARL OF GUILDFORD.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's name, I am sorry to tell you (in a letter signed "JUSTITIA") has again appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*. I believe you do not like to see it in print. Your Lordship has long possessed a seat in the House of Peers; but nobody, from having read the Parliamentary Debates, would be aware of that circumstance. You are evidently, my Lord, averse to notoriety.

The rogue JUSTITIA, my Lord, to give him his due, writes somewhat poetically. That is, he mingles a certain amount of truth with fiction. He avers that "the Church of St. Cross, which is large, and not furnished with a stove, is at this season of the year extremely cold and somewhat damp." This, my Lord, I understand is true; although your Lordship, for the best of reasons, may not be aware of the fact. Could you separate your secular from your clerical personality, your cloth from your coronet, your Lordship from your Reverence, and occasionally come and edify from the pulpit that brotherhood over which you preside, you would be satisfied of the coldness and humidity of St. Cross Church. Thus far JUSTITIA does not belie his name. But, my Lord, he proceeds to say:—"The parishioners lately petitioned the churchwardens to remedy this evil; and the churchwardens, in their turn, applied to the reverend Earl," meaning your Lordship. His considerate and charitable answer to the application was, that "since the parishioners have always done without a stove they may do so now."

That your Lordship, as a nobleman and a clergyman, could have returned so ungracious a reply, even to a request which it would have cost you a little money to grant, is quite incredible. I am confident that no application of the kind can have been made to your Lordship.

Nevertheless, my Lord, the Church at St. Cross is really very cold and uncomfortable. The reason is, because it is large and thinly attended. Your Lordship—as Master of the Institution with which it is connected—may possibly be aware that it is as big as a moderate Cathedral. It was formerly filled by the recipients of the Charity, who were much more numerous then than they are now. The congregation, in those days, kept the Church warm; and thus it was that they "did without" a stove. Exclusively of the few parishioners of St. Faith, that congregation, at present, consists of no more than thirteen old men. How this is, your Lordship can perhaps explain; but of course it cannot for a moment be supposed to be in any measure owing to the EARL OF GUILDFORD's appropriating the lion's share of the revenues of St. Cross Hospital.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most determined and unflinching
Advocate and Defender,

PUNCH.

PICTORIAL CONCERTS.

If this is an illustrious age, it is illustrious chiefly for its illustrations. Nothing goes down, or, rather, nothing can be got up, without pictorial aid, and to take effect a hit requires to be made a "palpable hit," by *tableaux* and such tangible means of taking the public.

Some vocal professors have been, or are giving, a series of illustrated concerts in the provinces, each song being accompanied by *poses plastiques* of an appropriate character, and "*Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her*," has been got up with a bumper of real Burgundy, and for "*those who prefer it champagne*;" while the rare old ballad of "*Ye shall walk in silk attire*" has been superbly mounted with the interior of a silk mercer's for a sort of background, to which the singer points with extreme tenderness in the direction of a large bale of goods ticketed "Look here! real Spitalfields, five and tenpence three farthings."

"*He loves and he rides away*" is being prepared as a sort of scene in the circle with a real horse, richly caparisoned, and "*Rise, gentle Moon*," will shortly be produced, with a superb illustration of day going down, on a broad billow imported expressly from the Baltic, to give completeness to the illusion. "*Upon his heel he turned*," which turns upon a truly pathetic pivot, will be relieved of its more sorrowful features by an effect something like the following.



UPON HIS HEEL HE TURNED.

That's the way the Money goes.

In the midst of an eloquent article on Ireland, the *Times* the other morning drew a fearful picture of the death of an Irish tenant's pig, and it followed up the mournful description by the startling exclamation—

"With his pig goes his rent."

We have heard of the dish running away with the spoon, and, for the future, we shall look upon the pig going away with the rent as a companion incident.

WANTS A PLACE—THE IMPERIAL EAGLE.—It can have a good character from its late master, one NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, but is disgusted with its present service. It can boast of having never shown the white feather, excepting on one occasion at Boulogne, where its disgraceful flight was owing to a chain of circumstances over which it (the Imperial Eagle) had no control. It is still strong, and capable of achieving the highest flights. Any one who has a vacancy for it, and will only promise to treat it with common respect, will be conferring a great favour on an old bird, who can stand fire, hunger, cold—anything but ridicule. A line dropped at the Colonne, Place Vendôme, will be attended to as soon as the Imperial Eagle has recovered from a slight attack of pip, under which it is at present labouring.

N.B. No objection to travel, having been in its time all over Europe.

PICTURES OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Six hundred designs in painting and sculpture have been sent in for the allegorical figure of the Republic, intended to adorn the Hall of the Assembly."

UP, sculptor, painter, one and all, from the grand prize of Rome,
To seediest rapin, spoiling paint and canvass nearer home,
For bare life and bright laurels, to work, each mother's son;
Paint us Republics by the mile, and mould them by the ton.

Canvass and clay—fit stuff, methinks, for such Republic be,
That best may match the poplar stumps, her trees of Liberty;
But speed your work—for an ye shirk, before her likeness done,
The goddess may have disappear'd from underneath the sun.

So, as ANACREON invoked the Rhodian painter's art
To set forth in her loveliness the lady of his heart,
Let *Punch* invoke the skill that lies in Paris' arts and arms,
To show the world *La République* in all her various charms.

Come first, young RAFAEL, *moyen age* of vest and hat and head,
You'll dash in *your* Republic in a rusty ground of red;
A red-capp'd dame, half fish-fag, half fiend in mould and mien,
And in the distance MARAT's bust, crowning a guillotine.

Flung at her feet, Humanity, crush'd 'neath "the rights of man,"
To Reason's blindfold goddess lifts his blind eyes as he can;
Force, on her right, from Justice the balance wrests, and shows
Her sword to the old lady, red with blood—but not *her* foes'.

And here another picture—of a more decorous hand,
Whose Republic is more lady-like, with attributes more bland;
Whose artful drapery scarce conceals the lilies on her shield,
While from beneath the *bonnet rouge* a crown peeps, half revealed.

That third red cap surmounts a face, which tho' of whiskers bare,
Methinks that we have seen before, in a different kind of wear;
A Republic to the red one that owns neither kin nor kith,
May be heard of about Claremont: address plain "MR. SMITH."

And yet one more, whose Phrygian cap somehow assumes the form
Of a small three-cornered hat, that once beacon'd through battle's storm;
With tunic loop'd above the knee, that to the curious gaze
A high historical jack-boot unblushingly displays.

Observe the attendant Eagle, "as natural as life,"
With *bon-bon* thunderbolt, inscribed "Boulogne and Strasburg strife."
The one fault of the picture is, it shows, beneath its hat,
No head; but hark, the crowd's remark—"C'est vrai; but what of that?"

And here, in rear of all the rest, the true Republic see,
No figment vain of artist's brain—sad, stern reality;
A painted harri-dan, whose show of strength but mocks the tale
Told by those palsied hands and cheeks, thro' all their plastering, pale.

That which she wears for armour, is a strait-waistcoat, meant
To keep from harm those frantic hands, 'gainst her own entrails bent;
The gag that rends her frothing lip is kindly used to tame
The blasphemies she would put forth in Freedom's sacred name.

So paint her, painters, as she is—your Republic in her youth,
Graced by no senseless symbols that lie against the truth;
Fence her with swords from her own sons, and let her motto be—
"Behold, all nations of the Earth! what I am, be not ye."



THE REPUBLICAN MEDAL,



AND ITS REVERSE.

John Bull taken by the Hand.

SOMEBODY advertises something for everybody's hand, which, if it possesses half the virtues imputed to it, should not be allowed to slip through anybody's fingers. The nostrum which professes to make the hands perfect in itself, should be invaluable to such men as LORD BROUGHAM, who is a bad hand at statesmanship; MR. PETER BORTHWICK, who is a bad hand at a speech; MR. CHISHOLM ANSTAY, who is a bad hand at an impeachment; and a few others we could name, who are very bad hands at everything. The new specific undertakes to fix the seal of elegance wherever it is applied; but we do not see how seals are to be affixed to our hands without burning our fingers. The inventor of the preparation undertakes to restore delicacy of touch to those who have lost it—a quality which must render the article invaluable to those engaged in pursuits of a light-fingery character.

Poor Boy!

THE following letter was not published, but we do not see why it should not be. It is addressed to the Electors of the West Riding:—

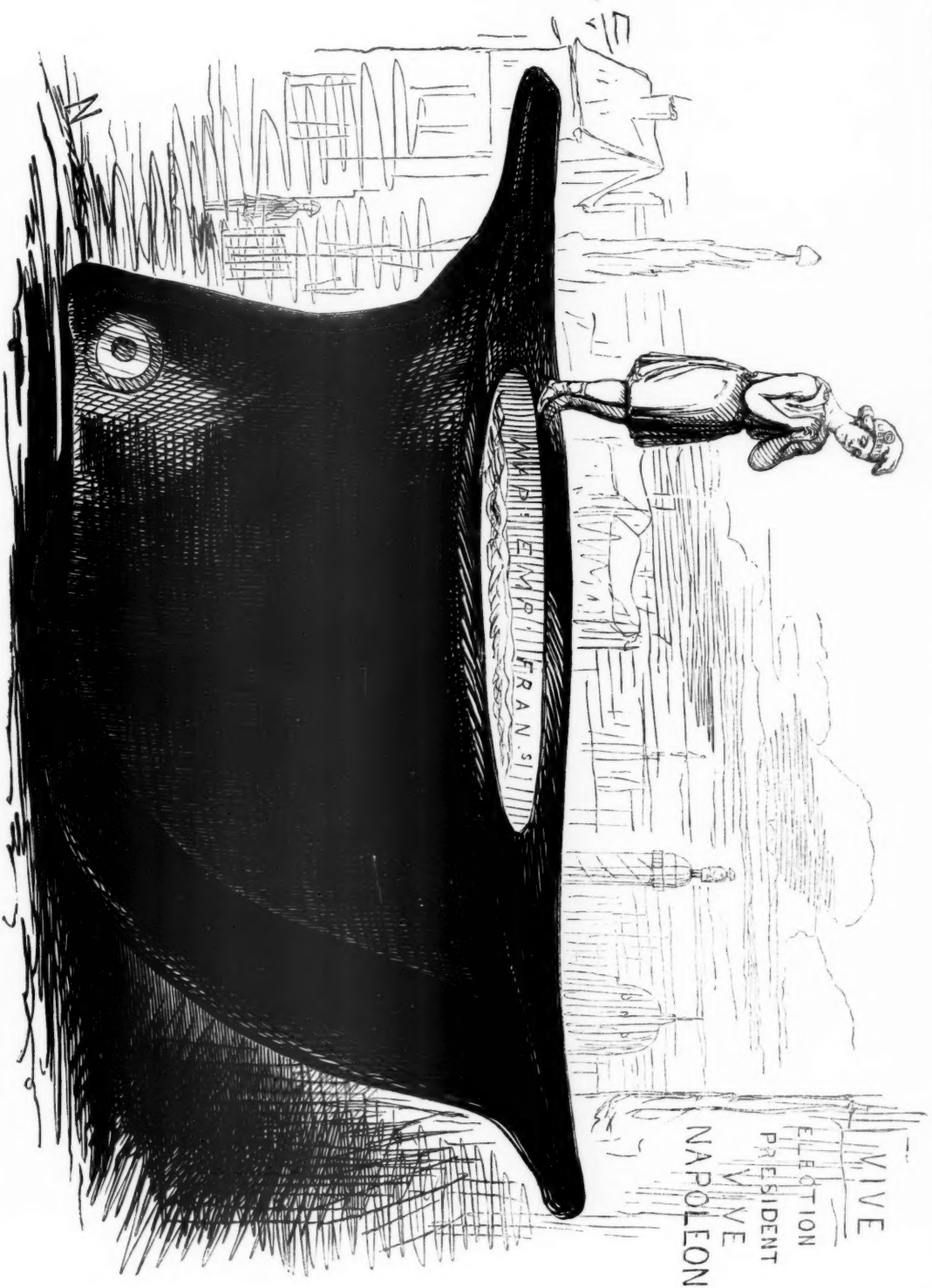
"GENTLEMEN,

"Sirs,—Pa says I mustn't stand. He knows best; and I'm sure I didn't wish to offend you, and he's a very good governor to me, and allows me lots of pocket-money, and I don't care about Parliament—not I, indeed—so, if you'll excuse me this once, I'll promise you never to do so again. But I do think you were a little too hard upon a young fellow like me. It was all Pa's fault, not mine. However, I don't care a fig now; so no more from

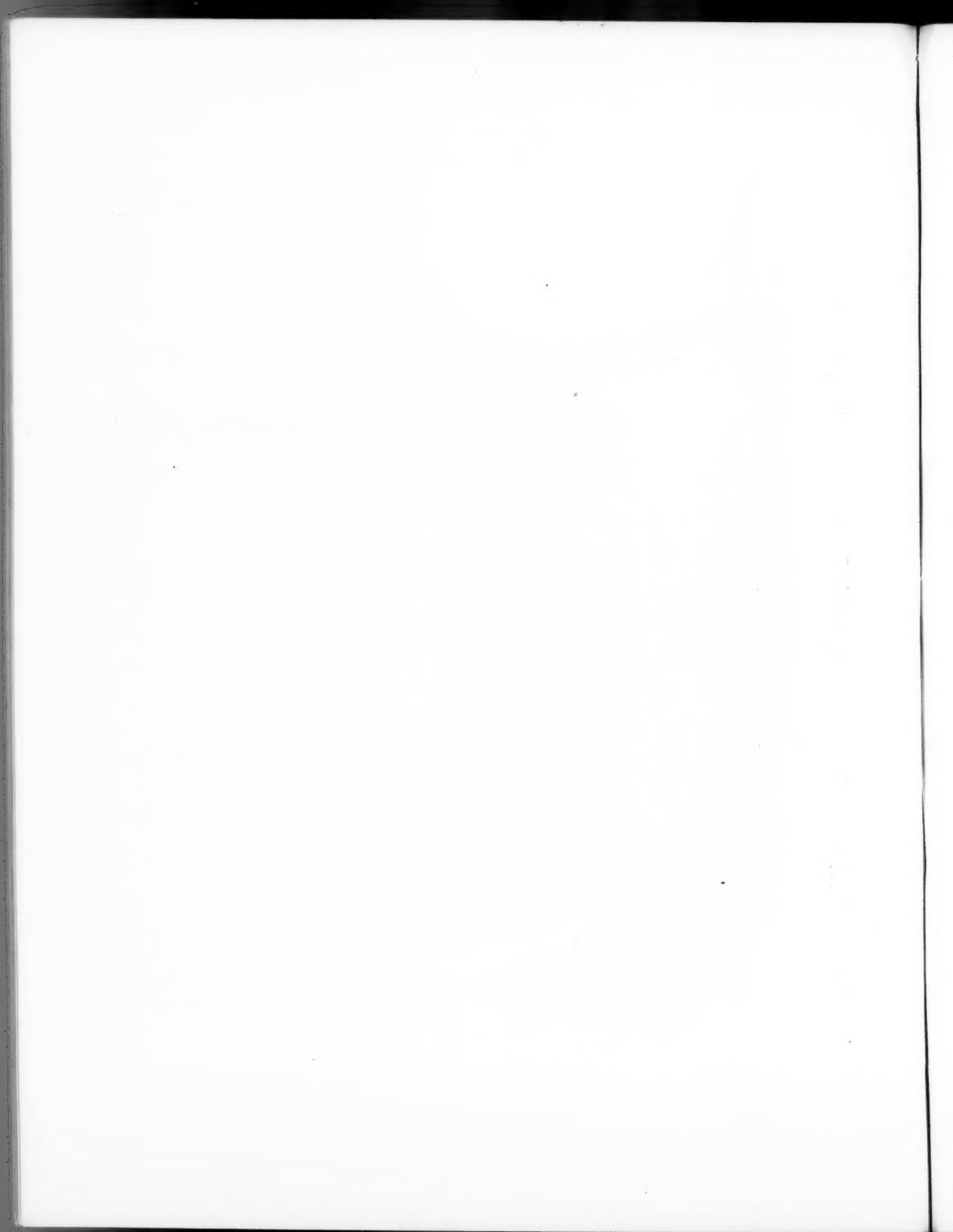
"Your M.P. (that was to be),

"THE HONOURABLE CHARLES" &c.

And then follow all the other names, ending with FITZWILLIAM.



THE YOUNG REPUBLIC OF FRANCE CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE.



ADVERTISEMENT.



ANGELA has merely to observe that THEODORE may, possibly, judge what she suffered on Tuesday week, when she could not take the Brixton bus. The horrid Influenza had decimated the family, and ANGELA was a sufferer: even now she drops a tear to think of it.

REPORTS OF OUR FINANCIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.



ECONOMY and retrenchment are great things, and very much wanted in all departments. We are delighted to see the higher officials, Under-Secretaries, Assistant-Secretaries, Senior Clerks, and so on, showing the deepest conviction on this point, and a perfect willingness to diminish the expenses of their various offices by a most vigorous and disinterested reduction in the salaries of their under-clerks, porters, and messengers.

An excellent public servant contributes this evidence to the Report of our Financial Reform Association:—

MR. PENGUILLIAN examined:—"Is Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, at a salary of £2,500 per annum. Has very important duties to discharge, and discharges them. Thinks himself uncommonly cheap at his salary, but has no doubt that the expenditure in his department is profligate and unnecessary. A great many clerks are employed. Their

salaries vary from £80 to £400 per annum. There are also a number of messengers fully employed at £1 per week. Their hours are from eight till eight, or as long as there is anything to do.

"Has a plan for reducing the expenditure in his department. It is to take off 25 per cent. from all salaries under £80, and between £200 and £400.

"Would not reduce those between £80 and £200, as they are received by young gentlemen of family, who generally get diplomatic or other appointments after a few years' practice in the office. It is very important to have such a class of young men in the public service. They are very regular at their offices.

"Believes they read the newspapers very diligently. It keeps them out of mischief. Looks to the older clerks to do the work. The latter are not a class expecting or requiring large remuneration. They are modest men in their way of living. Thinks they would gladly consent to the proposed reduction, as it is for the public service.

"Would reduce the messengers to 15s. per week. Has no doubt they would be more active at lower salaries, and that they feel it the duty of every poor man to make any sacrifice which lightens the burdens on the poor.

"Would not propose any reduction in the salaries of heads of departments. Considers himself the head of a department. The prospect of ultimately attaining such places is very encouraging to the inferior clerks, and therefore the places ought to be good ones. Believes there is an instance of an inferior clerk having risen to an Assistant-Secretaryship, but will not be sure. A very superior class of men is required for

Assistant-Secretaryships. Believes any reduction whatever in the salaries of Assistant-Secretaries generally, and himself in particular, would be attended with very mischievous consequences."

It is truly delightful to find this active spirit of retrenchment abroad in one class of our public officials. But the clerks themselves, as a body, are by no means actuated by the same admirable zeal for economy which distinguishes their superiors. The subjoined letter, from one of this profligate order, shows at once their ingratitude to those above them, and their inability to comprehend the true interests of the country:—

(Confidential.)

"Treasury.

"Sir,—I have been a clerk in this office for twenty-two years. I began at £80, and have got up to £300. I married MRS. D. when I reached £250, and we are now the proprietors of a happy family of five little D.'s. I grieve to say, it has lately been rumoured in the office, that we clerks are to be cut down twenty-five per cent. MR. PENGUILLIAN told me so, with regret and indignation. Upon my word and honour, Sir, this is too bad. I do not consider myself an over-paid man. I should have done better in the Bank of England. There's not a merchant's house in the City whose stools ain't better stuffed, literally and metaphorically, than those the nation finds for us in the Treasury. And I find it hard enough to get along as it is. I've done my duty, as the office books will show, and have brought up my arrears regularly to the end of last week. I don't deny the nation is heavily taxed, and am as ready as any man to do my best to ease it. But it is bitter, Sir, to come down from £300 to £250, after twenty-two years' hard, honest, and regular service.

"After all, if they half-starve the batch of us, the reduction won't tell as much as if they knocked off a couple of Lords. There are five of 'em, and the Black Book will tell you what *their* salaries come to; and what they do but sign warrants, and stir the fire, an hour or two per diem, most of 'em, would puzzle a wiser man than I to tell you.

"However, it's a comfort to think our excellent Assistant-Secretary will cheerfully submit to the same privations as the rest of us. Ah, Sir, that's a man! The way he works, to be sure—and the style he refuses anything like extra pay for it. LORD JOHN little knew his man when he offered him £2500 for the Irish business of last year. He took it, to be sure, for we all saw it in the Estimates, but you must have remarked the number of small sums paid in since to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as 'Conscience money.' I could guess where they came from, I think. I wish the country could have the benefit of his advice in the matter. We shouldn't be having the poor clerks and messengers cut down *then*, I know.

"Meantime, Sir, Economy is a good thing; but Economy isn't Shabbiness—it isn't getting work done under the market price—it isn't pinching the little people, that the big ones may go on at large pay and small work. In short, Sir, I wish you to ask JOHN BULL to look, not only at the sum total, but at the items—and as he is anxious that the saddle should be put on the right horse, to take care that the salary is not taken away from the wrong man.

"Yours, respectfully and resignedly,"

"JOHN DOCKET."

This letter, we say again, appears to us prompted by a most abominable spirit.

LIGHTS! LIGHTS! I SAY!

INSTEAD of there being the slightest chance that wonders will ever cease, we have strong reasons for thinking that wonders have only just begun. The last new marvel is a Company for lighting our streets, our shops, our houses, and even our bed-candlesticks with electric fluid, so that we may sit, and read or write by flashes of lightning, and go to sleep with a column of electric fluid doing duty for a rushlight in our room. The new lights that have sprung up within the last few years have been extinguishing and snuffing each other out in rapid succession. The first breath of science blew out the dips, which fell prostrate under the wax of discovery, and then came the metallic wicks, offering "metal more attractive" than the cotton, of whose existence ingenuity has at last cut the thread. Chemistry then took the candles in hand, and superseded with the composite fashion the once popular "mould of form," until the public, having nosed the presence of arsenic, stopped its nostrils and its patronage. The electric light now threatens to supersede all, and considering the universal use now made of electricity, we should not be surprised at the formation of a Company to fix a lighting conductor instead of the ordinary conductor to every omnibus.

"BLESS HIS OLD HEAD."

If Father Thames should ever be turned out of his bed, there is one comfort for him,—he can always have Westminster Bridge as a "shake-down."

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. VII.



Mr. Tims and a Good-natured Friend.

G.-N. F. "HAVE YOU READ THE 'MACADAMISER,' TIMS?"

T. "HEM! NO. DO PEOPLE READ THE 'MACADAMISER!'"

G.-N. F. "HE, HE! I SAY, TIMS, THERE'S A MOST UNJUSTIFIABLE ATTACK UPON YOU IN IT. LOOK HERE." (He kindly takes out the 'Macadamiser'.)

T. (reads.) "THIS PERSON IS BEFORE US AGAIN. HE IS IGNORANT, VULGAR, AND A COCKNEY. HE IS ONE OF THAT MOST CONTEMPTIBLE RACE OF MEN, A PROFESSIONAL BUFFOON. HE IS, &c., &c. (Tims reads ad libitum.) THANK YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW; IT WAS UNCOMMONLY GOOD-NATURED OF YOU TO BRING THE CRITIQUE."

PUNCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

PROGRESS OF THE CONSTITUTION UNDER ELIZABETH AND JAMES THE FIRST.

WE are compelled to linger a little longer than may be agreeable to ourselves, and perhaps even to our readers, over the historical portion of this great work; but when we come to contemplate the British Constitution in its entirety, the feast will well repay the trouble and pains of preparing it. As we cannot eat our Christmas pudding until our suet has been shredded, our raisins stoned, our eggs beaten to the utmost extent of battery, our lemon-peel subjected to the grater till nothing can be smaller, and our sauce or gravy made with an anxiety equal to that of the Queen described by VIRGIL as "*gravi saucia curâ*," so is it impossible to banquet upon our Constitution as a delicious whole, until the parts are cut and dried—a process in which the driest parts shall be cut as short as possible.

Our "great and glorious" Constitution is generally admitted to have been in the course of construction until the "ditto and ditto" Revolution of 1688, and we must therefore proceed by progressive steps to that important epoch in our national history.

ELIZABETH is said to have advanced the cause of liberty, though it must be admitted she did so on the old scholastic principle of thrashing the child to promote

its happiness; for she was about as arbitrary as she well could be; and, among other things, she forbade the Commons liberty of speech; though this attempt to get all the talk to herself was more the act of the woman than of the sovereign.

Parliamentary garrulity has always been an evil, as it is at the present day; and if QUEEN VICTORIA were to emulate ELIZABETH in the attempt to abridge the length of the legislative wind, her present MAJESTY would have the thanks of her subjects for an endeavour to cure the Members of the Commons of that chronic flatulence to which they all seem painfully liable. The Virgin Queen, if she knew when to storm out, had the tact to know when to draw in: and though she checked the loquacity of the Parliament, she could not stifle the voice of the People. The clamour against monopolies caused her to abandon several of them, particularly that relating to salt, which was very unseavoursy, and was ever in the public mouth; and another on the subject of ruffs, which appeared to take people too much by the throat, and caused them to be not a little ruffled.

It was in this reign that the Commons first asserted their right to decide on matters touching their own elections—a right which has degenerated into the practice of treating every disputed return as a mere question of party, to be settled by the Committee in favour of the side that chances to be the strongest.

JAMES came to the English throne intending to play the part of an absolute king, but he must have been little better than an absolute fool to expect that such a game could be played by himself, when a very superior sovereign had so recently failed in the effort. In 1620 a Parliament met, which, according to RYMER, who never wrote a rhyme but was full of reason, "took the shine out of this JEM," by a most spirited reply to a royal threat of punishment.

The Commons told him plainly that they should say and do exactly what they pleased, which so displeased JAMES, that, sending for the Journals of the House, he tore out, without a "with your leave" or "by your leave," the leaves containing the protestation alluded to. He dissolved the Parliament, caused COKE, a Member who was burning with patriotism, to be shot down into the cellar of the House, and imprisoned several others. These proceedings were so arbitrary, that an opposition to the Court was, for the first time, raised in the Upper House; and among others, SAY declared himself ready to do, while SPENCER hung on at the skirts of the liberal party formed among the Aristocracy.

Instead of tearing pages out of the House of Commons, Journals, it would have been better for JAMES had he taken a leaf out of his predecessor's book; for ELIZABETH knew how to use power without sacrificing popularity, while JAMES, who was perpetually babbling about his divine right, was rapidly sending the monarchy to a destination we cannot think of mentioning.

Something that is better Felt than Described.

THE little émeutes that take place every evening at Drury Lane, whenever *God Save the Queen* is being drummed, ophecleided, piccolloed, and fluted through, have had a great effect upon the Hat-trade. We need not tell our readers that there are numerous individuals, for whom we can find no better term than Polar Bears, who object to remove their *chapeaux* when the National Anthem is played. The consequence is, that the democratic hat is instantly taken, well shaken, and tossed, in less than a minute, into a pancake. Bulletins might be published every morning of the number of hats that have been killed or wounded in the campaign of the preceding evening. The slaughter lately among the beavers has been very terrific; and the batters intend, as a mark of gratitude, to present JULIEN with five new hats—that is, a hat apiece for each of the bands that are engaged every night to make more noise than has been heard since VERDI'S *Attila*.

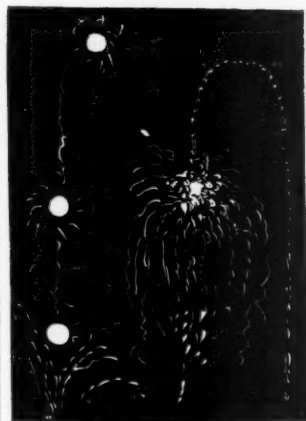
There never was known an instance, perhaps, of so great a flatness in any trade being succeeded by such a rapid rise as that which has lately fallen upon the hat department, for the flatter hats are overnight, the higher they rise the next morning. Many *habitués*, in the fast walks of life, go now with gibuses, which they allow persons to flatten as much as they please. But others, of an elderly turn, do not take it so smoothly. In the meantime, JULIEN is delighted with the great success of this new issue, in Numbers, of the *Heads of the People*.

CEASE, RUDE BOREA(LI)S.

We have been all last week dreadfully haunted with a Bore-alis, which has been flitting about the country in a most extraordinary manner. A reverend gentleman at Stonyhurst has been reading letters by it at nine o'clock at night, without the aid of a bit of rushlight, or even a morsel of moon, and other people, in other places, have been sitting up until the dawn of Aurora herself, in order to watch for Aurora's friend, the Borealis, who has been forming a series of brilliant back-grounds to our country's scenery. We ourselves were thrown into a state of excitement and alarm the other night, in driving up to our own door, to find a luminous appearance at the back of our abode, which caused us to imagine the whole of the southern side of our premises was in flames; and, without asking a question we rushed to the nearest fire-office—three miles off—and returned accompanied by an engine, the pumps of which were on the point of being brought to play upon the Aurora Borealis, when the truth, and a meteoric streamer, flashed upon our eyes.

These Aurora Boreales have presented themselves under very different circumstances, and in one case the eye of science found its socket suddenly filled with a large stick, while contemplating a quantity of fiery streamers accompanied by crackling noises of a most mysterious character. The stick, on examination, proved to resemble that of the rocket, and tends to show how much the fireworks of nature resemble our own.

We ourselves, while rambling in the recesses of Rotherhithe, were deceived by a grand halo, which we had booked as the Borealis, until closer inspection convinced us it was the *finale* to a grand display of fireworks, on the occasion of the last gala of the season, at the Cow and Cribbage Board, in the neighbourhood of our stroll.



A NEW TURN IN MENDICANCY.

The kerbstones of the Metropolis are now invaded by a squadron of hearty, jolly-looking sailors. They are in the regular T. P. COOKE costume—the glazed hat, the two curls, the ruled shirt, the loose tie, and the full breeches without any braces. There they stand, with their hands in their pockets, which they only take out to pat on the head occasionally a poor shivering child, whom they station before them. The child is generally very pretty, with a clean pinafore, and carefully curled hair, and has a cardboard tied with a silk riband round its neck. This cardboard informs the spectators that the child is "motherless," or that his "brothers and sisters are starving at home." At night, the hardy sailor holds a candle, to make the mockery of misery all the more apparent. The child then shivers with cold in reality, and the pennies flow in most abundantly, the brave British tar holding his hat to collect the stream of charity.

The exhibition is a most painful one, and, however profitable to the parties interested, ought to be suppressed. There must be an infant training school for beggars, somewhere in London, with regular appointed professors, to instruct children in the cunning tricks of mendicancy. These sailors are evidently Masters in the art, who have taken all their degrees of roguery, and grown fat upon them, and the children evidently are their pupils. It is time that some inquiry were made into this School of Vice; and, in the meanwhile, there could be

no harm in examining one or two of these sturdy nautical, beggarly-professors.

It is very curious that the Mendicity Market is "rigged" almost exclusively with sailors! Does this arise from the fact that when a ship has paid off its crew, that all the men are literally sent a begging? or is it the only employment on land that is open to a sailor? It is lamentable, however, that they should be allowed to drag children along with them.

THE "BRITISH LABOURER" AT ANDOVER.

I'M STEPHEN WITCHER, labouring man—of Andover I be, A pauper of the workhouse, and a cripple in the knee; The Guardians there have sent me out, here, in the cold and rain, To zit all day, a breakin' stones in agony and pain.

I've arn'd my living honestly and fairly all my life, And zo, till lately, did support a family and wife; I broke my thigh some time ago, but still I struggled on, Notwithstandun that 'a left me wi' a 'largement o' the bone.

But, twelvemonths gone come Christmas, I was cuttin' of a tree, When, by ill luck, my axe did slip, and open laid my knee; The neighbours put me in a cart and took me whoam to bed, Wherefrom 'twas full five months afore I lifted up my head.

Lame as I was, I couldn't work; zo what was I to do? Unto the Boord o' Guardians I at last was faced to goo. "Oh! WITCHER," says the Chairman—he's a parson, I should say—"We 'll relieve you for a vortnight, but no longer—not one day.

"For when that time is up, you must turn to at breakun' stones." "Why, Sir," says I, "you can't tell what I suffers in my bones; If I do but put my foot to ground it pierces to the heart." "We aint got nought to do wi' that," he says, and bids me start.

Then I went unto the Doctor, for to beg and pray of he For to spake a word o' kindness to the gentlemen for me— For my wife and little children's sake some pity to beseech: He said he shouldn't alter. That was M^r. DOCTOR'S speech.

Zo then I went to CAPTAIN POORE, an order for to beg For the Hospital at Winchester, to cure my dreadful leg: The Captain—thank him kindly—took and wrote un then and there, By which means I got admitted under MUSTER MAYO'S care.

Five weeks I bid in hospital, and there I had, I 'll own, The very best o' tendance and o' skill as could be shown; But, erysip'las breakin' out, as I was ill and wake They zent me whoam again, for fear the 'fection I should take.

I left wi' a certificat from DOCTOR MAYO'S hand (Long life to un), which gave the Union Boord to understand I wanted warmth and nourishment, in clothin' and in food, If ever they expected for to do me any good.

To the workhouse on my crutches then I hobbled back again, And begg'd and pray'd for mercy, but my words was all in vain; So here be I a crackin' stones in misery and grief, And this here treatment's what they calls their "System of Relief."

Oh! gentlefolks, I don't purtend to be a larned man, But I've lately had the newspapers read to me now and tan, Them goins on in Vrance, I thinks, should tache ye to beware How ye drives the lower classes, as ye calls us, to despair.

Think well upon't, ye Lords and Squires, and rulers o' the land: As 'tis, there baint much love that's lost between us, understand; The time may come when you may wish that you had know'd afore, That kindness is the only means of keepun down the poor.

The New American Liner,

Now sailing daily between London and New York.

THE astounding phenomenon of two vessels having seen the American Sea Serpent within so short a date, (almost the same day), and yet at such extraordinary distances from each other, is accounted for now, by the very simple circumstance that one vessel saw the head, whilst the other only saw the tail of this decidedly the longest monster that is known—on record.

NEW PROVERB (SUBLIMELY RIDICULOUS.)

THERE is but one step from NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

THE CAREER OF "THE COMING MAN."

AN anxious public has long been patiently awaiting the "Coming Man," and in all probability will have to wait for him considerably longer. In the meanwhile, imagination may expatiate on the prospect of the wonders which are to be worked by this Wizard of a yet undetermined point of the compass. It is generally understood that the object of his mission will be to set all things to rights, and to arrange affairs, political and social, to the entire satisfaction of everybody. To this end, he will necessarily perform the following prodigies:—

He will increase the incomes of farmers, and augment the wages of agricultural labourers, so as to enable them to support themselves and their families in comfort, and to lay up a provision for their old age, without in the least diminishing the rents of the landlord.

He will provide constant employment and ample pay for all operatives, at the same time not limiting the profits of employers, or checking them in the slightest degree in the pursuit of gain. He is to confirm Capital in all its advantages, and invest Labour with all its rights. He must render unlimited competition compatible with universal success, and individual aggrandisement with general prosperity.

He will secure legal redress alike for rich and poor; nevertheless allowing forensic ability to command its price in the market.

He will combine the encouragement of British industry and the consumption of British produce with the freest importation of manufactures and luxuries from abroad.

He will guarantee, in perpetuity, the payment of the interest of the National Debt without any inconvenient demand whatever on national exertion. He will gratify every desire for the reduction of taxation, and yet maintain the revenue, and our civil and military establishments, on a scale commensurate with our greatness as a nation. He will make Ireland happy and prosperous, independently of any co-operation from the Irish themselves, or of pecuniary assistance from this country. He will give a simultaneous predominance to all sects and parties one over the other; and thus, it may be hoped, he will effect the pacification of that hitherto distracted land. He will cause the prerogatives of the Throne and the privileges of the Aristocracy to coexist with the fullest popular rights; to the contentment of all classes of politicians. He will reconcile the extreme of luxury on the part of the few with the absence of privation on that of the many, and will furnish a subsistence to the helpless and the unfortunate at no cost whatever to the able and the opulent. He will fully supply the wants of everybody, without obliging anybody to practise the least self-denial.

"May we ne'er want a Friend," &c.

ONE of the Professors who are engaged to make science popular at so much or so little a week, is giving daily lectures on the philosophy of an empty bottle. There does not seem to be a great deal in an empty bottle at a first glance, but we dare say the Professor will contrive to put a little spirit into the empty bottle if he determines to go regularly into it. A good deal of philosophy is sometimes required in reference to a bottle which has been paid for as a quart, but which turns out to hold scarcely a pint, and is indeed comparatively an empty one. We shall be very glad to have a crack with the Professor over his bottle; and, though the subject may be a difficult one, we dare say we shall be able to break the neck of it.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."

It is supposed that the young Candidate for the West Riding was induced to offer himself to the electors by the popular saying, "There's a good time coming, boys."

Having accomplished these marvels, he will retire from the world, and contract himself, publicly, amid the acclamations of the multitude, into a quart-bottle; wherein, absorbed, like BRAHMA, in beatific contemplation, he will suffer himself to be exhibited in a shrine provided for the purpose by a grateful nation, to an admiring posterity, for ever!

Walking on the Slopes.

WHAT are the Slopes which the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT are said to be continually walking on? We are by no means levellers, but we nevertheless should like to see these Slopes put in such a state that HER MAJESTY and Consort could pursue "the even tenour of their way" in their matutinal perambulations. To say nothing of the difficulty and the discomfort of walking continually on the slope, we are sure it must cause the royal pair to take occasionally a sort of one-sided view of things around them. By way of exercise, a promenade on the Slopes may be all very well, for it must require a hopping movement that would naturally create a wholesome muscular action; but on the whole we think an even surface would be preferable for the morning walks of the Sovereign.

No Work, no Victuals!

"If any man," says MR. CHARLES PEARSON, writing on the subject of prison discipline to the Court of Aldermen, "will not work, neither shall he eat," is a law of God, as applicable to a prisoner as to any other member of the community." Does the rule also apply conversely? Only suppose it to be enforced in Belgravia. Alas! how many of the inhabitants of that fashionable district should we behold extended on the pavement in front of their own areas, the flagstones beside them emblazoned with the piteous inscription, "I am starving!"

Anticipations of Christmas.

THE small wine-merchants are already putting forth their large placards, announcing their "Golden Sherries at 28 shillings," and their "pale ditto," full of anything but "ineffectual fires," at twenty-five the dozen. Our private vintner has intimated to us that he has some prime Port at six-and-thirty, "just fit for laying down." We have tasted it; and, though it is certainly "fit for laying down," it is by no means worth picking up, and we have declined it accordingly.

The World Taken by Storm!



AMID the crash of crowns, the agonising throes and overthrow of thrones, the seeing of Sea Serpents, the flights of Sovereigns and the scarcity of gold, the fall of royalty and railway scrip, the nothingness of everything, the social extinction of JOSEPH ADY, the kicking of Vienna against JELLACHICH, and the rest of the restlessness which has well shaken and completely overtaken the present age, it was naturally to be expected that all means of further excitement were exhausted; but the most startling intelligence of all is now about to be given. Electric telegraphs must own their communications to be thin and wire-drawn in comparison with that which we now impart, in a clap of typographic thunder that will spread milliards of echoes over the land—We are shortly about to publish

PUNCH'S ALMANACK,

PRICE 3d.

We are aware that the million will require to take breath after this anti-halitant and periculo-pulmonic announcement. We will therefore allow time for the public organs of respiration to resume their regular action, before we take away the national breath a second time by an announcement of the contents, which will be given in a few days.

NAMES OF SHIPS.—H.M.S. "NATIONAL DEBT."



ERTES the *Post* is fortunate in its correspondents. One is very indignant that—

"There are two ships building, to be called the *Fanspareil* and the *Niobe*. Now, Sir, why should a new ship have a French name to be pronounced by a Britisher? How awkward it will be, too, for the *Fanspareil* to be passed at sea, or beaten! And as for *Niobe*, it is at best a most unfortunate name; and, if omens go for anything, does it not tell of striking on a rock, from the sad metamorphose of *Niobe* into a stone?"

This is really very fine—very suggestive; and awakens a train—long as the sea-serpent—of salt-water thought. We say to the Lords of the Admiralty, reform your ships' names; re-christen your ships; and when we say re-christen, we mean give them names worthy of a Christian nation, and of the meek, well-beloved Christian clergyman who is rated on the ship's books. Let us have a nomenclature soft and sweet as oil and honey. Be there no more *Thunderers*, and *Devastations*, and *Furies*; but *Lambs*, and *Lady-Birds*, and *Turtle-Doves*. Why should a bomb-ship be called the *Blazer*? Why not

consideration, no doubt, but to keep a hard-working body of men a year-and-a-half in suspense about their means of existence, is rather inconsiderate. We have taken up the post-men's cause, and shall always be found at our post when our good offices may be required.

MORE LAST WORDS.

Who killed the sea-serpent?

"I," said PROFESSOR OWEN, In Zoology so knowing;
"And I killed the sea-serpent!"

Who won't say "die" to the serpent?

"I," said CAPTAIN MCQUHAE,
"I stick to what I say;
And I won't say 'die' to the serpent."

Why couldn't it be a serpent?

'Cause OWEN's never seen one.
Has there, therefore, never been one?

Why couldn't it be a serpent?

What was't if not a serpent?
We know it wasn't a seal,
And 'twas too big for an eel,
And it certainly *was* a serpent.

There's six of us saw the serpent,
With a mane upon its back,
And a tail and not a track;
And we'll all swear to the serpent.

PUNCH ON SOLITUDE.

THE Solitudes of Southend are about to be invaded by a railway. We recollect we were the first to lay down this projected branch. The Surveyor was the Buoy at the Nore. He pointed to the Pier as the finest bit of wooded country that could be picked out, ready cut and dried, for such a purpose. Its length, he held, was so extensive, that some communication was absolutely necessary to make both ends meet. His valuable hint, it seems, is to be carried into effect. Trains are to run every time a fresh packet comes in, that is to say, once a day. Cheap excursions, we have no doubt, will in time be started, and nursery-maids and children will be taken by these easy means out to sea without experiencing any of the unpleasant effects of sailing. These aquatic trips—for they belong more to the water than the land—will bring Southend much nearer to London, for it took formerly almost as long to walk the full length of the pier as to go by steam from NICHOLSON'S Wharf to the top of it.

This mode of conveyance will be a very great improvement upon the old arm-chair with the sail at the back, which was the only vehicle that formerly connected Southend with the Ocean, and was certainly the most cruel method of being driven to extremities that a patient man could be subjected to. We are sure Southend will advance rapidly into something like a civilised watering-place as soon as the immense distance that divided it from the approach of man, and kept all human intercourse completely at bay, is cleared in sufficient time to enable a visitor to reach the Royal Hotel in time for his dinner.

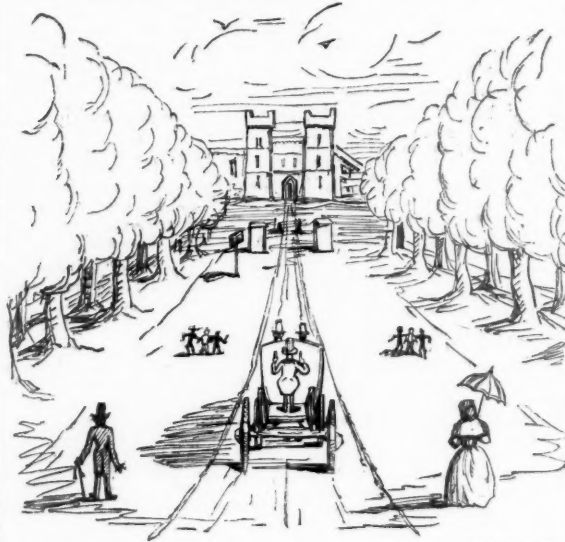
the *Balsam*? The *Cornucopia* would suggest sweeter thoughts of peace and plenty, as she threw her shells upon roofs and magazines, kindling a town into one huge bonfire—much prettier thoughts than the *Hecla* or the *Stromboli*. Why have we the *Sulphur*? Why not the *Heart's-ease* fire-ship? Is it not preposterous—indeed, a matter of mockery—to float a clergyman of the Established Church on board the *Thunderbolt*, when his creed and his office only assort with the *Balm of Gilead*? These things must be altered. We propose a general re-christening of all HER MAJESTY'S ships that carry bad names; and beg the established Clergy—(of those members especially, who talk of the "God of Battles" as though the true weight and odour of religion were to be found in ball-cartridge)—we beg of them to select a batch of beautiful names, so that all HER MAJESTY'S navy may, in our association, sit like so many halcyons on the wave.

And *Punch*, in return for this large suggestion, merely begs this small privilege: the right to give a name to one ship; and the name he proposes is the—*National Debt*. This, of course, must be a ship of the line, and the longest known line. The weight of metal to be carried will be enormous. She will always fire gold shot, with bank-note wadding. Her gunpowder will be corn of the very finest grain, transmuted by the magic of the tax-gatherer. Her crew will be picked men—picked from the highest names and deepest pockets of the Civil List. Very distinguished pensioners and sinecurists must compose the body of her officers. These will wear a uniform peculiar to the ship; the cloth of patriot's blush (if the colour can be hit upon), worked in various places with little vermicular *E. S. d.'s* in gold lace. Such men as the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH and the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS will, of course, bear commissions. There being no Royal hawks, ST. ALBANS will be rated on the ship's books as Hereditary Grand Albatrosser. Now and then, we should compel the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to turn his attention to the Sinking Fund, which, in our amended terms, we would call taking a hand at the pumps. We think this magnificent ship, the *National Debt*, would please all parties; for the eminent men who declare our National Debt our National Safety, would behold their opinion magnificently embodied in *Punch's* mighty three-decker. Moreover, there are many meanings and qualities in a ship of the line called the *National Debt*. No power in the world would think of touching her. No power would think of depriving us of her—of boarding her—of cutting her out, and cutting her down; and again, the *National Debt* would never be paid off; though occasionally she might, oddly enough, be found upon the Stocks.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

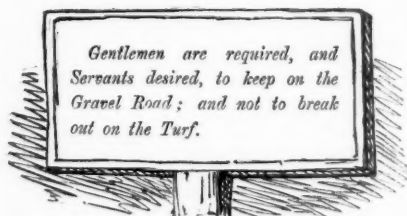
THE postal population has been thrown into a state of grateful excitement by our exposure of the wrongs of the letter-carriers, whose case completely destroys all our pleasing illusions of a life of lettered indolence. The London postman has his grievances, but they appear to be light in comparison with the burdens imposed on the letter-carriers of the provinces. The metropolitan functionary does get his guinea for his hundred and eighty miles of walking per week, but the rural Mercury has to "go further and fare worse," for he obtains only fourteen shillings a week, and his promenade is greater in extent than his London fellow-sufferer. There is every reason to fear a general rising of the general postmen, for the purpose of establishing a republic of letters, and effecting their own early delivery from their present state of ill-paid serfdom. They are resolved, like the letters they carry, to be "free," or at all events, they will no longer consent to be treated as mere dead letters, and ignominiously stamped upon. The authorities may soon be awakened to a sense of justice by a tremendous postman's rap—for even a letter-carrier's patience must be nearly exhausted, when the application for an increase of pay has been "hung up" for the last eighteen months, under an assurance "that the subject of fixing a scale of pay is under the consideration of HER MAJESTY'S Post-master General." This dignitary is entitled to the utmost

ENGLISH WITHOUT A MASTER.



"MI DERE PONCHE,

"I WILL to you be much obliged, if you shall tell to me the explication of this English idiotism, which I vas seeing in what the one calls the Long Walk at Windsor, there exalted on a long timber:—



"Ven I did see those words 'required' and 'desired,' I was thinking it must be some of those poesy English, which no man may comprehend, and by consequence I was not about to attempt to explain it to myself; so I did inquire a gentleman for what on had it wrote in rime. He said in smiling that it vas not poesy, but that S.M. VICTORIA did not like her subjects who vas breaking in their horses, to "break out" on the grass; and ven I did say I not understand him, he parted in great laughing. Now, *mon cher*, as I know you not laugh never at any question to you put, I have had the audacity to enquire this of you, and I do hope that you shall quickly give me one explication.

"With all sentiment of respect and love, *mi dere Ponche*,

"I am all to you,

"I. I. NIGAUD."

POTTED DEFINITIONS.

THE Gentlemen-at-Arms are the Royal Police.
JULIEN's Concerts are the Crush-room of the Mobility.
THE Bourbons are the Wandering Jews of Royalty.
THE Barri-cade is only a brother, on the French side, of JACK CADE.
THE Vernon Gallery is the Black Hole of British Artists.
THE American Sea Serpent is the CHISHOLM ANSTAY of Boas.
THE Quadrant in Regent Street is said by the *Times* to be the most shameful retreat that ever disgraced the British Columns.
THE Gypsies in Spain have been highly extolled for their cleverness; but we should instance the Spanish Bonds as the most finished work of BORROW.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are the greatest exhibitions of meanness ever shown by a country.

"*La Propriété c'est le vol*," is certainly the only property that appertains to American literature.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—SHAMEFUL EXPOSURE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I, with thousands, have to complain of the Electric Light. It is an invention impertinent and presumptuous. No other than a clear attempt to destroy the vested interests of a revered institution of darkness, old as Nox—and an undisguised intention to abolish the stars in a twinkling, and take the entire shine out of the moon.

"And where is this Electric Light displayed as 'a first experiment out of doors?' Why, Sir—(I take my authority from the newspapers)—'in front of the National Gallery.' Now, there is something heartless, cruel, in the choice of such a place. Why, as a sweet poet says, why 'drag its frailties from their dark abode,' buried as they are for some hours of the four-and-twenty in the obscurity of the sky? And yet, 'the light was so placed as to illumine the whole of Trafalgar Square, the rays reaching as far as Northumberland House. The very lion at the top winked at the blaze.' This is shameful. Are the fountains of the Square to have no peace? Are the nymphs that reside there to be compelled to confront a light that makes them, as the writer declares, 'conspicuous as at noon-day?' Is this fair? Is it humane? Is it gentlemanly? It was some consolation to think that—at night, at least—the National Gallery was covered up in darkness, and so protected from the sneers and laughter of the hordes of foreigners who crowd our streets. But with the Electric Light, the Gallery is sport for the stranger any hour of the four-and-twenty. And this evil is by no means properly balanced by a few of the advantages said to be obtained by the light over gas; though, as a lover of justice, I will not suppress them, as, from the mouths of certain people, they have strangely reached me.

"One gentleman (by the aid of the Electric Light) said—'He could read writing that had entirely escaped his naked eye. Standing in the Square and pulling out his washing-bill, he saw written at the bottom, the word *paid*. Thought very highly of the Electric Light.'

"Another gentleman, who before had the highest opinion of his cook, saw, as far as the Horse-Guards, the aforesaid MARY JONES handing up a pigeon-pie to the mounted guardsman. Could swear to the pie. Thought the Electric Light would be a great agent in public morality.

"LORD NELSON, by the aid of the Light, could see so inconceivably far into the future, that he saw his Pillar completed.

"All the pictures in the Vernon Pit saw themselves most infamously placed. Hitherto, they had been wholly in the dark upon the subject.

"GEORGE THE FOURTH (in bronze) saw himself as he is seen in history; and thought the Electric Light impertinent and disgusting.

"THE DUKE OF YORK (on the top of his Column) saw all his unpaid bills, and conceived the Electric Light to be a shameless invasion on the sanctity of private dealings.

"MRS. STUBBS saw MR. STUBBS smoking a cigar in a shop at Charing Cross, at the very time when STUBBS declared he should be at a 'heavy consultation.' Believes the Electric Light will be a blessing to families.

"MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, standing opposite the Treasury, by the astonishing power of the Electric Light saw himself—in office.

"With this, *Mr. Punch*, I close my list; and I leave it to you to determine whether or not the evils of the Light do not cast its alleged excellencies into utter darkness. Not that I have any interest in the subject, being merely one of the public, and

"A GAS CONTRACTOR."

ADVICE TO SPANISH BONDHOLDERS.

SPANISH Bondholders, robbed by Spaniards—who are so proud that they scorn to pay—listen to the advice of *Punch*. Listen; be righted; be remunerated.

GENERAL NARVAEZ, President of the Council, has prigged, since 1843, a quarter of a million of money.

MON, the Minister of Finance (avers the *Times*) has prigged no less.

SARTORIUS, the Minister of the Interior, no less.

This, then, oh Spanish waste-paper holders, is the advice of *Punch*. Set up a crucible. Catch NARVAEZ, MON, and SARTORIUS, and (after the manner of the *Jewess*) pitch them into the aforesaid crucible. Blow the fire; and when the Ministers are dissolved, skim the dross, and pocket the gold that has run from them.

If we say nothing of QUEEN ISABELLA, it is from no squeamish gallantry; no desire to save her; but from the fact that she is beyond the test of the crucible, inasmuch as she was never known to melt.

ROGUES AND REVOLUTIONS.



SOME fellows are going about the country with a lot of inferior goods, which they declare they are commissioned by the QUEEN OF ENGLAND to sell off in consequence of the

Reign of Terror in France,

and which they will have the honour of offering under deed of forfeiture, "BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC." It so happens that there is

no reign of terror just now; nor is there any President of the French Republic, for the election has not, at the present writing, taken place; but if it had, we do not see why the President should commission a party of British Dons to go about England "selling off;" nor do we know how HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA could be a party to such a transaction.

The-e things are not very closely inquired into by a gullible public of the softer sex, and it is not impossible that the knaves may be reaping a harvest, which we must prevent them from continuing.

Their stock consists of everything, from "Enamels of ancient Limoges," down to gloves, shoes, and stockings. One of the items consists of "Priests' Vestments," to be sold off in consequence of the French Revolution; though we had not heard that the Church was reduced to the necessity of parting with its wardrobe, and placing it in the hands of DIDDLE & Co., to be disposed of "by private treaty."

To add to our astonishment, we perceive that the Catalogue contains "700 Chinese Washable Dresses three times the ordinary width." But unless there has been a revolution in China, we cannot understand why the natives should be letting all their washable attire go at an alarming sacrifice. The Chinese must have been going to greater lengths than we were aware of; or perhaps, as the dresses are three times the ordinary width, the people of China have been allowing themselves extraordinary latitude. Russia, too, has contributed 3500 of her richest Court Dresses to this Sale, if we are to believe the placard—which we don't—for we have yet to learn that anything has occurred to break up the Court of St. Petersburg.

It would seem, also, that the Bushmen of Africa had been involved in a "Revolution," a "Reign of Terror," and an "Alarming Sacrifice," for 500 of their hearthrugs—we were not aware that they had hearth-rugs, and *à fortiori* were we ignorant of their indulgence in rugs—are advertised. The placard containing all these astounding announcements, repudiates any connection with HOWELL AND JAMES, EVERINGTON AND GRAHAM, or other London houses. This is something like a Brummagem BRUMMEL cutting a real GEORGE THE FOURTH; or the constant scavenger, who at Christmas repudiates all connection with everybody and everything.

ELLIPTICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subjoined advertisement lately appeared in the *Times*. We greatly fear that it has not been answered, for we very much doubt that it can have been understood:—

MEDICAL PARTNERSHIP.—Aged Practice. £1100 annually, within 30 miles of London. Equal working share for disposal; applicant fond of field sports would tell; patients increasing; hence partner. Price £1000; part credit if required. Returns last year, £1600. Connexion the cream. £400 guaranteed, if desired, by the wealthy owner.

To this, *Punch*, on the part of all whom it may concern, offers the following reply:—

"Aged Practice"—no idea of what meant. Can't understand what to take it for, except £1000. "Applicant fond of field sports would tell."—Query, on partridges or patients, or both alike? Suspect that all last year's returns were smoked. More credit offered than is likely to be got. "Connexion the cream"—vulgar expression. Should not think Society was "the cheese." Deficiency in articles, conjunctions, prepositions, and verbs, necessary to make sense of sentences, bespeaks illiterate person. Terms highly objectionable in point of grammar. Style evidently that of snob; advertiser probably shocking "do."

WEST RIDING SQUIBS.

TWO BARGAINS; ONE BAD, THE OTHER BITTER BAD.

THERE was a young man of the West Riding;

So, when a new candidate was to be found;

The FITZWILLIAMS thought it a natural thing

That this young man should walk over the ground—

With a too-ral, oo-ral, oo-ral, oo,

Ri too-ral oo-ral-a!

Now this young man had no principles got—

As how should he have at twenty-three?

So he wrote an Address, which showed he had not

A will of his own in the least degree.

With a too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

Then the Yorkshire yeomen, so long i' the head,

And the Yorkshire spinners, so cute and keen,

They thought to themselves, as the letter they read,

"His colours be blue, but his sen' he be green."

With his too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

So then the young man a canvassing went,

And when his credentials folks asked to see,

He showed them his name, and the roll of the rent

Of the great FITZWILLIAM property.

With his too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

On the Suffrage, Economy, Church, Free-Trade,

They begged he'd a bit of his mind let fall;

But he couldn't give 'em a bit, he said,

Of his mind, 'cause he hadn't got any at all.

With his too-ral oo-ral, &c.

If the Whigs had a notion, why, his was the same;

If the Whigs had none, why, no more had he;

So they snuffed him out, and so settled the game

Of this would-be Member of twenty-three.

With his too-ral oo-ral, &c.

Who once was Tory, then turned Whig,

Who is half puritan, half zrig,

Sour face and sanctified, like STIG-

GINS always pulling?

Who only from the truth ne'er stray'th,

Infalible to judge each fai'h

Save that wherein himself he pray'th?

SIR EARDLEY CULLING.

Who, when poor Ir-land's wounds we search,

Would leave ten Irelands in the lurch,

Rather than take from Ireland's Church

(So called absurdly)

Wealth, which, if truth the text inspire

About the labourer and his hire,

Priests, and not parsons, should require?—

SIR CULLING EARDLEY.

What thins our schoolrooms of the young?

What whets to wrath our old men's tongue?

What down on England's board ha'h flung

Discord's own apple?

What, preaching peace, still breedeth jar?

What Charity's fair work doth mar?

What is it but that fatal war—

Church *versus* Chapel?

If Lib'ralism be worth a fig

(For which you Yorkshiremen talk big),

Nor gets on, like an Irish pig,

By backward pulling,

You will not give the cause to shame,

Nor back the bigot's bitter game,

Trusting your high trust to this same

SIR EARDLEY CULLING.

Quite as much spirit you may find,

Without the bitters, which combined

In BAINES'S dose, you seem resign'd

To gulp absurdly—

Viz.:—take of Whig and Tory stuff,

Jumble 'em well, till mix'd enough:

Add *Odium Theolog.* quant. suff.—

That's CULLING EARDLEY.

DOMESTIC BLISS.



Paterfamilias. "I CANNOT CONCEIVE, MY LOVE, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MY WATCH; I THINK IT MUST WANT CLEANING."

Pet Child. "OH NO! PAPA DEAR! I DON'T THINK IT WANTS CLEANING, BECAUSE BABY AND I HAD IT WASHING IN THE BASIN FOR EVER SO LONG THIS MORNING!"

BAITING THE CANDIDATE

THIS is a new game, very much played in Yorkshire, and is considered very great fun for the baiters, if not for the baitee.

In order to play it, you must first catch your candidate—if you can get two at once it is still better—and shut him up in a husting, open in front, or in a large room with a balcony, or you may let him run loose on a platform. You then send in the baiters upon him—one at a time, if you wish to give him fair play, though, we regret to say, several are often turned in on him at once. The baiters are then allowed to throw all sorts of questions at him, and to poke him up with interrogatories, while he wards them off as well as he can, or dodges them. He is not allowed any books of reference, and must encounter the baiters without any defensive armour of facts and figures. All questions are fair, and the more they defy a short answer the better. The candidate is not prevented from parrying with nonsense or humbug, and is expected to keep his temper. He may be baited as long as the electors like, or until his wind is completely gone. When two are baited at once, additional fun may be produced by encouraging them to worry each other.

What is the Sea-Serpent ?

1. The MRS. HARRIS of the ocean!
2. An offspring of the adder tribe!
3. A mare's nest found among MOTHER CARY's chickens!
4. A great seal, dropped from DAVY JONES's midnight watch!
5. A tenant—in tail—of the deep!
6. An infinite deal of nothing!

"Accident to the Duke of Richmond."

In this manner the penny-a-liners head the account of "a serious accident" happening to His Grace on his way to the Aberdeen Station. His horses fall, and the leading postboy "is not only stunned by the fall, but is very much bruised, and has his shoulder dislocated and some of his ribs broken by the heavy coach being dragged over him." In truth, a sad accident this to the DUKE OF RICHMOND. However, upon inquiry at the last moment before going to press, we are happy to inform the world that the DUKE OF RICHMOND shows no bruise whatever; that his shoulder is strong enough to bear all the honours of the peerage; and that his ribs are as whole as ADAM's when ADAM was a bachelor. It is delightful to think that this "accident to the DUKE OF RICHMOND" has been of such very brief calamity.

By-the-way, we know not whether it is worth while to observe that the postboy—spoken of somewhere above—still lies at "the Montrose Infirmary."

THE RAILWAY DON JOHN.

AIR - "Madamina, il catalogo è questo."

Leporello. LADY mine, this sea-serpentine list is
An account of JOHN BULL's speculations
In all manner of lines, of all nations ;

Please you, Madam, peruse it with me.
In Italian he holds shares in plenty,
In Dutch, Belgian, and French full as many;
But would they were worth half a penny!

In our English oh! millions has he,
'Mong these lines are sundry bubbles,
Schemes suspended through his troubles,
Branches, junctions visionary,
Atmospherics—very airy—
Bonâ fide undertakings.

Some fine undertakings,
 Paying nought, or paying less.
 On the Great Western, something quite tremendous
 Are our hero's operations;
 On the South, his work's stupendous,
 And on all, his obligations.

His chief delight's a line that's paying,
Though where to find one there's no saying;
But, such the mania that attacked him,
Even the West London could attract him,
Heedless if a scheme was rotten
So that scrip was to be gotten.

What he'll come to you may guess.
M'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'-m'.

What he'll come to,
What he'll come to,
What he'll come to you may guess.



“Batti, Batti.”—Batthyany.

COUNT BATTHYANY, of "6, Lower Grosvenor Street, London," writes to all the newspapers "his gratification" that "LOUIS KOSSUTH" is threatened with "well-deserved punishment." This is very chivalrous! What a noble picture,—COUNT BATTHYANY, looking fiercely from the first floor of "No. 6, Lower Grosvenor Street," and—safe as MARS when sold out—crying, "Go it, EMPEROR FERDINAND: pitch into LOUIS KOSSUTH." There is nothing nobler in all medieval (or any evil) history. We hope FERDINAND will send the Count an Order, if it be only the Order of Come Back To Hungary.

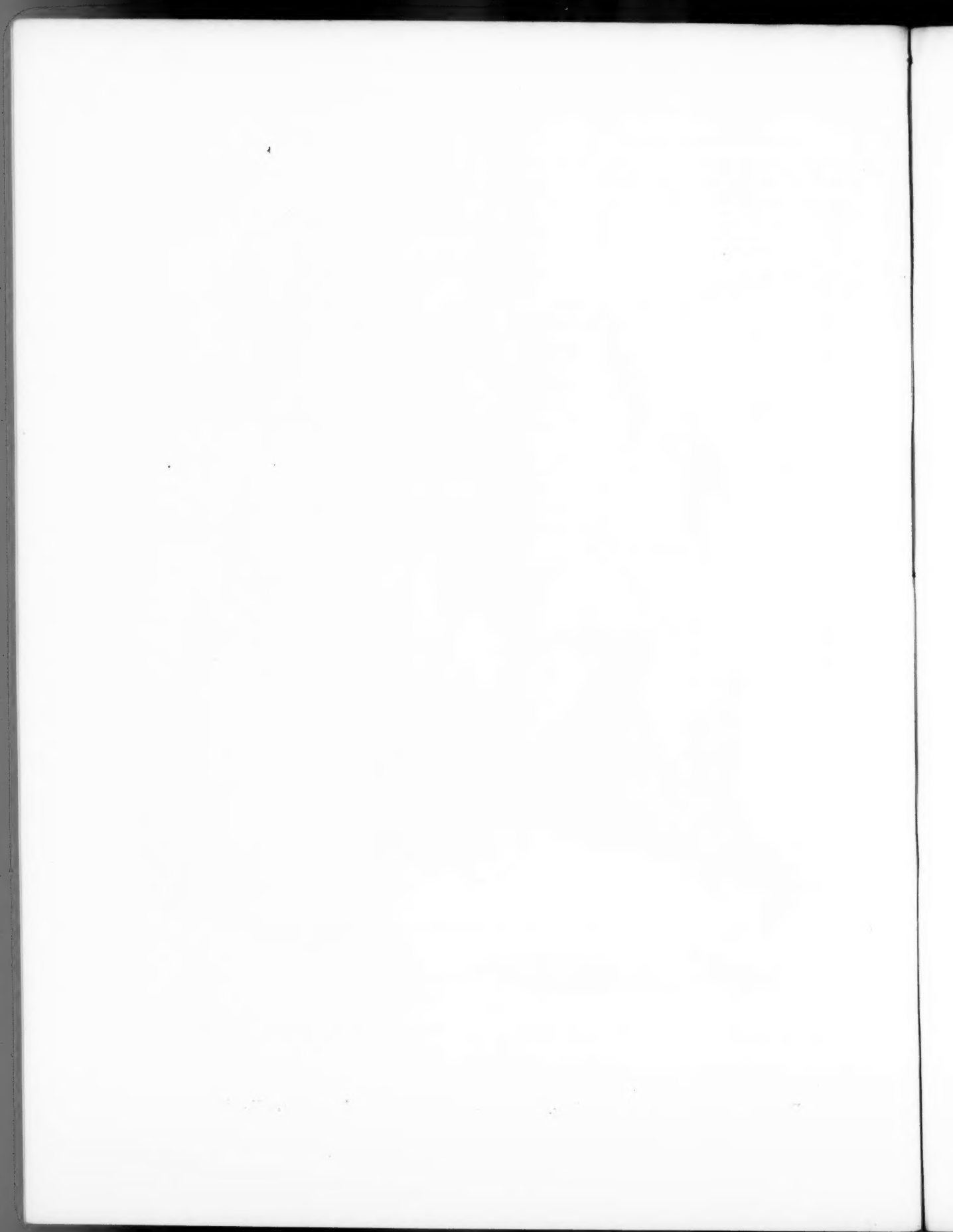


LEPORELLO RECOUNTING THE RAILWAY LOVES
OF DON JOHN.

Elvira . BRITANNIA.

Leporello . MR. G. HUDSON, M.P.

Don John . MR. JOHN BULL.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THEODORE is relieved, but agonised. Influenza is rapture, compared with indifference. Still, is ANGELA convalescent? Will she brave the 'bus on Tuesday next? And, for the love of love, let her not despise thick boots. Let her believe THEODORE'S peace of mind depends on cork soles.

THE TURF IN IRELAND.

Not many have had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair; and still fewer the good fortune to witness Irish Races. This peculiar description of sport has been lately introduced, very much to his credit, by LORD GEORGE HILL, on his property at Gweedore, county Donegal, a place which, thanks to his Lordship's spirited exertions, is quite a little garden in the howling waste of Ireland. The following are the particulars of the last meeting. We must premise that, as the race was an Irish one, nobody need be astonished at discovering that the runners were not horses:—

BUTTER-CUP SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, given by LORD SHAMROCK, churned for by from eighteen to seventy year-old Shelds, one year heats, the winner to be the producer of the greatest weight:—

MIKE WALSH'S	Biddy	20 yrs., churned 1500 lbs.
PAT. HOGAN'S	Norah	24 yrs., churned 1200 lbs.
TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY'S	Sweet Heart, Molly Malone,	24 yrs., churned 900 lbs.

Betting 7 to 4 agst. Biddy, and 5 to 2 agst. Norah.

Molly took the lead at starting; but for want of spurring on was distanced by Norah and Biddy. Norah ran a-head for ten months, and then gave in, and Biddy churned away, a clever winner by 300 lbs.

STOCKING STAKES of 24 sovs. each, the gift of the EARL of SKIBBEREEN, to be knit for by spinets. s under 30 yrs. old.

DARBY KELLY'S	Honey	19 yrs.	knit 100 pairs.
TIM. SULLIVAN'S	Darlint	21 yrs.	knit 98 pairs.
DAN. SELENT'S	Jewel	26 yrs.	knit 84 pairs.

Betting 10 to 1 on Honey.

Won easily by Honey by a length of 2 pairs.

SUBSCRIPTION PLOUGH STAKES of 50 sovs. each, to be ploughed for by labourers of 21 yrs. and upwards.

THE MARQUIS OF CONNEMARA'S	Phil. Murphy	23 yrs., 10 st. 1 lb. ploughman	A 1
LORD BANTLEY'S	Dennis McCarthy	23 yrs., 10 st. 4 lbs. ploughman	2
SIR LUCIUS O'ROURKE'S	Corny Callaghan	40 yrs., 12 st. ploughman	3
CAPTAIN BANAGHAN'S	Phelim O'Grady	45 yrs., 13 st. 5 lbs. ploughman	4

Betting 6 to 1 agst. Murphy.

The competitors vied with one another in good earnest, in acting on the approved maxim of "Speed the Plough." At starting, O Grady was foremost, and got over his ground in good style; but McCarthy went a-head of him, and in his turn had the go-by from Corny Callaghan, over whom, however, Phil. Murphy ultimately triumphed, the umpires awarding to him the palm of superiority for neatness and expedition in turning up the roots of the daisies. The work was up hill; but it was done very cleverly.

The candidates were all in prime condition, and when the sport was over, were provided with a good substantial feed, including plenty of corn (which answers much better than potatoes), wheatear, in sporting parlance, they all pegged away like four-year-olds. Some of the nobles, we understand, netted a good round sum by betting on their respective favourites; but all of them are certain to reap a large profit from the in petus which the introduction of these sports will give to the cultivation of property in Ireland; and they will also assuredly benefit by the good feeling and understanding which this noble pastime is calculated to engender between the landlord and the labourer.

A Truly German Name.

THE President of that turbulent body of legislators, the Prussian Chamber—himself the professor of very extreme opinions—is named, by the Journals, M. UNRUH. There must be some mistake here. We believe that the proper name of this gentleman is UNRULY.

NOTICE.

MISSING.—The GREAT SEA SERPENT. Had on, when last met with, a bunch of sea-weed round his neck, a seal-skin coat, with a very long tail, and "conjunctions" of a most extensive character. He had been going lately to very great lengths; but his friends fear that he may have come to an untimely end, for when last seen, he appeared to be almost at his last extremities. He need not be afraid to make his appearance again, and unfold himself without scruple; but he must embrace the present opportunity, or he is for ever lost.

THE SONG OF THE SOCIALIST SISTERS.

(As sung at the Ladies' Democratic Clubs in Paris, with great applause.)

LIKE Muffs the men to work have gone,
And Europe's sad to see,
With kings a-tottering on the throne,
And Empires all a-gee.
The world must be "got up" again,
Its creases smoothed away;
Uprouse ye then, my merry women,
It is our mangling day.

Our husbands they may scold or snore,
Or bake, or fry, or stew;
While we this man-spoiled world restore,
And make it good as new.
Lords of creation—*vice* men,
At last we have our way;
Uprouse ye then, my merry women,
It is our mangling day.

No husband's mission own we now,
To bully or to bore;
"Obedience" of the marriage vow
Shall form a part no more.
Till now we've ruled by stratagem,
Henceforth we'll rule by away;
Uprouse ye then, my merry women,
For this is Lady-day.

The Right of Labour we'll proclaim
In favour of the male;
Our new *couleur de rose* shall flame
The Red Republic pale.
Latch-keys or Clubs, who dares to name,
With life shall forfeit pay;
Uprouse ye then, my merry women,
For this is Lady-day!

KITCHEN STUFF.

AN advertisement in the *Globe* a few days ago informed us of the establishment, at Bristol, of a School for Domestic Servants, and the piano was mentioned as being taught at this novel establishment. We have no objection to a School for Servants—a class requiring to be schooled rather severely sometimes—but what they want with the piano somewhat puzzles us. Perhaps it may be useful to them to know how to play quadrilles when, the family being out, there is a *réunion* of the policeman, the lamplighter, the greengrocer, and other friends of the culinary department; but for ordinary use, a knowledge of music seems to be somewhat *de trop* in an education intended to fit the pupil for a career of domestic service. Cooks, housemaids, and nurses are crotchety enough already, without putting musical, as well as other crotchets into their heads; and unless the pianos used for teaching are semi-grands and semi-dressers—forming a sort of half-and-half between har-



mony on the one hand and household duty on the other—we do not see how the new scheme of education can be at all justified. We presume the instruments will be supplied with metallic plates; but if our plan is carried out, earthenware plates may be added. There is perhaps after all some affinity between music and pots and pans, for the comparison of a piano to an old tin kettle is by no means unusual.

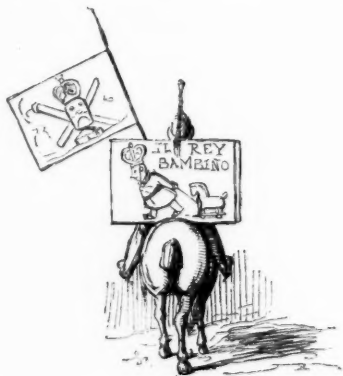
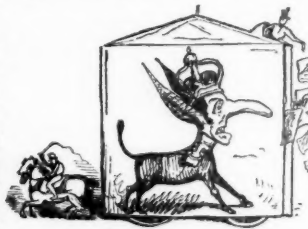
WAR TO THE (PAPER) KNIFE.



THE contest now going on in France for the Presidency of the Republic is being carried on by caricatures and squibs, which are certainly very preferable to the mode of hostility which has lately been popular in Paris. We should be very glad to see all war superseded by paper war; and our Army Estimates would certainly be very much reduced, if literary and artistic powder and shot were substituted for the ammunition of a more costly as well as more deadly character. One of our modern advertising cards, loaded with caricatures, would form a van-guard of the most effective kind,

and we should be delighted to see the artist instead of the soldier following the word of command to draw, and dealing out cuts of a humorous rather than of an inhuman nature.

We can fancy the advance of a regiment of light satirists producing an effect more permanently triumphant than the onslaught of a troop of heavy cavalry; and even in a naval action we think the broadsides of the printing press would be more damaging than the broadsides now used for hostile purposes. The lead of the artist's pencil leaves, at all events, a more lasting impression than the lead of the warlike missiles hitherto in use; and, in boarding the ship of a foe, a party of literary board-men, inclosed in their customary armour of posting-bills, would be quite irresistible.



THE SPELL-BOUND ENTHUSIASTS.

MADNESS has adopted a variety of methods, and run the round of almost every absurdity; but decidedly the most insane thing out of Bedlam in the present day, is a scheme for the annihilation of MAVOR, the demolition of DILWORTH, and the utter or unutterable confusion of all orthography.

A Society has started for the purpose of promoting bad spelling and wrong writing; for knocking out half the public Is, depriving us of a great portion of our Ees; multiplying our mutes without hearing a word in their favour; absorbing some of our liquids; depriving us of our Vs without a Y or a wherefore; and vowing vengeance on our vowels. It seems we are to read and interpret everything in future according to its sound; but we are not told what we are to gather from that "sound and fury," proverbially "signifying nothing."

A newspaper has been already advertised under the hieroglyphical title of the "FONETIC NUZ," which is to contain twelve pages "de siz ov doz in de Egzaminer." We presume that this mystic print will be intended chiefly for circulation among old clothemen and Jew orange-boys, with whose peculiar dialect it seems to chime in very harmoniously. The prospectus of this affair calculates upon "mor dan

wun undreed an fifti tousand supporters," which is as near as possible the amount of the orange and pencil population of the Empire, including the denizens of the large-bladed penknife districts, and the sons of the clothes-bags of Israel.

The objects of the paper are said to be "educashun," not only moral and intellectual, but "fizikal;" and "fizikal" it would indeed become under the new system, by keeping the mind ever on the fiz, or in a state of effervescence, to comprehend the meaning of the mis-spelt lessons placed under the bewildered eyes of the pupil. Who would think that people were mad enough to expect to facilitate the art of learning to read by such sentences—or rather, by such mysterious orthography—as the following, which we print, as well as our civilised types will allow, from the prospectus of the *Fonetic Nuz-paper*:—"Lerning tue red iz, at de present da, so difcult and lengti a tasc, dat a nolej ov redin and ritin haz bin recn'd de gol ov a puur munz educa-shun." After an octavo page of this truly speluncular spelling—for it hurries us into the Cave of De-pair when we try to make it out—the prospectus goes on to say:—"dis iz de grat, de nob'l, de holi coz in hwich we ar enjaid;" and the projectors add, that of this "holi coz" they are resolved to record the "triumfs in de columnz ov de *Fonetic Nuz*." The editors threaten to come out strong, also, on "de grat cweshtuz ov Parliementeri reform," and to "ewolvi ol vor de ecersizij ov de electiv franciz."

If writing and reading are to give a vote, and the qualification is to be tested upon such an incompensable combination of sounds and symbols as constitute the language of Phonography, we anticipate the disfranchisement of nine-tenths of the population, who would never master the mysteries of capital P's turned upside down, to do duty for "Th," or c's and o's run through the middle with daggers or asterisks.

FINE ARTS.

THE *Morning Post* has a very noble notice of the *Portrait of George Hudson, Esq.*; noble and slightly pathetic. The picture was painted by F. GRANT; ENGRAVED BY GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD; published by P. and D. COLNAGHI; and to be purchased by every true-born Briton who would wish to lay his hand upon his heart, and feel his bank book there (with a good balance) in his breast-pocket. Englishmen are frequently told (especially at elections) that any of them may, if they will, be a Commander-in-Chief, a Lord High Admiral, a Prime Minister, or a Lord Chancellor. This is all very well. But we would have a copy of the *Portrait of George Hudson, Esq.* in the house of every humble Englishman, as an incentive to a yet higher position in social dignity. We would have it preached to every hedger, ditcher, and stone-breaker,—"You may be a HUDSON." And to this end, we would multiply the copies of the portrait, till HUDSONS were plentiful as sprats, with the like suggestiveness of gold at the gills, and silver all over. We do not see why good stout copies of the portrait (on brown paper) should not adorn every cottage, and every Union. How admirably has the critic burnt his incense (we may say in his simplicity, his frank incense) to the gilt original!—

"The naturally strong mind and marked individuality which have made the name of HUDSON honourably known among a people who are slow in their recognitions, and tardy in their acknowledgments, are not denoted by the placid but somewhat vacant look of the image which is now before us."

This is so true; at least the early part of it. For it is happily well understood, at least by the select, that MR. HUDSON is not known and honoured by a people "slow to recognise" the power of money—(there was no subscription, none, to gild the ears of MIDAS)—for his wealth; but for his studies in abstract science; for his continual self-devotion to anything but himself.

"The combination of courage, prudence, foresight, and determination which seized fortune where too many embraced despair, we in vain strive to discover in the well-fed and contented gentleman, who looks as if he had nothing in this world to think about, and even less to do."

HUDSON "well-fed and contented." A pictorial libel. Like all the ascetic philosophers, it is known that HUDSON lives upon pulse and dates; and—ere he addresses Parliament—drinks nought save waters from the well of Truth. The artist should have painted the face of HUDSON, that it might have appeared—

"Before the *Times*' effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Whereas half the lines are gone; and all that remains—according to the critic—is "a placid, but somewhat vacant look." The critic finely says:—

"The mere obtrusion of skin and bone is therefore no evidence of intellect; nor is the fact of the human skeleton being somewhat softly clothed, proof that the brain has lost its firmness; and those who are offering premiums for the encouragement of art would do well to reward the first living painter who can execute the portrait of a corpulent person, and make him appear an object deserving of respect."

A fine notion. We should like to see the portrait of a four-pound dip. One of the greatest lights of the world, "deserving of respect!"

BOW STREET BALLADS.—No. II.

JACOB OMNIUM'S HOSS.—A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT.



NE sees in Vite-
all Yard,
Vere pleacemen
do resort;
A wenerable
hins'titute,
'Tis called the
Pallis Court.
A gent as got
his i on it,
I think it'll
make some
sport.

The natur of
this Court

My hindignation riles :
A few fat legal spiders
Here set & spin their viles;
To rob the town their privilege is,
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
Is a military beak.
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And provides hisself a deputy
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court—
Mismamed of Justice—sits;
These lawyers owes their places to
Their money, not their wits;
And there's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a livin at their ease,
A sendin of their writs about,
And droring in the fees,
When their crose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Posses an ansum oss vith vich
He did know what to do:
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At TATTERSALL's did lodge;
There came a vulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from TATTERSALL's:
Wasn that a artful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A mounted on this oss
A ridin him about:
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd
To find hisself so pinn'd;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd;
And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut away like vind.

And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard.

Who was this master good
Of whom I makes these rhymes?
His name is JACOB HOMNIUM, Esquire;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times*!

Now shortly after, the groom
His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hangered MR. JACOB.

For two pound seventeen
This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of MR. JACOB's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride."
"Do you see anythink green in me?"
MR. JACOB HOMNIUM cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall I be called to pay?—It is
A iniquitous Jobb."

Thus MR. JACOB cut
The convasation short;
The livery-man went ome,
Detumming to ave sport,
And summing-d JACOB HOMNIUM, Esquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore JACOB went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six;
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watch'd 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come;
The lawy'rs said their say,
The Judge looked very glum,
And then the British Jury cast
Pore JACOB HOM-NI-UM.

O a weary day was that
For JACOB to go through;
The debt was two seventeen,
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the very moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
If JACOB swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb,
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a cheque for £24 4s. 8d.
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
My pity most profound.
A most emusing sport
You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you,
To grind the honest pore;
To pay their just or unjust debts'
With eight hundred per cent. for Lor;
Make haste and git your costes in,
They will not last much mor.

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou Shameless and Unjust;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth august;
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, JACOB HOMNIUM,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up SIR JOHN JERVIS,
And shut me up that den;
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

PLEACEMAN X.

The Imperial Style.

WE know not whether NICHOLAS of Russia—like an undeserving bishop—has been shamefully translated; if not, he writes a style worthy of the statesman-like metaphors of LONDONDERRY's "late lamented relative," who was wont to speak of "features upon which questions hinged," and "men standing prostrate on the floor of Parliament." Here is a sample of NICK's letter to JELLACHICH, with an Order (for one, children-in-arms of course, admitted):—

"Your noble endeavour generally to rescue from shipwreck the principles of social order and equal justice, which were trodden under foot by a lawless party, guilty of the most rebellious excesses, have gained you just claim to my esteem."

No Italian boy ever carried upon his head a greater confusion of images than NICHOLAS here carries in it. Kings have been punished as schoolmasters. What a pleasure it would give some of LORD DUDLEY STUART's Poles if NICHOLAS were, for a year only, exiled in London; his sword sent to Birmingham to be cut into pens; and he, the autocrat, being compelled, for just one year, to live upon them.

A Short Dialogue at "Mivart's."

SCENE.—The Babylon Bedchamber. MOLLY MACHREE airing a Scarlet Bed.

(WAITER without.)

Waiter. MOLLY! MOLLY MACHREE.

Molly. Whisht, then; what is it?

Waiter. You needn't air the Scarlet Bed.

Molly. And it's to meself you say that? Needn't air the bed?

Waiter. No.

Molly. Why no?

Waiter. There's another message from the 'Lectric Telegraph, and the POPE isn't coming.

"MY PROPHECIC SOUL! MY UNCLE!"

Of all men no one has been more indebted to his Uncle than LOUIS NAPOLEON; for it is very clear he never could have gained the smallest advance without him.

MRS. HARRIS'S TREMENDOUS DISCOVERY.



Mrs. Harris. "YAH! WHO CAUSED ALL THE DISTURBANCES IN FORBORN PARTS? WHY YOU, YOU BAGE CREECHUR; AND WELL MAY YOU GO AND ASK LEWIS PHILLIPS TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH YER; WHICH IT'S A MERRY CHRISTMAS I WISH YER—OVER THE LEFT—YAH!"—

Vide "Standard," Nov. 30th.

MORE NOVELTY AT ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NOTWITHSTANDING our continued notices of the Exhibition at St. Paul's, the twopences, we understand, come in but slowly, and the Dean and Chapter murmur horribly at the tightness of the times, the pecuniary pressure, and other causes which mulct them of those coppers that used to pour in upon them most abundantly. The door-keeper complains of its being the worst season he ever knew, and the great whispering professor, who wheezes out the measurement of the nave, and other interesting particulars, grumbles grievously over a dreary succession of empty galleries.

Instead of the "continued overflows" anticipated from a "reduction of prices," which had induced the authorities to think of letting out the cathedral stalls for the season, to insure seats for those requiring them, the attendance has been growing gradually less, until the vergers, verging on despair, have arrived almost at their wits' end—no great length after all—in a search for novelty. One of the most ingenious of the Cathedral functionaries has, we understand, proposed a scheme to the Dean and Chapter for adding to the interest of the present exhibition. The project recommended is to combine the great features of MADAME TUSSAUD's collection with the existing attractions at St. Paul's, and thus achieve that most desirable triumph familiarly known as "two exhibitions in one," which we sometimes see placarded on the walls of the metropolis.

The object will be to dress the various statues in "costumes of the most costly character," so as to compete with the "magnificent additions" continually advertised by MADAME TUSSAUD, when she brings out a new lad of wax, and lays in a new piece of silk, satin, sarsnet, or velvet, to render him presentable. We have heard that a negotiation is already pending with a celebrated *costumier*, who is remarkable for the great value of his dresses, which are usually so costly that a tunic and trunks originally purchaseable "out and out" for three pounds, will rise in value at the rate of a guinea a day, if the hirer neglects to return the articles, or the lender omits to send for them. This great dresser and redresser of the age will be happy to place the whole of his superb stock of cocked hats, admirals' coats, general officers' uniforms, with at least 5000 entire suits of fleshings for the undraped sculpture, at the service of the Dean and Chapter of either St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, by the day, week, month, or year, at a price extremely moderate.

A *coiffeur*, celebrated for the variety and curliness of his wigs, will undertake to furnish appropriate head-gear to the statues forming the Exhibition, and all the field-marshal, admirals, poets, and other celebrities will be suited to a hair with scalps, scull-caps, fronts, crops, or ringlets, as the case may be, of the most soft and silky texture.

We shall watch with intense interest the progress of this great plan for getting up the grand spectacles of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey with those dresses and decorations which have been brought to such perfection by MADAME TUSSAUD, who can scarcely object to the competition, for the two great ecclesiastical shows will hardly hurt her by the rivalry, at so great a distance from her old established concern in Baker Street.

HERALDRY FOR THE BILLION.

WE wonder King-at-Arms does not, like unfortunate MISS BAILEY, hang himself in his own garters; for the trade of Heraldry must be in a state of sad depression, when we find crests engraved, "and found" into the bargain, for 10s. 6d.—a fact we learn from numerous advertisements. The Heralds' College enjoys the monopoly of finding the public in coats-of-arms; but England must be crest-fallen indeed, when half-a-guinea will make any one a legitimate gentleman.

We presume the pressure of the times will be pleaded for this fearful reduction in the price of heraldic bearings, and the determination of Garter to place an Esquireship within the reach of the humblest—or, at all events, the poorest—individual.

Sadler's Wells Theatre has lately been performing, in its usual style of excellence, a piece called *A Blot on the Scutcheon*. But the British Scutcheons seem likely to be covered with blots, or converted, in fact, into mere dabs of ink, by the lowering of price to a degree so base, that we fear it will be utterly impossible to "keep the thing respectable."



Literally a Shame.

WE are dreadfully behind other nations. If a proof be wanted how little England is advanced in its letters, we might point to the Catalogue of the British Museum, which shows at once, upon the face of it, that we have not yet got beyond our A B C!

"FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN."

WE are happy to have it in our power to state that the MOX JULIEN disclaims all connection with the Mountain party in Paris, and has declared his determination to adhere to his old principles, so that he may never deserve the odious title of JULIEN the Apostate.

A TRIFLE FROM SOYER.—The Irish Rebellion had its goose cooked at the Clarendon Hotel.

Printed by William Braithbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitechapel, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 8, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1843.

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE.



GOOD MR. PUNCH,

"I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called 'Authors' Miseries' will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

"The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most

laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exertion; have reading-rooms, supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of *Hamlet*, the royal orrery, and dissolving views, the female characters in MRS. JONES'S novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer. I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

'L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

'ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?'

* PROFESSOR GROUTAGE will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th Instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2d., Children 1d.'

"I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced MRS. HUGGLESTONE to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by MR. GROUTAGE (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor LOUISA, who had taken our little JAMES, who is at home for the Christmas Holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart, that our JEMMY should have heard his father so slightly spoken of by GROUTAGE, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

"Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and GROUTAGE got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

"I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend HUFFY, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to

discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused HUFFY to say, with a look of considerable scorn, 'that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation.' The fact was, we were not anxious to hear HUFFY'S opinions about PLATO at all; and preferred scoloped oysters to that controversy.

"I submit that, in this case, both parties were right.—HUFFY in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer—of our scoloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of YAWNY, the Honourable MR. DRAWLEIGH, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and MR. DRAWLEIGH was right to give them.

"He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, LORD YAWNY, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of DRAWLEIGH'S own *Travels*, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, 'the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilisation, the Pharos in the storm, which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful,' as PROFESSOR JOWLS said at the Inauguration Meeting,—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, *Mr. Punch*; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and, Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

"But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious 'to secure the leading literary talent.'

"Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble Lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want 'to secure literary talent?' Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators—whom it is a privilege for any community to hear—but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

"I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of so and so, and to hear Lord This or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilisation, and that the learning of the ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

"Advance, civilise, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be

happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?

"Your's, dear Mr. Punch, most respectfully,
"LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE."

MEDICAL JOURNEY-WORK AND WAGES.

It is to be hoped that few professors of physic will adopt the doctrines of physical force; but there is great fear that many young medical men will turn Chartists. The main object of Chartism, after all, is to obtain a good day's wages for a good day's work; and the existing relation between medical labour and wages may be too correctly estimated from the subjoined advertisement in the *Lancet* :—

TO MEDICAL ASSISTANTS.—WANTED, by a General Practitioner in the County of Hants, an assistant who has been accustomed to visit, dispense, keep the books, and take charge of Union patients. He must either be a Licentiate of the Hall, or Member of some College. As the situation is one in which he will be treated as a gentleman, it is quite indispensable that his character will bear strict investigation. To save trouble, replies will only be sent to those applications which appear likely to suit. Salary, £30 per annum.

Punch suspends his cudgel over the head of the "General Practitioner in the County of Hants." If it is a part of that individual's general practice to give his assistants £30 a year for visiting, dispensing, keeping books, and attending Union patients, *Mr. Punch* will not at once beg leave to tell him that he is a shabby fellow. He may be, and most likely is, not an active but a passive screw, merely transmitting the pressure which is applied to him by the public and the Poor Law. But this does not mollify the case of his unfortunate drudge. Why, the doctor's journeyman earns absolutely less than the bricklayer's! The helper at any decent livery-stable makes more than the assistant of the medical man. The aggregate "tips" of an ordinary Boots exceed £30 per annum. Nothing but high moral feeling can be depended upon to hinder so ill-paid a workman from converting his pestle and mortar into mischievous weapons,—from employing his chemical knowledge in furtherance of the views of CUFFY, and throwing his bottles at the head of society. In other times he might have been tempted to take to the road; in these he might almost as well take to the crossing—and sweep it—as follow his profession. Who would be a medical assistant, that could obtain a place as footman or butler? We expect soon to see young surgeons in want of employment at a statute fair, parading themselves, with their diplomas in their hats, for hire, professionally or otherwise. On whomsoever may rest the blame of the above advertisement, it is a great disgrace to somebody.

CATECHISMS FOR THE HUSTINGS.

WE have serious thoughts of publishing a series of little manuals, under the above title, that should contain a summary of questions likely and unlikely to be asked of Candidates, with answers calculated not to satisfy the minds, but to stop the mouths of the querists, the latter being the great object in such cases. Of course, there should be separate manuals for different parties. The following may serve as a specimen :—

TORY MANUAL.

Q. How do you define our glorious Constitution in Church and State?

A. That state of things dictated by the wisdom of our ancestors, for the advantage of ourselves and the amazement of posterity.

Q. Are you prepared to stand upon the old paths?

A. I am; and to keep off all trespassers.

Q. What are the old paths?

A. Those which begin, like charity, at home, and lead, like officers of the army, to glory. The Nobility, Gentry, and Dignified Clergy are their trustees; they are paved with good intentions; their "pikes" must be paid, and therefore none but those with a money qualification can travel along them.

Q. Who pays for keeping up those paths?

A. The Public.

Q. Who has the administration of the road fund?

A. The Aristocracy.

Q. Will you maintain the Church?

A. I will—comfortably.

Q. Will you keep up the Exclusion of the Dissenters from the Universities?

A. I will. Churchmen don't ask for admission to Coward College, or Highbury—Why should Dissenters to Oxford or Cambridge?

Q. What do you understand by *meum* and *tuum*?

A. *Meum*, is all I can get. *Tuum*, is all others can prevent me from getting.

Q. What would you teach the poor?

A. Their duties.

Q. What would you teach the rich?

A. Their rights.

Q. What is your object in seeking for a seat in the House of Commons?

A. To advocate your interests and push my own.

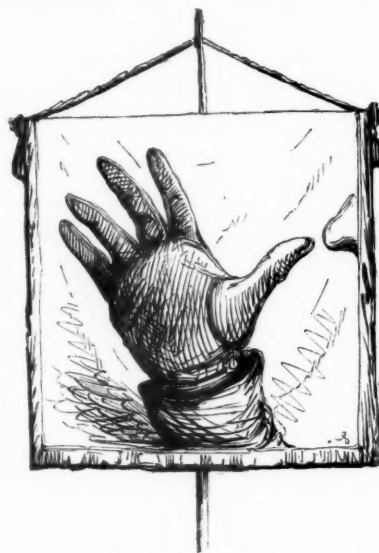
Q. What is your opinion of the Ballot?

A. That it is un-English, as tending to withdraw the voter from the influence of his natural superiors?

Q. Will you oppose any Extension of the Suffrage?

A. I will. If votes were given to all, they would cease to command any price in the market.

It will be obvious how this idea may be applied to other schools of politics. If carried out, it might save young gentlemen from that sort of painful exposure to which the HON. CHARLES FITZWILLIAM was lately so cruelly exposed in the West Riding.



DESIGN FOR A BANNER FOR MR. DENISON.

PLEDGES FOR SALE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been severely taunted because he has given no pledges, whereas the pledges he has drawn from his Uncle must be obvious to everybody. For fear they should not be generally known, we subjoin a short list of them :—

1. THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.—Formerly there was a great deal in this little hat, but it is greatly to be questioned if the inside is worth anything now, more especially when LOUIS NAPOLEON has it on his head.

2. LA REDINGOTE GRISE.—This has been so soiled, so pulled about, and dragged in the mud, that it is scarcely recognisable, from the numerous stains that are upon it.

3. THE OLD BOOTS.—Very much trodden under foot, and trampled out of all shape, from having been worn by a person whom they evidently have not fitted.

4. THE IMPERIAL SHUFF-BOX.—Quite dry—not a pinch left in it, to throw into the eyes of a single person.

5. Several proclamations, a telescope, a fur coat worn at Moscow, a sword used at the bridge of Lodi, a tin model of the iron crown of Lombardy, the imperial sceptre, flourished at the coronation at Notre Dame, two or three of the crosses displayed to "les braves" on the memorable return from Elba, one of the flags embraced at Fontainebleau, and other articles, far too numerous to mention.

The only question is, whether France is likely to be redeemed by pledges of the above second-hand nature.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—All that LOUIS NAPOLEON possesses.

THE RAILWAY LADY-KILLERS.

DID you ever? No you never did, I'm sure, young ladies, hear,
Such a tale as one I'll tell you from the *Liverpool Courier*;
'Tis about affections trifled with, confiding girls betray'd,
And heartless hoaxes, ruthlessly on tender bosoms play'd.

There are some gents in Manchester, whose avocations will
Send them sometimes on the railway, from the counter and the till;
Each sports his large Mosaic rings, his breast-pin, and his chain,
And, in the stead of shop-yard, bears a natty little cane.

The object of each fellow—for we will not call him man—
Is but to captivate as many victims as he can,
As many head—or heart—of game as possible to bag,
And of his booty afterwards to go away and brag.

His carriage in the railway train should some fair maiden share,
He eyes her sentimentally, but with respectful air;
From time to time he heaves a mild and melancholy sigh—
Oh, dear, how very easy 'tis without a word to lie!

At length the object of his wiles he ventures to accost,
Says that the day is wet or fine, or there will be a frost,
And then too many answer him—the base, perfidious one—
Engage in conversation, and are, consequently, done.

For remarks, when once they're answer'd, though the merest nothings, oft
Lead to the further interchange of nothings sweet and soft;
She who assents, at starting, to a speech about the day,
May end the parley with the word which gives her heart away.

And thus it fared with one who was of Liverpool the belle,
Her name—but that let asterisks alone to Scandal tell—
Thus hoaxed was she by one of those young Snobs of whom I spoke;
And now the puppy shows about her letters, as a joke.

There is a scamp among them who eleven dupes can count;
The victims of another unto twenty-three amount;
And these two varlets chuckle, with their ribald gibes and jests,
O'er the fond effusions of no less than four-and-thirty breasts.

Then, all fair railway passengers, a timely warning take,
Cut short all smirking, simpering gents, advances who may make;
Be deaf to the soft speeches, blind to all the killing looks
Of BROWN and JONES and ROBINSON, of SIMPKINS, SMITH and SNOOKS.

JENKINS AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

STERNE upon a dead ass is a nincompoop compared with JENKINS on a live bullock. JENKINS visits Baker Street in the quietude of evening, and melts in sympathy with the gross result of oil-cake. There is a sweet simplicity in this passage. It breaks upon us with a plaintiveness, breathing of the pastoral pipe.

"The quiet of the scene was not rendered cheerful by the numerous gas-lights, and the silence, broken only by the husking or patting of some of the fatted brutes, was oppressive to the spirits."

Does JENKINS ever visit Guildhall on the 9th of November? We hope not; if he suffer so much for fatted brutes, what would be his sympathetic wretchedness for corpulent aldermen?

"The full clear eyes of the poor sheep and oxen, [no calves?] that looked so confidently into ours, and with an eloquence that was not dumb, invited sympathy we could not be insensible to, and the silliness of the place permitted thoughts which were not complimentary to the pride in which the show originated."

There is a touching incoherency in this. The heart of JENKINS is distressed, subdued by the confidential sheeps' eyes cast upon him; and his mind wanders in a maze of words.

But, we can respect the compassion—albeit a little maudlin—of JENKINS; for it has its legitimate source in disgust of the tyrant of Tamworth. If oxen grown beneath a weary load of suet—if mountainous sheep look with confiding eloquence into the eyes of a reporter of the *Post*—if over-larded pigs, like plethoric wealth, are blinded by their fatness, why, the brutality, the atrocity, the torture and the tyranny, all, all lie at the door of the Tamworth traitor, the apostate PEEL. With all our ports open to foreign cattle, what remains to the English farmer but to increase his live stock? And how is this to be easiest done? Why, by enlarging every bullock into two—and fattening every hog into his own double.

PLAIN AS A PIKE STAFF.

ONE of the latest discoveries informs us that gunpowder can be made out of wood. This may, in a measure, account for the most wooden-headed persons being generally the most explosive.

CHILD'S-PLAY.

THE latest novelty introduced into the game of Revolution "over the water," has been an Infant Phenomenon. She talks like a woman, that is to say, as long as they will let her, and jumps up to demand the equalisation of *sucre-d'orges*, and the division of *galette* shops into equal electoral districts. She made her *début* a short time ago at one of the *barrières*, and drew down the applause of a crowded, but not very respectable dinner, at 8 sous a-head, children at half price,—which must have been a "consummation" not altogether to be most devoutly wished by the *restaurateur*, considering the little profit he could have got out of it, if these specimens of *La Jeune France* only ate and drank in the same destructive manner that they talked. Really *La Jeune France* should be ashamed of itself, and deserves being whipped and put to bed. The poor little thing should be at school or with its nurse, making little paper soldiers or cocks and hens, instead of rearing social fabrics, or hisping constitutions, whilst its own is not yet developed. However, it is very strange that Frenchmen, who are always putting themselves forward as "*le peuple le plus spirituel*" in the world, should not see the absurdity of these juvenile exhibitions, and when a baby Genius begins prattling they do not stop its little mouth with *confitures*, or drown its squeak amidst loud cries of "*Au lit! Au lit!*" Every great cause has its hero; but what are we to say of the Republic when its advocates are little boys and girls? It is true that their national songs call upon all *enfants de la patrie* to defend it; but really some limit should be put to the age of these blessed "*enfants*," and none under twelve should be allowed to deliberate in any public assembly, or children-at-arms permitted to have a voice in the nation elsewhere than at home in their nurseries.



Abdication of the Beadle of the Quadrant.

THE *Atlas* omnibus, in anticipation of the Overland *Waterloo*, has brought the intelligence of the abdication of Frederick the beadle of the Quadrant, after a reign of twelve years. Grief at the withdrawal of the iron pillars of his state, and anguish at the prospect of being abandoned by his trusty, though sometimes rusty columns, are the alleged causes of the step on which he has resolved. He abdicates in favour of his nephew Lopez, usually known as Lopez de Vigo, or Lopez of Vigo Lane. It was an affecting sight to behold the aged autocrat bestowing the cane of office on his youthful relative, who appeared to feel the full force of the responsibility.

"Rule Britannia."

THE *Glasgow Citizen* states that a floating railway, in connexion with the Edinburgh and Northern line, is to be thrown over the estuary of the Tay, where it is about a mile and a half broad. Now, indeed, Britannia is ruling the waves, and that with unmistakeable lines. In laying down rails over the billows, she will literally rule them with rods of iron.

SPLENDID DAY WITH THE "QUEEN'S."



First Sporting Snob. "WELL, BILL, WHAT SORT OF A DAY HAVE YER HAD?"

Second ditto. "OH, MAGNIFICENT, MY BOY! I SEE THE 'OUNDS SEVERAL TIMES; AND NONE OF YER NASTY EDGES AN' DITCHES, EITHER; BUT A PRIME TURNPIKE ROAD ALL THE WAY."

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As you are such a friend to us, of the Rising Generation, and always stand up for our rights against them that I won't say anything more about, I hope you will put this letter in your paper, that it may meet the eyes of our parents, who we know regularly take you in.

"I write for the whole school—there's 79 of us—and we always have three *Punches* a-week; so it may be worth your while not to forget to print this letter.

"Yesterday, we wrote home to all our 'Honoured Parents,' telling 'em that the Christmas Holidays began on Wednesday, and ended on the 30th of January (a precious sight too soon for any chap). But that letter was set for us by DR. MAYOR, of Birchblossom Hall; and if he should come to your office, I trust to your honour not to show him what I've wrote to you, as he knows my hand, and wouldn't he—after holidays—neither?

"There's 79 of us, and I tell you, *Mr. Punch*, upon my word and honour, that our 'Honoured Parents' do not understand how to make home happy, while we are with 'em in the holidays.

"To begin. Why should our mothers take us shopping with 'em? Isn't it dreadful to do nothing but sit on a stool, seeing 'em roll out all sorts of gowns, when there's so many pastrycooks, where we could wait for 'em a good deal better?

"Why, too, should we be always taken to St. Paul's Church, spending money, when there's Astley's, and WRIGHT, at the Adelphi, that cost so very little more?

"Then, again, there's a lot of money always goes for pulling out teeth, when we don't see half the Pantomimes, that wouldn't come to half so much.

"Poets' Corner's slow, and the wax-work at Westminster Abbey—which costs sixpence—isn't near so nobby as MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

"Do speak up for us young chaps. We arn't at all treated as we ought to be in the holidays. I want a *cornet-à-piston*, and the back-parlour to practise in; and if the noise is always too much, why, I don't mind going out to a shooting-gallery.

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, your Constant Reader,
"BIRCHBLOSSOM HALL."

"P.S. If the governor doesn't do the right thing these holidays, do let me show him up, there's a good fellow."

NEW BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S.

DESCRIBING the new Cathedral of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, the *Illustrated News* says, "The great bell is made out of worn-out and recalled coin, weighs 1800lbs., and in diameter is about 8 feet." We have long wondered what the lessees—we mean incumbents—of St. Paul's Exhibition—we beg pardon—Church—do with the twopences which they collect at the doors, and the sundry shillings which they charge for showing the remainder of the building.

We can now guess to what use they mean to apply the money. We suppose they design to cast a new bell with it. The small change now rung in the sacred edifice is but a prelude to the bob-majors hereafter to resound from its belfry. Yes, they must intend to provide for the Great Bell of St. Paul's a companion with the consecrated cash. What a monster it will be! How attractively the money-bell will chink to a commercial city! Hence, no doubt, the Dean and Chapter calculate on a great increase of their congregation. If the end justifies the means, they may perhaps be excused, on this consideration, for their conversion of a Church into a Show.

A GINGER-BEER merchant, in the vicinity of the New Cut, has been doing lately a wonderful business with his new effervescent Imperial Pop. He calls it "The Real LOUIS NAPOLEON."

THE HORSE GUARDS CLOCK.

THE papers of Monday contained the following remarkable paragraph:—

"COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—Upon LORD DENMAN taking his seat on the Bench, he called attention to the state of the Horse Guards Clock, which he said had stood at six for the last fortnight, and he was desirous of bringing it under the notice of the proper authorities."

There can be no doubt that *Punch* is the proper authority which LORD DENMAN so gravely alludes to; for, in the celebrated St. Clement's case—we mean clock-case—our jurisdiction was universally recognised. We shall be happy to take the matter in hand—hands and all; but we must in fairness admit that the delinquent shows some sense of its own position in standing at six, whereas its notorious predecessor stood at nothing, aye, and stuck at nothing, for a very considerable period.

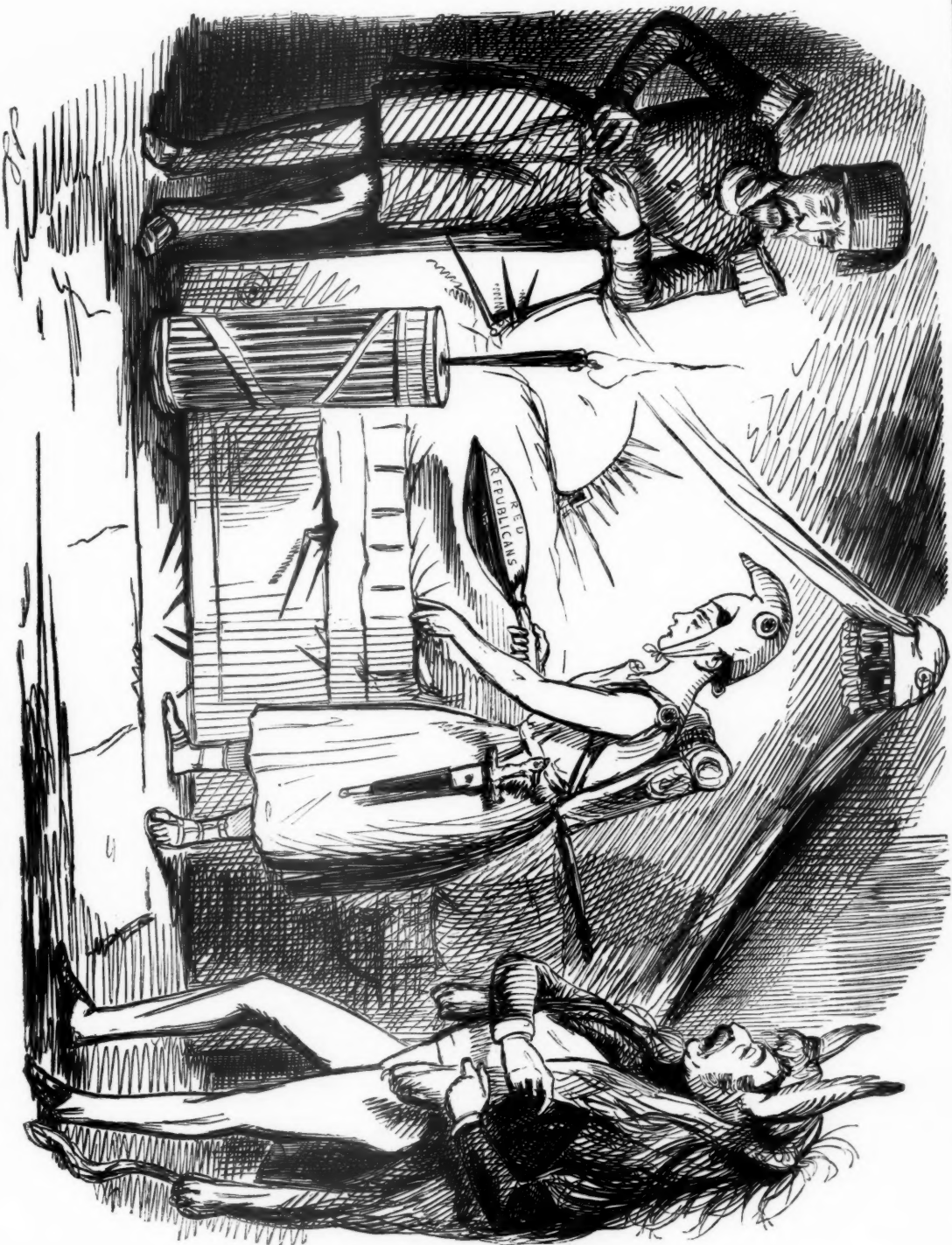
The Horse Guards Clock should, we think, be proceeded against in a regular way, by motion; and we are sure MR. BRIEFLESS will be happy to move the Court, calling upon the Clock to show cause why a summons for farther time should not be immediately served upon it.

We regret that a clock standing so high as that at the Horse Guards, should have fallen into these irregularities, which have ultimately brought it to a stand-still.

MR. VULLIAMY, who has undertaken the defence of the Clock, seems to think that the damp weather, by its vexatious action on the case, has so injured defendant, that to stay proceedings until its affairs can be wound up, was its only alternative. We shall certainly instruct Counsel to move for a rule to compute the time already elapsed, and to settle the minutes, in conformity with the principle of time being of the essence of the contract between the Clock and the public.

Ill News in an Instant.

A SUBMARINE communication, by means of electric telegraph, is, we understand, about to be established between Holyhead and Dublin; which will afford the means of instantaneous communication between the Irish metropolis and London. We very much doubt the utility of this undertaking. Ill tidings always travel fast enough without being expedited by the electric telegraph; and no news is good news, or at least the best, that we are likely to receive from Ireland; therefore, the more slowly and less frequently we are furnished with, Irish intelligence, the better.



Who is to be President?

OR, "AS YOU MAKE YOUR BED, SO YOU MUST LIE ON IT."—A HINT TO YOUNG FRANCE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

ANGELA trusts she may flatter herself with the prospect of a ride in the Brixton 'bus Tuesday: the one that reaches St. Paul's at twelve. Will wear Chinchilly Victorine and Mantle, with (mind) a Feather, not Roses, in Cottage. Dear little CHERRY, being ill, will be left at home. But ANGELA must say, she only thinks she sees herself in thick boots! Cork soles, indeed!

A TRIFLE FROM BRIGHTON.

I took the train to Brighton—I walked beside the sea,
And thirty thousand Londoners were there along with me.
We crowded every lodging, and we lumbered each hotel,
Sniff'd the briny for an appetite, and dined extremely well.

The Cliff it shows like Regent Street come down for the sea-air;
Not in Hyde Park's self do ladies more becoming bonnets wear;
In enchanted "upper circles" one seems to move about,
When the sunshine brings the flies and private equipages out.

To Brighton the Pavilion lends a lath-and-plaster grace—
Fit shrine for fittest God of this pleasant watering place;
And against the show and shallowness, the vanity and glee,
With his hollow, hushless murmur, comes up the solemn Sea.

I sat there in the Bedford, and in the *Times* I read
Of the West Riding Canvass, and a thought came in my head:
How England's one Great Brighton—we all so rich and gay,
While at our feet and in our face a sea comes up alway.

Our wealth is vast, our gains grow fast, we are dealers fair and free;
Our goods tempt every market, our ships plough every sea;
Our lords are great, our traders true, our priests good men and grave,
Our women fair, our sailors staunch, our soldiers blunt and brave.

We have a brilliant lot for some, a bustling lot for all;
Our hold on life seems manifold, our fear of evil small;
But underneath this surface, with all its strength and shine,
The hoarse and heaving sea of toil doth chafe, and moan, and mine.

For I saw how in that Canvass, were it Whig or were it Tory
That talked to the Electors, it was always the same story:
Whate'er the hustings said in praise, or self-congratulation,
Produced a comment from the crowd of aught but approbation.

It was Capital a-preaching, out of plump and prosperous men,
And Labour's hundred hungry throats refusing their "Amen":
When Riches mentioned "Industry," Rags answered with "Despair,"
And Fustian rapp'd a curse out, when Broadcloth talked of prayer.

I dropped the *Times* to look upon the Cliff with all its life,
And that stern sea, that now 'gan curl its white waves as for strife—
And I felt to seek for appetite from the briny 'twas in vain,
And so took my place for London by the earliest fast train.

VEGETABLES AND THEIR VICTUALS.

To MR. COWSLIP, Farmer, Oldbarn Grange, Hants.

"DEAR VEATHER,

"This cums hopun 'twool vind 'ee in good health, as I left 'ee when I come up to zee the vat cattle-show. Moor about that when I returns whoam; all I shall zay at present is, that the bastes baint quite sich mountains of blubber as I'm told they used to be, and be like to veed more Christians, and to make fewer taller-candles than they was afore. What I got to tell 'ee about in this here letter, is a lectur as I heerd t'other night at a instootion they calls the Polly Ticnic, top a Regent Street, nigh Langum Pleace. 'A was read by a larned physician, one DOCTOR RYAN, and was one of a lot which I zee by the bills he's a givun to instruct we farmers as be up in Town at this sazon in Agriculturall Chimistery. This here one was 'On the food of plants, and the sources of that food.' 'What!' you'll zay, 'do plants ate? How can that be? Who ever seed one wi' anything in the shape of a mouth, 'cept a Snap-dragon?' Ah! but they do, though, accardun to the Doctor, and as to mouths, they be mouths all over, and zucks up their nourishment for all the world like a sponge.

"In the fust place, they gits a good bit out o' the air, at which you'll be 'stonished, never having heerd of anything as lives on that air diet, savun the camalion, that gurt eft as turns all manner o' colours, and you may mind havin' zeen at Vair. 'Tis true; they actually braithes their vittles; and in this manner goes on tuckin in Carbon, and Oxygun, and Hydrogun, and Nitrogun, all day. If the vittles was as hard as the words, I'm afeard they'd break their jaws. You wun't belave, perhaps, that there is sich things in the air, from which sartunly 'tis nateral to suppose that they could only git a blow-out o' wind. Howsumdever, this is strange, but true. Next, you must know that plants

likewise pegs away by the roots, and you'll stare when I tells 'ee what their meals is, which you'd fancy was meer manoover. They ate Zillicur, Potash, Zoder, Lime, Mooristic, Zulphuric, Nitric, and Fosforric Acids; zo that this part o' their diet seems to be chiefly salt and vinegar. And this here's how plants is always a stuffin themselves, like hogs. Zo, this Crismus, while we enjoys our beef, and beer, and plum-puddun, we mustn't vorget the wuts, and whate, and barley, out in the fields, and I only hopes we've supplid um in time wi' plenty o' Zillicur and Zulphuric Acid, which is as good to they, I dare zay, as mince-pie and brandy is to we. Depend upon 't, the poor crops, as well as the poor people, ought to ha' their bellyful; and wishun one to both on 'um,

"I remain, till deth,

"Your dootiful Son.

"Zaracen's Head, Dec. 12, 1848."

"SIMON COWSLIP."

"P.S. I hopes to find the turnips wi' a tolerabish appetite, and the mangel wurzel a playun a good stick."

AWFUL DESTITUTION IN LEICESTER SQUARE.



LEICESTER SQUARE, for the last month, has been disturbed in its length and breadth by a rising of the Poles. These Poles have maintained their ground stoutly for a few weeks, but the strong arm of the law has been called in to disperse them, and those who refuse to "move on" will very quickly be taken up, and bound down not to disturb the small piece of vegetation in Leicester Square any more. The interior shows all the signs of a civil war: here a barricade with an overturned wheelbarrow, there a summer-house turned inside out, and everywhere there are heaps of stones, remnants of clay pipes, paper caps, and abandoned pickaxes; whilst oyster-shells strew the ground in every direction, and a flattened pewter-pot, the shape of which is scarcely recognisable, shows at one coup d'oeil how fierce has been the strife. The poor King, too, whose name is buried in the dust of ages, looks sadly forlorn and ashamed of himself, pointing in melancholy dumbness to the Poor Man's Guardian Society, as if he should like a basin of soup uncommonly, to comfort him in these hard times.

It is said that "a divinity doth hedge a king." But the only thing that hedges the king in Leicester Square, is a wilderness of deal boards, which screen His Majesty, it is true, from the public eye, and prevent the vulgar foot from approaching him, but are scarcely the retinue one expects to see grouped round a royal head. This poor statue is subjected to many indignities. Little boys have lately invaded its territories, and play at see-saw with the planks, and would doubtlessly, if they could, scale the pedestal on which his Majesty is trotting, and ride pickaback with him. The most charitable thing will be to get an order from the workhouse, and have the poor statue removed to another parish. It might find an easy resting-place in Trafalgar Square, and be a partner to GEORGE THE FOURTH. There is one comfort—it could not possibly disgrace the place, whereas its removal would certainly improve Leicester Square, and free it at once from those insults, which we are sure neither blood nor stone can stand much longer.

THE LAND FOR THE LASSES.



AN Australian newspaper contains the following, to those whom it may concern, interesting intelligence:—

"ATTRACTIVE NEWS FOR OUR COUNTRYWOMEN AT HOME.—Out of the female immigrants who recently arrived at Melbourne by the *William Stewart*, eight were married within twenty-four hours after their landing."

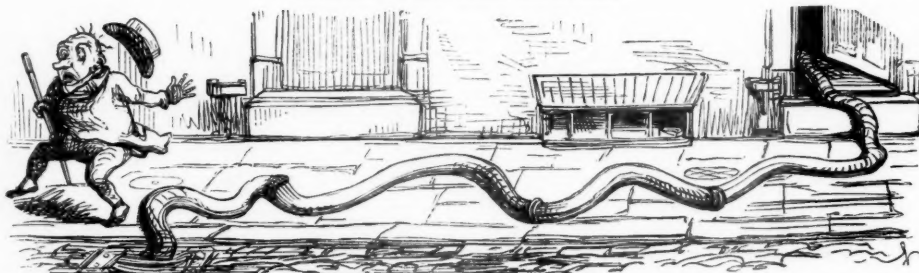
Australia indeed is a land of promise to the Wives and Daughters of England: to as many of the former as have more of the latter than they know what to do with; and to as many of the latter as are vainly desirous to be included among the former. We expect that many young ladies who have been hitherto singing, *There's no place like Home*, will now change their tune, and sing "There's no place like Australia," and

that another ditty popular here will be thus slightly varied for adaptation to the climate of the Antipodes:—

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what shall I do?
Thousands are coming to marry me,
Thousands are coming to woo."

If any young woman wishes to know when she will be married, she may satisfy her curiosity by a very easy process. Let her take her passage for Australia, calculate the length of the voyage, and add to it twenty-four hours. Within that time she will be a wife—or a voluntary spinster.

A SNAKE IN THE SEWERS.



THE Sanitary Commissioners are up to their ankles in the sewers, and up to their hose in cesspools: or at least, their hose may be seen trailing along the ground in such a mysterious manner that by many it has been thought that the Sea Serpent has found its way to land; and that, instead of being the mere creature of a fib, it is in fact am-

phib-ious. We must entreat MR. CHADWICK and his zealous coadjutors to remove, as soon as possible, from the public thoroughfares, those leathern monsters, that, like an Alexandrine, or a Serpent, "drag their slow length along," to the terror of the timid, and to the inconvenience of all.

Mr. Docket's Heaby Blow and Sore Discouragement.

(Confidential.)

"Treasury.

"SIR,—LITTLE did I think you were going to publish my last letter. Still less did I expect it would figure alongside of that startling evidence of MR. PENGUILLIAN. To think that the cutting down of our salaries should have been recommended by him! Mrs. D. says she suspected it all along; but I feel as if my last stay of confidence in man was struck from under me, and I have not had the heart to post my books since last Thursday. Mr. P. looks very black at me, and has been heard hinting to the head of our office that it is very unbecoming in public servants to write to the papers, especially a scurrilous publication like *Punch*; and he spoke of the heinousness of clerks being satirical on their superiors. Satirical! I'm incapable of such a thing, and I can't think what Mr. P. alludes to. Perhaps it's that passage about conscience-money. But I was assured it *did* come from Mr. P. by the HONOURABLE GEORGE SLYBOOTS, of our office, who said he had it from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EX—Q—R, whose wife is LADY SLYBOOTS' first cousin.

"Of course I couldn't suppose that Mr. P., with all his anxiety for economy in the public service, would have taken an extra year's salary for extra zealous discharge of his arduous duties, without managing to put it delicately back into the public purse, even if he accepted it at

first, not to hurt the feelings of LORD JOHN, who is a connection of his. Indeed, I didn't think he was capable of extra zeal. He has always given us to understand that his common zeal was wearing him out as it is.

"As to the chance of any of us reaching an Assistant Secretaryship, we are just as likely to furnish a Prime Minister. Bless you, Sir! we are not men of the family interest to aspire to such things.

"My suggestion of the possibility of getting on with a couple fewer Lords, has caused me many black looks and cold shoulders already. I shall be only too happy if they don't find out that there's one clerk too many in the Treasury, and that his name is—

"Yours respectfully,

"JOHN DOCKET."

"P.S. For my sake, don't publish this."

(We feel obliged, by a sense of duty, to disoblige our Correspondent. It is right the authorities of the Treasury should know what a snake they are fostering in their bosoms.—ED. P.)

SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.—A pamphlet was recently seen in Albemarle Street, written by SIR PETER LAURIE.

EDUCATED FRANCE—THE PRESIDENCY.

SCENE.—A Village Cabaret. JOCRISSE and PHILIPPOT drinking.

Philippot. *Vive NAPOLEON! Vive l'Empereur!* I shall vote for the *petit chapeau*.

Jocrisse. *Vive NAPOLEON!* But—*tiens!*—how Emperor? The *petit chapeau* is at the Invalides. *Hé?*

Philippot. *Point de tout.* The Emperor is not dead. The Emperor never will die. All the *mensonge*, the *ruse* of perfide Albion. The *petit chapeau*, the *redingote*, has never been dead. Still the Emperor has watched over the destinies of France.

Jocrisse. *Vraiment?*

Philippot. *Vraiment.* The little corporal never can die.

[Agent of LOUIS NAPOLEON comes forward.]

Agent. *C'est juste.* The Emperor has been wickedly scandalised. He has never died. He only withdrew from France—*sa belle France*—that he might return like a thunderbolt upon the heads of his enemies.

Philippot and Jocrisse. *Vive l'Empereur!*

Agent. See here, my friends, what is written of the hero who solicits your votes for President. See what is written of him by France's noblest pen. What? You can't read? (*Aside*). I thought not. Then, citizens, I'll read for you. *Ecoutez.* [*Takes THIERS'S "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" from pocket, and reads (with emendations) various passages.*] "NAPOLEON has upon his side genius, and the auspiciousness of circumstances."

Philippot. *Sans doute.*

Agent (*reads*). "He has all society to organise; but society that desires organisation; and desires it through him; because it has in him the fullest confidence, inspired by unheard of success."

Jocrisse. *C'est vrai.*

Agent (*reads*). "We have in NAPOLEON a master who knows how to do everything—who can do everything—who will do everything. Therefore, it is wisdom to let NAPOLEON do as he may; for at the present moment, personal rivalry may be the destruction of France."

Philippot. *C'est excellent! Vive NAPOLEON!*

Agent. *Ecoutez, mes amis.* (*Reads*). "NAPOLEON desires the triumph of the Revolution; he desires the glory of establishing it—of consolidating it upon a state of things pacific and regular: and he desires to remain its chief—it is no matter under what title—it matters not under what form of government. But to imagine him the instrument of any other power save that of Providence—he has too deep a sense of real glory, too great a consciousness of his own force, to consent to be so."

Philippot and Jocrisse. *Vive NAPOLEON! We vote for l'Empereur!*

Agent. *Allons, mes amis!* (*Aside*). These are not the only fools who really believe they vote for the *petit chapeau* and the *redingote grise*.

[PHILIPPOT and JOCRISSE exeunt for the Ballot-Urn.]

A CURATE ON SUNDAY SHAVING.

THE extremely reverend MR. KENT, curate of Upton-on-Severn, has laid an information against the local barbers for shaving on Sundays. As beards cease to grow upon the Sabbath, it is manifestly wicked to shave them on the seventh day. However, there was a flaw in the information, and the magistrates, warning the barbers of Upton-on-Severn not to shave after half-past ten on the Lord's day, dismissed MR. KENT to his hermitage to ponder on the iniquity of Sabbath soapbuds. MR. KENT himself—we speak upon the authority of our own correspondent—always shaves on the Saturday night, so that he may, under the circumstances, appear as bare-faced as possible in the pulpit on Sunday. MR. KENT has, of course, been reviled by the scorners of Upton-on-Severn; but, on the other hand, he has been highly honoured by the elect, who look upon a Sunday razor as an instrument no better than the scissars of DALILAH.

A testimonial has been presented to MR. KENT; a testimonial—the product of subscriptions of many worthy wives and spinsters of Upton-on-Severn. A complete set of shaving-tackle, charmingly illustrative of the KENTIAN piety, was yesterday presented to the curate. (Regardless of expense, we have obtained the intelligence by electric telegraph.) The gift is very pertinent—very handsome.

The shaving-brush is of good, stout, mortifying hedgehog, set in hickory. The soap-dish is very massive, cast out of pewter pots condemned for short measure. The soap is real Naples, with a sulphurous odour. The razor, a scraper begged from the door-step of SIR ANDREW AGNEW, and ground to the finest edge. The strop is made from an old cover of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*.

MR. KENT received the testimonial with mixed feelings of piety and gratitude. Calling for hot water, he begged to be permitted to show his thankfulness, by shaving in the presence of the deputation. This touching request was handsomely accorded; and it says no little for the feelings of the curate, and no less for the hedgehog brush and razor, when we assure our readers, that the deputation left the reverend and respected gentleman with tears rolling down his cheeks.

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?—(NEW VERSION.)

Know'st thou the land where the kangaroos bound,
And the queer-looking ornithorhyncei are found?
The land of the South, that lies under our feet,
Deficient in mouths, overburdened with meat;
Know'st thou that land, JOHN BULL, my friend?
Thither, oh! thither, poor people ought to wend.

Know'st thou the land, my dear JOHN BULL,
Where thousands of flocks are reared only for wool,
And sixty-four million good pounds, as they say,
Of mutton, are cast in one twelvemonth away?
Know'st thou that land? Thy starving brood
Thither, oh! thither, should rush in quest of food.

Know'st thou the land where the cattle and sheep,
For the mere want of hands are too many to keep;
And what to do with them their owners know not,
But to slaughter them off for the melting pot?
Know'st thou that land? To save such waste,
Thither, oh! thither, ye hungry creatures haste.

Know'st thou the land where a sheep-shearer's pay,
Or a reaper's, is ten or twelve shillings a day;
Where a labourer may earn thirty pounds by the year,
With a ration, per week, of the best of good cheer?
Know'st thou that land—that jolly land?
Thither should Labour repair to seek Demand.

Know'st thou the land that thy paupers may reach
At the trifling expense of six pounds or so each,
There in plenty to live, whilst their gruel and bread
Cost near eight in the workhouse, per annum, a head?
Know'st thou that land? JOHN BULL, if so,
Thither, oh! thither, help those poor souls to go!

STRONG CLAIMS TO A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.



MR. CHAPMAN has expressed his opinion that SIR CULLING EARDLEY will be a better Member of Parliament than MR. DENISON, because the former is the stronger and healthier individual. We know that physical strength is rather necessary for an M. P. in these days, when legislation is the work of nights; but we are not quite prepared to admit that animal power, or in other words, physical force, is the one thing needful in the House of Commons. If this were the case, the strong man from Greenwich Fair, who lifts a ton weight with his teeth, and pitches it over his head with a toss of his chin, would be the most eligible person for a seat in Parliament.

We know that there are a good many heavy measures to be carried, and a great quantity of dead weights to be thrown off by the energy of our M. P.'s but we might as well return a Parliament of coal-whippers, or send BARCLAY & PERKINS's little army of draymen into the Lower House, as accept the principle on which SIR CULLING EARDLEY is recommended to the electors of the West Riding. A portrait of SIR C. E., with the ladder of Parliamentary ambition on the tip of his nose, and a chair or comfortable seat at the top of the ladder, would form a very good subject for an election squib, and we suggest the subject to his Committee, with our full permission to make use of it.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK!



Novel application of the Electric Telegraph.

WE HAVE a tender regard for the public nerves, and are fearful of causing them too great a shock by the publication of our **ALMANACK**. We have therefore resolved on breaking, as it were, the force of our annual explosion of volcanic wit, by communicating a few specimens of the jokes through the medium of the electric telegraph. We despatched a small parcel of the very smallest of our witticisms to a railway terminus in Yorkshire, and the effect was so exhilarating that the waiting-room became a scene of the most boisterous merriment. A Director, who happened to be waiting in the office, was thrown into such a state of mirthfulness that he forgot for a moment the state of the Share Market, and a small spaniel on the spot was so struck by the electric force of a prize pun, that "the little dog laughed" in a style for which, according to the nursery rhyme, little dogs are remarkable. The specimen thus com-

municated to the public, though comparable only to a grain of corn, offered as a sample of an entire stack, will, in some degree, prepare the public for what is to be expected on the appearance of

PUNCH'S ALMANACK.



OVERFLOWS AT THE OLD BAILEY.

THE Old Bailey officials are reaping a splendid harvest from the succession of crowded courts that have been attracted by the recent performances. The Chartist trials, embracing the talents of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the leading business, with MR. BALLANTINE as a highly respectable second, and MR. CLARKSON, the acknowledged "heavy man," brought into play a phalanx of forensic strength that drew together very numerous audiences, while the interesting legal drama of the BARONESS ST. MART has given to this usually dull part of the season a very powerful impetus. We have received a complaint from a simple youth, a member of Lincoln's-Inn, who, having heard of students' seats in the courts of law, went the other day to the Old Bailey in the capacity of a student, expecting to receive the privilege of the *entrée*. On applying to the door-keepers his claim was coolly ignored, and half-a-crown was demanded as the price of his admission. Not satisfied with the fees, the Old Bailey functionaries have taken to the undignified process of touting, and have commenced the practice of describing what is going on inside, for the purpose of tempting the public to walk up, and pay their money. Our student correspondent was assailed by all the arts of puffery, equalled only by the celebrated appeals of the showman, whose stentorian cry of "Alive! alive!" calls the attention of the public to some alluring alligator who is to be seen inside, with an entirely new set of teeth, and an extra joint to his tail; or the Norfolk giant, with six additional inches of gutta percha on his boots, to add to his stature. Our student was tantalised by the assurance from the door-keeper that "COCKBURN was knocking the maid-servant all to bits," and that if the applicant for admission wanted to hear the best of it, he had better pay his half crown at once, or he would miss the cross-examination, which the janitor described as "a right down smasher, and no mistake."

It seems to be such a regular practice to charge for admission to the Old Bailey, that we think the prices ought to be printed at the bottom of the true Bills found by the grand jury. As it is the fashion to reduce the admission to public entertainments, we must confess we look upon half-a-crown as rather too much for the gallery of the Old Bailey, even when COCKBURN has got a servant girl in hand, or WILKINS has seized a dubious policeman between his forensic teeth, and is tearing him and his testimony to tatters. As to the students' seats, we begin to believe that they are mere myths, and that the students are as seatless in the Old Bailey as the angels are when cut in stone on the monuments of antiquity.

We understand that the traffic in places at the Old Bailey is carried on to such an extent by the lower officials, that it has been proposed to let the Jury Box as a private-box, and turn in the twelve honest men anywhere on the floor of the Court, or amongst the barristers.

THE COST OF "GREAT BARGAINS."

It is an alarming fact, that the malady of short-sightedness is very prevalent among the ladies of England. MESSRS. HOWELL, JAMES, AND CO. have written a letter to the *Times*, complaining of some rogues who go about the country selling worthless goods under an assumed commission from their firm. They observe:—

"We have endeavoured by all means in our power to prevent the use of our name, but cannot succeed, and we regret to say, that these parties are much encouraged in their proceedings by the very unfortunate, but strong feeling in the minds of English ladies, to secure what they are told is a 'great bargain,' but which always turns out to be a something that would be dear at half the price paid for it."

This defective vision of the British Ladies arises entirely from weakness—from a debility of intellectual perception and the moral sense. The latter renders them desirous to get goods for less than they are worth, the former blinds them to the fact that the converse desire is as natural to the vender.

If they would but consider that sellers may be as fraudulent as customers, and are probably very much deeper; that there is as likely to be a "do" on the farther as on the hither side of the counter, the one behind it being considerably more cunning, they would always deal at a respectable shop, and eschew those "great bargains" and "tremendous sacrifices," which only result in themselves being greatly sold, and their money tremendously sacrificed.

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON ON THE SUBLIME.

THE library of PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, who, now that he aspires to govern a great nation, would seem to think any further cultivation of his mind unnecessary, has, according to the *Morning Post*, been sold by auction. The literary treasures included a copy of LAMARTINE's poem of *Jocelyn*. On the inside of the cover the following annotation had been written by the princely proprietor:—

"Undertook the reading of this book at Florence, Sunday, the 7th of May, 1837. Abandoned it as being too sublime for me. Undertook the reading for the second time, Monday the 8th, without being more fortunate. Recommended by a new effort, Tuesday, the 9th, and abandoned it definitively."

Substituting "the Presidency of the French Republic," (and we wish he may get it) for "the reading of this book," and making the requisite alterations of place and dates, we think it by no means improbable that the above critique will have epitomised the future political career of PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

All Stuff.

THE juniors of the Equity Bar complain, with some justice, that the present LORD CHANCELLOR has made no silk gowns, and the consequence is that the space below the bar is over-stuffed in the most inconvenient manner. It has been suggested that his Lordship will not give the elder juniors silk—or in other words, silk 'em—because he is naturally partial to COTTEN 'EM.

N.B. The forcing of this joke into *Punch's* pages is a flagrant act of trespass, and we hereby instruct anybody who will take the trouble, to apply for a *certiorari* to move the said joke out again as early as possible.

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THE FRENCH FEMALE SOCIALISTS.



It may be expected that in the next French Revolution—come when it will—the women will be in the first rank, and the washerwomen, if we may believe the *Semaphore du Sud*, will be ready to plunge into hot water with an alacrity characteristic of their calling. The next barricades of Paris will be formed of the washing-tubs and mangles of those whose feelings have been already mangled by a refusal to recognise their claims, and they will show themselves impatient of their irons by throwing them—flat as well as Italian—upon the soldiery. We shall find the *blanchisseuse* opposing the approach of cavalry by drawing up a detachment of clothes-horse, and she will show herself no less expert in getting up a fine row than in getting up fine linen. The authorities must not be soporific in presence of these viragos of the soap-suds, who are eager to form a lather for the purpose of lathering the authorities.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

It was natural that, at a juncture like that of the Presidential Election, L-U-S N-P-L-N should seek for counsel from his friends on this side of the Channel. We are enabled, by the kindness of *certain parties*, to lay before the public some extracts from the very interesting correspondence of the P-E and his English advisers:—

I.—From P-E L-S N-P-L-N to the C-U-T D'ORS-Y.
(Translation)

"CHER COMTE,

"It is very embarrassing. The accounts, as they come in, swell my majority more and more. I shall certainly be returned, and by the absolute majority. Then, you see, I am President at once, and the Assembly will not be called in to decide between me and my rival, this excellent CAVAIGNAC. It is too much honour for me. My dear friend, I have been too calm, too prudent. They have found out, they say, that I am a man of vast capacity. They discover ideas in my bulletins, of which I had no conception. The Invalides insist upon it, that I am to restore the armies, wars, and glories of the Empire; the Legitimists, that I am to overthrow the Republic; the Orleanists, that I am to rule through a Dynastic Ministry, and so pave the way for the amiable PR-N-E DE JO-NV-LL-E; the *épiciers*, that I am to restore trade; the *rentiers* that I am to raise the 5 per cents. to par; the Red Men, that I am to open the career for the talents, remodel society, substitute the sense of duty for the sense of self-interest, set up association for competition, and extirpate vice and misery.

"All this is a vast mission for a single man; and I begin to feel unequal to the actual situation. What is to be done? I repeat, it is embarrassing to sit with the eyes of Europe upon one. Furnish me, my dear friend, with a programme. You have much experience of society. Perhaps you might be willing to aid me here in person. At least open to me your heart. I am indeed in an embarrassment,

"But still entirely yours,

"L-S N-P-L-N."

II.—From C-U-T D'ORS-Y to L-S N-P-L-N.

"CHER PRINCE,

"Your position reminds me of an anecdote told of the man who won an Elephant in a raffle, and was much perplexed what to do with his large prize. You have won *your* Elephant.

"It is indeed embarrassing. You cannot satisfy everybody. Pardon me, if I say rather, I do not think you can satisfy anybody, for every party expects of you something different from the other.

"For your obliging offer—I must answer no. The Arts engross me wholly—I have taken to religious painting in the great style, and find it attracts wonderfully. *Apropos*—if the port-folio of the Embassy to St. James' be to dispose of, it might be well to have one who may, without fatuity—But you will understand me, *à demi-mot*.

"I embrace you a thousand times.

"Your devoted

"D'ORS-Y."

III.—From L-S N-P-L-N to MR. GOMERSAL.

(Translation.)

"DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS ARTIST,

"STANDING on the pinnacle of success, on which thirty millions contemplate me with astonishment, I fly to you, worthy repository of hallowed recollections, illustrious successor of that mighty uncle who in you has lived again on the boards of Astley, amidst the cruel and haughty insulars (unworthy of a genius like yours)—I fly to you for inspiration, as to a source of historic tradition, a living record of the departed great.

"France has chosen me her chief, as forty-four years ago she chose that hero to whose memory you and I have dedicated ourselves. At such a moment I feel that the uncle should revive in the nephew.

"Come, then, to me—to the Tuileries. There I may place myself once more under your tuition, to fit myself for my great task of restoring to France its Emperor. Come, and do not forget the properties. Soon it may be necessary for me to make a tour of the Departments, to present myself to the country that, in choosing me, does honour to a recollection, which your lessons alone can assist me to call up before them in living, moving majesty. Quit, then, Astley's, that scene of your triumphs. Leave that modest retreat in which you brood over the recollection of Austerlitz and Marengo. Come to my palace and my heart. Rooms shall be prepared for you, with trophies and memorials of him.

"With respect and affection,

"L-S N-P-L-N."

IV.—From MR. GOMERSAL to L-S N-P-L-N.

"MY DEAR P-E,

"It does my heart good to find, at last, that the French are going in for the legitimate business, and choosing one from the acknowledged stock to be their manager. I was delighted to find your election had been a bumper-crowded houses—immense hit—and, in fact, a blaze of triumph. Indeed, from your first appearance on the stage, I knew you would *do it*, and exclaimed—*aside*—with *Hamlet*, 'Oh, my prophetic soul, his uncle!'

"I need not say how your success comes home to my business and my bosom. To think that the hat, boots, and grey surcoat, that will hardly draw a house at Astley's now, except on an 18th of June, can still pull 'em in, in your Circuits—I mean Departments—in millions, is 'a comfort to my age,' as *Wolsey* has it. I am glad to see you are not like some other stars I could mention, jealous of all other talent, and ready to forget former lessons.

"I shall have much pleasure in doing anything I can for your benefit, in the genuine Emperor line—and I think that between us, what with your NAPOLEON ideas, and my NAPOLEON togs and props, we may 'win golden opinions,' as *Macbeth* styles 'em, which are the 'sovereign'st thing on earth' as *Hotspur* would say, for one whose reputation, hitherto provincial, ought now to aspire to become European. As to my coming over to give lessons in the real thing, or to make a tour of the Provinces with you, I shall be delighted; but 'Hal, an thou lov'st me,' 'put money in my purse'—as in the distracted state of your treasury I should not be surprised to find myself on half-salary—a thing most tolerable and not to be endured.

"So no more from one, who, tho' now in 'his sear and yellow leaf,' is still, in regard for your late uncle,

"Sincerely yours,

"GOMERSAL."

"P.S. Don't forget the magnanimous business. You remember that scene with the Scotch Prisoner. Pitch in your clap-traps—'bits of fat' we call 'em.—I take it, your's is a gallery audience, and wants something 'hot and strong.'"

AN UNFEELING MONSTER.

We know an Author (he writes long poems) who always gives his own Books as Christmas Boxes. If this cruel practice is still inflicted this year upon little children, we certainly shall publish his name.

CALLS FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.—This is to give notice that a call of Threepence per head, on the whole of the British population, will be payable on or before the 1st of January, 1849, at the Punch Office, or any of its agencies. Scrip, in the form of PUNCH'S ALMANACK, will be delivered on payment of the Call, which will entitle the holder to a Consolidated Stock of the best things in Art and Literature, which will bear interest on every day throughout the year.

A CRUEL ATTACK UPON ATTORNIES.



We are surprised, and something more, at the *Times*. It is evident that, for the most part, that well-conducted and generally delightful print has a malevolent intention to dip attorneys in the black dye of its own ink, making them much more dark than they are ordinarily painted. This is vulgar—shameful. Only last week, we saw one respectable man—he must have been three-score five, at least, with a blue bag beside him—a respectable old gentleman, smelling a little of pounce, and looking a little of parchment,—we saw him, we say, indignant and affected, as he sat with the *Times* newspaper in one hand, a piece of biscuit in the other, and a glass of brown sherry on the table before him. We like to be particular, and will give the time and place. It was on the 13th of December, 2 P.M.—the third box upon the right as you enter the Gray's-Inn Coffee House.

MR. REDTAPE (we inquired the name of the waiter) reads a letter in the *Times*. The writer speaks of a "system of robbery, which consists of small attorneys purchasing small debts and bills under £20, and suing the parties upon them in the superior courts for the sake of costs." "And why not; why not?" asks MR. REDTAPE of a gentleman opposite (evidently a country client). "Did you ever hear the like, Sir?"

"The attorney claims the privilege of suing for a debt due to himself in his own court, and of being out of the jurisdiction of the County Courts either as plaintiff or defendant! This evasion of the spirit of the act surely was never intended by the Legislature, and calls imperatively for attention."

"Indeed!" says REDTAPE. "And so we're to be stripped of all our little rights? We are to have no privileges? An attorney is not to be allowed to speculate a little, buying up small debts for the sake of dearer practice, but is to be compelled to go into the County Courts, and get dirty, cheap law like any paltry individual out of the profession. Why, Sir, carry this out, and what a blow will it deal upon many most energetic attorneys of the Hebrew persuasion—of men of enterprising habits, who buy small debts, as graziers buy lean sheep, to fatten 'em into profit? But just hear the fellow." (And REDTAPE reads)—

"A debt of £16 was speedily magnified by costs, &c. into £32, of which I have paid £24, and having unfortunately made default 'on the day' in payment of £8, the balance, the next morning was served with a fresh writ for that amount, with £1 15s. costs, and in a few days after a declaration, thus creating £4 more expenses, and which, if not paid in four days, will be increased to £9 or £10 costs only."

"And why not?" asks REDTAPE. "Is not a law—at least proper law—made for the use of attorneys? Look here, Sir. I pay an annual sum for my certificate. Just, Sir, as you pay for your shooting license. And my certificate is as your gun,—I am to bag as much game as I can with it. The County Court is a shabby, paltry place; not fit for a gentleman to practise in. There's no game—no game, Sir. I might as well ask you, with a license, to pop only at may-bugs and cock-chafers. And so, being duly certificated to kill, I, as an attorney and gentleman by Act of Parliament, bang away in the superior courts. And this—this little privilege—they would deprive us of! All I say is this; I respect the laws of my country, so long as they're profitable; but if they attempt any more of what they call their reforms, I only hope I shall not be found with my coat off, throwing up a barricade."

THE PILOTS THAT ARE TO WEATHER THE FRENCH STORM.

THERE are some doubts about the Ministry of LOUIS-NAPOLEON. We give the following as the most correct, for it has been forwarded to us by the Electric Telegraph, which is known never to exceed the truth. None other, consequently, is genuine:—

Minister of Justice	MONS. VIDOCQ.
Minister of Foreign Affairs	MAD. LOLA MONTES.
Minister of the Interior	MONS. SOYER.
Minister of Finance	LE COMTE CHICARD.
Minister of Public Works	LE TIEU MATEUX.
Minister of War	FRANCONI.
Governor of Algeria	COL. PELISSIER.

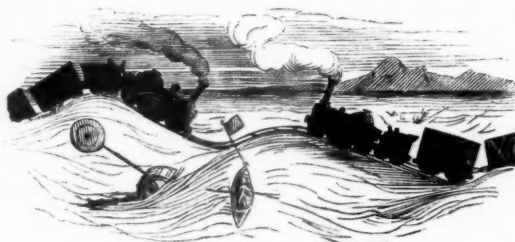
The President of the Council will be MONSIEUR GOBERT, the celebrated *Napoleon* of the Cirque, and every theatre on the Boulevards, and who, for the last month, has been giving instructions to PRINCE LOUIS; and the Vice-President, it is rumoured, will be the equally celebrated GOMERSAL, who is so identified now with the Emperor and all his habits, that he takes snuff quite naturally out of his waistcoat-pocket.

The above distinguished celebrities have only accepted office upon the

distinct understanding that PRINCE LOUIS is not to speak a single word—which he has most handsomely promised; as he declares, very innocently, that he has nothing to say, and is not particular about saying it.

The Ministry has been already honoured with a nickname, which, in a country like France, where only the highest things are ridiculed, is a sufficient proof of its popularity. It has been called the Ministry "*de toutes les Incapacités*;" but this is evidently a joke, if not a libel, and PRINCE LOUIS, when he puts himself at the head of the Cabinet, will soon prove that there is nothing in it.

THE NEW FLOATING RAILWAY.



SOME ingenious gentleman, who seems to think that capital does not get sunk rapidly enough in Railways, has proposed a floating line, which will of course, if carried out, be exposed to more than the ordinary fluctuations to which these things are liable. The scheme may work well enough when matters go on smoothly, but when NEPTUNE has a bill—or a bill-ow—to take up, and BOREAS may be raising the wind to help him out, we fear the traffic on the floating line would be entirely swamped, to say nothing of the difficulty the engineers might experience in taking their levels.

FASHIONABLE TRANSLATIONS.

Out (mostly)	means	In.
Any day (decidedly)	"	No day.
A general invitation	"	No invitation.
Pot luck	"	Cold meat, or hashed mutton.
A little music	"	Songs all the evening.
A few friends	"	About a hundred people or so.
Engaged three deep	"	Rather not dance with you.
"Will you have any more wine?"	"	It's time to go upstairs.
"We do not visit now"	"	A decided cut.
Residing on the Continent for the benefit of your health	"	{ Extreme economy, or evading your creditors.
Breaking up one's establishment	"	Outrunning the constable.
"A little misfortune"	"	{ Insolvency, or a slight bankruptcy, or an elopement, or a marriage with a tradesman, or a bit of shoplifting, or any other fashionable casualty.
Threw herself away	"	Married for love.
Comfortably settled	"	Married for money.
Past the meridian of life	"	Any year between 50 and 100.
Not dying so well as was expected	"	Dying poor.
Universally respected	"	Dying rich.

"NO SKETCHING ALLOWED."

ARTISTS are not permitted to sketch in the Temple. Those excellent friends of ours, the stout gentlemen in the aprons and brass badges, whose arduous duty it is to drive out dogs, and do nothing about the corners of the courts in sunshiny weather, have lately been driving away all persons attempting to carry off (in their sketch-books) any of the ornaments of the Temple Church. The Benchers may, perhaps, be of opinion that the only copies that ought to be permitted within their precinct, are those charged twopence a folio, which is considerably under what a folio of (artist's) copies usually fetches.

In fact, the Temple is a drawing academy already, CHITTY supplying the models, in the shape of very common forms, and all the drafts drawn having one quality—colour—for which the English school has always been famous. Still, we cannot think the Bench are aware of the prohibition recently issued by the honourable Beadles of their courts, and we accordingly beg to move for a *quo warranto*, to show on what authority those functionaries interfere with sketchers, or rather a peremptory *mandamus*, to order them to abstain from doing so in future.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.



My name is Pleaceman X;
Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
A playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,
All underneath the moon.
One puffed a hold French horn,
And one an old Barjo,
And one chap seedy and torn
A H Irish pipe did blow.
They sadly piped and played,
Dexcribing of their fates;
And this was what they said,
Those three pore Christmas Waits:—

"When this black year began,
This Eighteen-forty-eight,
I was a great great man,
And king both vise and great,
And Munseer Guizot by me did show
As Minister of State.

"But Febuwerry came,
And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and ki'h,
I left my royal crown,
Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English
ground,
In the name of Mr. SMITH.

"Like any anchorite
I've lived since I came here,
I've kep myself quite quite,
I've drank the small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me
And all my famly dear.

"O, Tweeleries so dear,
O, darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in my ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and vith guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons;
O, varn't it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once?

"And so, vith arp and voice,
Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice
O, glorious England's QUEEND!
And never ave to veep, like pore LOUIS-
PHILEEP,
Because you out are cleaned.

"O, Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hout
To me, your pore old Vait;
For nothink could be vuss than it's been
along vith us,
In this year Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
And my name's the bold CUFFEE.

"The QUEEN and HALBERT both,
I swore I would confound,
I took a hawdle hoath
To drag them to the ground;
And sevral more vith me they swore
Aginst the British Crowned.

"Aginst her Pleacemen all,
We said we'd try our strenth;
Her scarlick soldiers tall,
We vow'd we'd lay full lenth:
And out we came, in Freedom's name,
Last Aypril was the tenth.

"Three 'underd thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The barmy kept quite out of sight,
And so ve vent away.

"Next day the Pleacemen came—
Rewenge it was their plann—
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-mann:
And the hard hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that atrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea:
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old CUFFEE.

"O HALBERT, Appy Prince!
Vith children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And takin hoff your hease;
O think of me, the old CUFFEE,
Beyond the solt solt seas!

"Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I will be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The taylor thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),

When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke wi'h H Irish brogue:
"I'm SMITH O'BRINE, of Royal Line,
Descended from RORY OGUIE.

"When great O'CONNIE died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swear I should be fust.

"The glorious H Irish Crown,
Says she, 'it shall be thine:
Long time, its wery well known,
You kep it in your line;
That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my SMITH O'BRINE.

"Too long the Saxon churl
Our land encumbered hath;
Arise my Prince, my Earl,
And brush them from thy path;
Rise, mighty SMITH, and sweep em vith
The besom of your wrath."

"Then in my night I rose,
My country I surveyed,
I saw it filled with foes,
I viewed them undismayed;
Ha, ha! says I, the harvest's high,
I'll reap it vith my blade.

"My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord;
And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board—
Wise DOHENY and DUFFY bold,
And MEAGHER of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamaun,
They came vith pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thous-and rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo;
Strike, and prevail lovely Lunisfail,
O'BRINE aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied;
They shot at 'em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
Vith sanguinary ravages;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the Cabbages!

"And so no more I'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Vait:
Your SMITH O'BRINE in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight.

A Lady's "Views."

"A CHRISTIAN LADY," advertises in the *Times* for a partner in a school?

"A lady of Evangelical principles, and who could attend to the general routine of the pupils' studies, and undertake the Music, French, Writing, and Arithmetic. The school is small, as the advertiser, from her health, relinquished several of her pupils; but a lady of energy and ability would no doubt soon succeed in increasing the number. [Of pupils.] The advertiser requests that no lady with Tractarian views will apply."

Any objection—*Punch* wonders—to a lady with Attract-african Views?

THE WELLINGTON DISPATCHES.—The Duke has given away another Bride.

Good Prince Albert.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS is determined, in his own person, to have a taste of all the English Courts of Law, that he may feel "what wretches feel." With this benevolent view, after a short repose from the fatigues of Chancery, the Prince will take a spell at the Palace Court.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY JOKES to a SQUARE INCH will be found packed in paragraphs for family use, in PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.—The last New York packet brings the following news:—MR. EDWIN FORREST had advertised himself—for his benefit night only—to act like a gentleman. Heavy bets were laid against him.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL COOKERY.

THE British Constitution may be compared, in some respects, to the British Plum-pudding; for it is a mixture peculiar to the country, and it forms a magnificent whole which foreign nations have vainly endeavoured to imitate. France has lately been incessantly occupied in a fruitless attempt to make up the compound upon the English pattern, but our neighbours, in spite of all the proverbial excellence of French cookery, have hitherto made a sad mess of it. Having got hold of the idea that we commence our plum-pudding by tearing a quantity of suet into shreds, they have been pulling all the fat of the land to pieces; but unfortunately so much of it was already in a rancid state, that it is of very little use, and has, to a certain extent, tainted all the other ingredients.

The English Constitutional Pudding requires a proper distribution of the plums; but the French have had too many of their plums crowded into one place, at the top of their pudding, and in their recent attempts to rectify the error, their Constitutional cooks—of whom too many have had a finger in the pie or pudding—have been for the most part eager to secure the plums to themselves, and the fruit has been greatly diminished by the number of attempts to get some good pickings. As a substitute for the well-beaten eggs in the British Constitutional Pudding, from which the yolk is carefully rejected, the French have adopted a system of battering, that consists in battering each other; and the milkwe use in this country to give softness to the compound, is turned, by all the bitterness peculiar to our Gall-ic neighbours, into some curdled stuff, which gives a sourness to their entire mixture.

But even if France had been perfectly skilful in the choice of her ingredients, there is one omission that would utterly prevent the success of her Constitution-culinary experiment. She has forgotten the small quantity of flour that is required for binding together all the rest; and this little essential we happen to possess in our limited monarchy. Enough is wanted just to give consistency and coherency to the whole Constitutional compound, without making it heavy and indigestible. The attempt of France to find a substitute for this valuable material—this spoonful of flour—is shown in the selection of LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, who may unfortunately turn out to be the spoon without the flour; or at all events, if he should happen to represent any of the latter material, it will seem to be produced from

INNOCENT AND AMUSING LITTLE TRICK FOR LITTLE BOYS.



AN OLD LADY IS CROSSING THE STREET, WHEN A LITTLE BOY SHOUTS OUT—"Hi!" AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE. THE OLD LADY (ALTHOUGH INDEED THERE IS NO REAL CAUSE FOR ALARM) STARTS, AND BECOMES GREATLY AGITATED, AND IMAGINES THAT SHE IS RUN OVER BY AN OMNIBUS. THIS IS AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT TRICK.

ANOTHER.



THIS, ALTHOUGH DIFFERING SOMEWHAT FROM THE FORMER, IS EQUALLY DIVERTING. A LITTLE BOY (WHO SHOULD BE CLEVER AT IMITATING THE NOISES OF ANIMALS) RUSHES BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN, AND "YOWLS" LIKE A DOG, AS THOUGH HE WERE TRODDEN UPON. THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS TERRIFIED BEYOND MEASURE, AND EXHIBITS THE MOST FANTASTIC AND LUDICROUS SIGNS OF FEAR. IF AT THE SAME TIME HE "YOWLS," THE LITTLE BOY SHOULD ALSO PINCH THE LEG OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN, THE FORCE OF THE JOKE IS MUCH HEIGHTENED: BUT THEN INDEED, HE MUST HAVE COURAGE, AND MUST BE VERY ADROIT, OR HE MAY CHANCE TO GET A GREAT BANG FROM AN UMBRELLA OR STICK.

a slip of Mummy-wheat, containing more chaff than grain, with a great preponderance of straw, and respected only on account of the original seed from which it is a collateral offshoot.

There is a story of a French attempt to make an English plum-pudding, which failed from the omission of a damp cloth; but we fear the recent experiment of our neighbours will not succeed, although, by way of substitute for the damp cloth, they have resorted to a wet blanket, by allowing their Constitutional Pudding to be wrapped up in a—LOUIS-NAPOLÉON. The pudding being made, we fear it will take a very long time boiling, and that it will remain in hot water for a considerable period, amidst that

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble"

with which the French are only too familiar. If they do not know exactly how to make their pudding, they seem to be impressed with the utility of keeping it on the continual stir, and if they do not know how to boil it to a nicety, or to determine when it is done enough, they appear to have a notion of putting it on to the fire, or—to use a technical phrase—going to pot with it, in the very promptest manner.

THE AMALGAMATION OF THE THREE GREAT RAILWAY COMPANIES sinks into a mere *bagatelle* in comparison with the amalgamation of PUNCH's own peculiar and various lines in his ALMANACK for 1849.

The Paris Road to Glory.

ALL persons seem to agree in considering the election of the French President as only "paving the way" to something else. This unanimity is certainly very complimentary to the Prince, as it pulls him down at once to the level of a mere stone, which, we think, is rather hard. But considering the very great antipathy the French have to old travelled roads, that the first effect a Revolution in France always has is to make the stones rise, we doubt if "paving the way" is the right expression. We submit that "erecting a barricade" would be much more in the way of the French.

Too Good by Half.

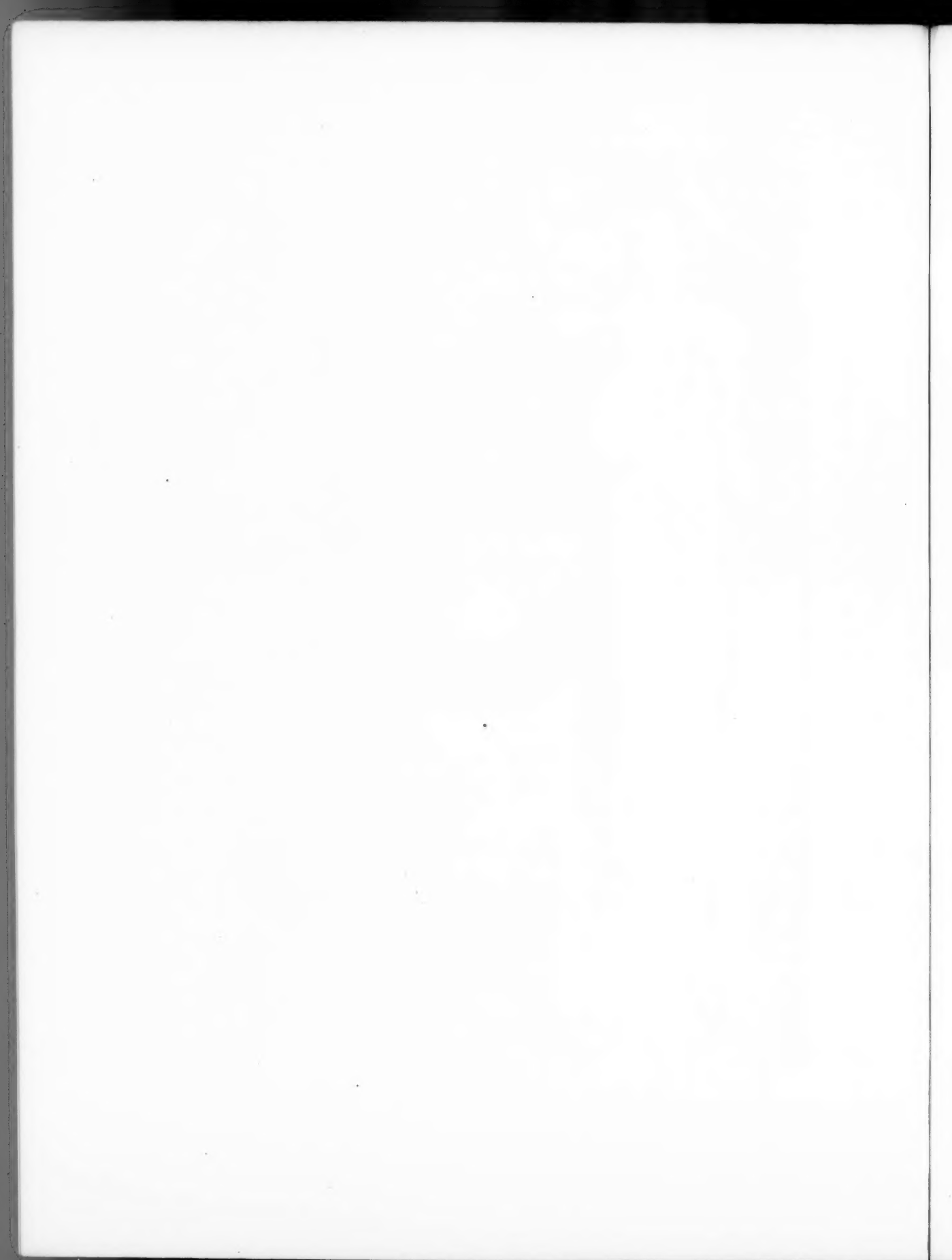
NOW FERDINAND the Second—a few Viennese having been shot, BLUM murdered, and so forth—now FERDINAND has abdicated the throne of Austria, he is eulogised to the sixth heaven, as a marvel of justice, benevolence, and meekness. It would seem FERDINAND, like a guinea twelfth-cake sacrificed for five shillings, was much too sweet for a crown.

THE LADY'S GUIDE TO THE MISLETOE.

Don't look at it; but walk under it.



JOHN BULL SHOWING THE FOREIGN POWERS HOW TO MAKE A
CONSTITUTIONAL PLUM-PUDDING.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THEODORE presents his regretful Compliments to ANGELA. He did not attempt to discover her in a Brixton Bus on Tuesday. Having from the earliest dawn of reason determined never to marry any woman who thought herself above Thick Boots, or believed in her superiority to Cork Soles, THEODORE cannot continue a correspondence that might otherwise have ended in a wedding-ring, and the employment of the noblest emotions of the human heart.

A CHRISTMAS GAME COCK.



FROM a recent work on "Ornamental and Domestic Poultry," we learn that there is a certain amusement in the country, called "making the cock drunk," much practised by stable-boys. The game consists in seizing the poor unfortunate bird by the legs, and whirling him round and round in the air. The great fun (stable-boys have as yet but cruel notions of fun) is in seeing the cock stagger and reel when placed upon the ground, and gradually recover as it unsteadily walks off.

Now, is not *Le Coq Gaulois* somewhat in the same position? The poor bird has been whirled round and round by so many revolutions, that it has clearly lost its head. It has become quite unsteady in its movements, reeling in all directions but the real one, till it becomes a matter of doubt whether it will not fall every minute off its legs, and scarcely have a feather left, but what is soiled with mud and dirt, to plume itself upon. It may be good fun to us, who quietly look on, to watch and laugh at the ludicrous movements of the fine old bird; but too many of these revolutions may one day be the death of it. The old *Coq* must not get drunk so often, or else it will be dragged eventually through such a quagmire as will take years of washing to make it clean again. It really should learn to grow a little more steady.

SECOND-CLASS COMPANY.



A LETTER signed "A TRAVELLER," which lately appeared in the *Times*, will afford a useful lesson to all persons in moderate circumstances, who are mean enough to think of travelling in second-class carriages. The writer, with his family, was journeying on the Great Western Railway, having taken places in the second-class. They had not gone far before they discovered that their fellow-passengers were a drunken man and woman, who annoyed and insulted them. As soon as they could, they quitted this carriage for another, in which they found themselves in company with a madman; paying thus the usual penalty of getting out of the frying-pan. The upshot of the matter was, that these contemptible, economical people were driven into a first-

class carriage. Very right and proper. Railway Companies, in these hard times, are justified in resorting to any legal means for the purpose of obtaining the highest possible fares.

The poverty which cannot afford the first-class, ought to make folks acquainted with strange companions. We venture to suggest to the parties concerned, the expediency of allowing all chimney-sweepers gratuitous admission to second-class carriages, and of making scavengers, fresh and redolent from their employment, free of the same. There is not a sufficient number of drunkards about, or of maniacs at large, to render the cheaper seats necessarily intolerable. Nevertheless, they would help the scavengers and sweeps in obliging the public to travel by the first-class. No law exists to prohibit this arrangement; although it is to be apprehended that an Act of Parliament will shortly compel Railway Directors to establish lunatic and tipsy classes of carriages; or at least to protect HER MAJESTY'S rational and sober subjects from outrage and intimidation, by assigning to the insane and the inebriated places in the train by themselves.

The Poetical Remembrancer for Christmas.

[The subjoined Poems are intended to serve as models for the metrical form of application for Christmas Boxes. It is hoped that they will in some measure conduce to the improvement and elevation of that class of compositions.]

REMEMBER THE BEADLE.

SACRED to Memory is the buried Past;
The inward Eye beholds it as a Dream,
Whose hazy Forms are softened by a gleam
Of golden radiance, like the splendour cast
By Winter's Sun, about to look his last
O'er woodland valley, and majestic stream,
On a mild evening. Thou, whose mind doth teem,
A magic mirror, crowded thick and fast
With Images of the departing Year,
Behold among them One—a Vision bright,
Which in blue, gilt, and crimson vesture flames.
Ah yes! amid the Shapes that Memory frames,
The BEADLE hopes to captivate your sight,
Not vainly suing for a pot of beer.

THE TURNCOCK.

The Cataracts rush from the Mountains,
Laughing loud, ho, ho, ho! in their mirth;
And with frolicsome gambol, the Fountains
Bubble up from the bowels of Earth.

The Waters glide on to the Ocean,
From the Main to the Cistern they flow;
And the TURNCOCK, who sets them in motion,
For a Christmas Box waits down below.

THE REGULAR DUSTMAN.

I blame not Nature that she gave mine eye
A certain tendency towards my nose,
And bowed my legs; for hence I can defy
Unprincipled endeavours to impose.
Should any person unpossessed of those
Certificates, present himself as me,
Your palm against the base impostor close.
The REG'LAR DUSTMAN asks his Christmas fee:
Those blemishes will serve to show that I am he.

DOCTOR JENNER—DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Shades, Dec. 21.

DOCTOR HARVEY (the person who discovered the Circulation of the Blood) presents his compliments to *Punch*.



DOCTOR HARVEY perceives by the public prints that—somehow—contrive to come down here, that F.M. DUKE OF WELLINGTON has had another statue raised to him; a statue in the Tower of London. DOCTOR HARVEY has no objection to this. How can he object to it?

But DOCTOR HARVEY begs to ask—through *Punch*—when it is proposed to erect a Statue to DOCTOR JENNER?

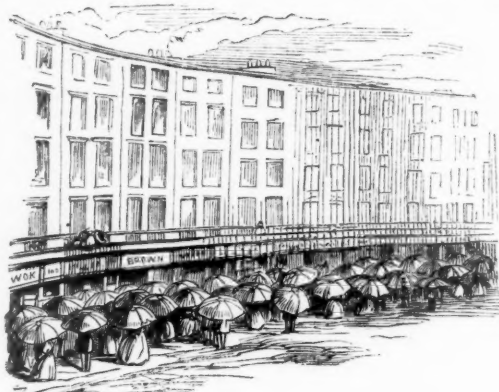
The Duke, there is no doubt of it, in the way of business, has—with rockets, shells, &c. &c.—spoilt a few thousands of human faces. How many millions of faces has DOCTOR JENNER preserved?

Is not this (DOCTOR HARVEY would inquire) emphatically a lady's question? When women set up broze to the soldier (there's something of the sort in Hyde Park) ought they so long to forget the Vaccinator?

THE FALL OF THE QUADRANT.

NEVER, since the decline and fall of the Railway Share Market, or of the Roman Empire, has there been a greater tumble than the recent overthrow of the Quadrant. The decadence of the family of the Colonna may be compared to that of the Colonnade of Regent Street. Both had reached a high elevation, and both sunk under the ingratitude of those to whom they had afforded shelter and protection. Already, however, have the destroyers begun to regret their work of devastation, and the unhappy foreigners who once used to nestle under its friendly wing are wandering in damp and wretchedness, cursing the *perfidie Albionism* of those who, in reality, meant *mort aux Français*, when they cried out for the destruction of the Colonnade of the Quadrant.

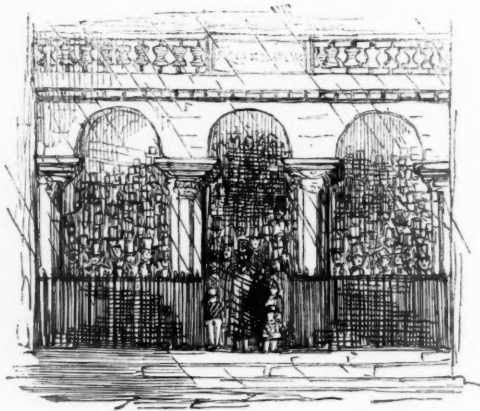
It is not, however, without a struggle that the ill-used foreigners will resign the friendly roof; and they have reared a shade of umbrellas,



which form a kind of moveable colonnade, obstructing the light almost as completely as before, and thus defeating the very objects of those who caused the work of demolition to be performed.

They have raised against the rays of the sun a barricade of gingham, almost as impenetrable as that of lead, which has been removed; and so dark are the designs—we mean the *parapluies*—of the foreigners, that to see through them is almost impossible. Considering the horrors of over-crowding, against which a movement is on foot, we begin to shudder at the local congestion that is likely to be occasioned at the entrance of the Burlington Arcade, by driving the French and Italian loungers at the West End, during the London Season, into the only covered promenade that is now left for them.

The Burlington and Lowther Beadles must be something more than men, and their *bâtons* something more than wood; their nerves must be more than iron, and the heads of their staves something more than brass, to enable them to stem the tide of over-population that is likely to flow in upon them.



AN EASY PROPHECY.—We would not mind betting any odds, that the first act of LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, when he gets into power, will be—THE EXPULSION OF PUNCH FROM FRANCE.

THERE'S A BAD TIME GOING, BOYS.

THERE'S a bad time going, boys, a bad time going,
We've got our Christmas Bills to pay,
But with them soon will pass away
The bad time going.
Business has been at a stand,
But credit's getting stronger;
Prosperity is now at hand,
Wait a little longer.

Chorus.

There's a bad time going, boys, a bad time going,
There's a bad time going, boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time going, boys, a bad time going;
Railway shares have seemed to be
A sink for all men's property,
In the bad time going.
Lines which used to quarrel then,
To prove whose purse was stronger,
Shall be controlled by honest men;
Wait a little longer.

Chorus—There's a bad time going, &c.

There's a bad time going, boys, a bad time going,
When men, by right of family,
The public servants claim'd to be,
In the bad time going.
Talent with birth shall fairly cope,
And show itself the stronger;
For its reward it soon may hope—
Wait a little longer.

Chorus—There's a bad time going, &c.

There's a bad time going, boys, a bad time going;
Silly lordlings, free from cares,
Have filled too long official chairs,
In the bad time going.
Turn'd adrift in parks or fields,
Their minds may perhaps grow stronger;
Nepotism slowly yields—
Wait a little longer.

Chorus—There's a bad time going, boys, &c.

There's a bad time going, boys, a bad time going,
Anarchists intemperate,
Fair complaint deprived of weight,
In the bad time going.
Sense shall supersede abuse,
And make a strong cause stronger,
True Reform it will produce—
Wait a little longer.

Chorus—There's a bad time going, boys, &c.

There's a bad time going, boys, a bad time going,
Help to drive it off who can,
Every woman, child, and man,
The bad time going.
Humblest aid, if rightly given,
Makes the impulse stronger;
Move then, statesmen, ere you're driven;
We can't wait much longer.

Chorus—There's a bad time going, boys, &c.

PUBLISHERS' FINE ARTS.

WHAT will COUNT D'ORSAY do unto Mr. HOGARTH, printseller, of the Haymarket? How can he best acknowledge the delicate, the tasteful mode with which the tradesman invites an enlightened public to "walk in" and see the D'ORSAY Picture, which—

"In its high intellectual character, and the simplicity of its conception, has excited an extraordinary sensation. The picture was only intended for private view, but on account of the emotions which have been elicited by the contemplation of the work, Mr. HOGARTH has prevailed upon the Count to allow it to remain at his house, where it may be seen during the present week."

It is sweet to know that there are publishers who may be influenced by "the emotions." They care not about subscribers' names to the prospectus of a work "in the line manner;" they are only influenced by the solemn effect of "contemplation!" Hence, Mr. HOGARTH, who has no intention to make a farthing by a subject "suggested to the Count" by St. LUKE's Gospel, ch. xxi., v. 33, nobly invites the world, to bestow upon it a cheap, delicious treat of "the emotions." Gold goes for nothing; all's for the feelings!

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX NUISANCE.



How much longer, we ask with indignant sorrow, is the humbug of Boxing-day to be kept up for the sake of draining the pockets of struggling tradesmen, and strewing the streets of the metropolis with fuzzy beads, muzzy dustmen, and intoxicated—but constant—scavengers? We have received the usual intimation from our pertinacious friend who eases us of our dust, that he expects us to come down with our dust in another sense, at what the fellow sarcastically calls “this festive season.” The gentleman who boasts of his “constancy” in scavenging—as if he loved the mud and stuck to it—has apprised us, according to his annual custom, that we are to ascertain his genuineness by a dog with a black eye, a white nose, a red ear, an absent tail, a swelling on his left cheek, and other little symptoms of his having lived the life of a busy dog rather than of a particularly lucky one.

The Christmas Box system is, in fact, a piece of horribly internecine strife between cooks and butchers’ boys, lamp-lighters, beadsles, and all classes of society, tugging at each other’s pockets for the sake of what can be got under the pretext of reasonable benevolence. Our cooks bully our butchers for the annual Box, and our butchers take it out of us in the course of the year by tacking false tails on to our saddles of mutton, adding false feet to our legs of lamb, and chousing us with large lumps of chump in our chops, for the purpose of adding to our bills by giving undue weight to our viands. *Punch* has resolved on the overthrow of the Boxing system, and down it will go before 1849 has expired.

PUNCH’S REVIEW.

“Anecdotes of the Aristocracy:”—COBURN.

We seldom review books, we read so many. But when a volume like the present comes upon us, though we do not read it, we feel it our duty to review it. MR. BURKE, the historian of the Peerage—we know this by the comely appearance of the work—has put all his soul into this production. Here are a couple of extracts, highly honourable to the Aristocracy. They are the newest anecdotes; fresh and new as morning eggs. We quote them alike for their substance and their style:—

“His Grace the Duke of Marlborough is, it is well known, a person of the simplest manners, the most unostentatious habits. No one, unconscious of his pension, would for a moment think him a nobleman. Hence, last summer, as he stood at the outer gate of Blenheim, he was accosted by a party of three Londoners. ‘I say, Mister,’ said one of the vulgar Cockneys—evidently a shoemaker—‘I say, how much to see this?’ The Duke—for he is a wag—to keep up the joke, said—‘Half-a-crown for the three.’ Whereupon, the money was given into the Duke’s hand, and his Grace, still enjoying the jest, showed the strangers the grounds. ‘I think,’ said one of them, in the course of the walk, ‘I think, as we pay the Duke a pension, and moreover bought this place for his ancestor, he might put the people on the free list!’ The Duke said nothing at the time; but when he had conducted the visitors to the gate, he returned to one of them the half-crown, saying, ‘My good friend, if all the people are not on the free-list, you, at least, may congratulate yourselves’—here the Duke, unbuttoning his great-coat, showed the Fleece at his neck—‘that you came in with an order.’ The astonishment of the vulgar visitors may be more easily pictured than printed.”

The second anecdote is not so pungent; but touching withal:—

“The Duke of St. Albans, Hereditary Grand Falconer, is a great goose-breeder. He employs a vast number of gosherds to tend the birds upon one of his estates upon the fens. Last autumn, his Grace—he is distinguished for his condescension—presided one Saturday at the payment of his people. SIMON BLUFF—an intelligent boy, a gosherd of some ten years old—was called to the table to receive eighteenpence, his week’s wages. The boy refused to take the money. Upon being pressed for the reason of his denial, he ingeniously replied, ‘Why, ‘cause all the geese on Monday morning fled away, and how could I take money for looking arter birds, when there was no birds to look arter!’ The Duke, returning home, immediately sent in his resignation as sincurist Falconer. In humble imitation of SIMON BLUFF, he even refused to take the current quarter’s salary. This is true nobility.”

So it is: *Punch* says ditto to MR. BURKE.

TERMINATION OF THE ELECTION FOR PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, in favour of Mr. *Punch*, whose claims to the distinction will be found in his ALMANACK for 1849.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT’S DREAM.

SCENE.—The Bois de Boulogne.

Enter TITANIA (La Liberté Française) and BOTTOM (LOUIS NAPOLEON), Fairies (MM. THIERS, ODILLON BARROT, &c.), the Shadow of the EMPEROR behind, unseen.

Tita. COME, sit thee on this Presidential seat, While I at thy prodigious “cheek” do stare; Yet plant my tricolor on thy soft head, In spite of thy long ears, my gentile joy.

Bot. Where’s THIERS?

Thiers. Ready.

Bot. Tell me what to do, THIERS. Where’s MONSIEUR ODILLON BARROT?

Od. Bar. Ready.

Bot. MONSIEUR BARROT, good Monsieur, take you your bill in your hand, and get me a vote of supply in the National Assembly; and, good Monsieur, bring me the money-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur: and, good Monsieur, have a care that the money-bag break not: I would be loth to have you overflowed with a money-bag, Signor. Where’s MONSIEUR GIRARDIN?

Gir. Ready.

Bot. Give me your pen, MONSIEUR GIRARDIN. Pray you, leave your fine writing, good Monsieur.

Gir. What’s your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help CAVALERO BARROT to support me. I must to my Ministers, Monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous ticklish in my position, and I really am so incompetent a President, that unless they back me up potently, I must fall.

Tita. Willt re-establish harmony, sweet Prince?

Bot. I have a reasonable love of harmony; let us have “Oh! c’est l’amour.”

Tita. Is there, sweet Prince, aught thou wouldst fain discuss?

Bot. Truly, a mild cigar. I should enjoy your prime cheroot. Methinks I have a great desire to a genuine Havannah. Havannah, old Havannah, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a sapient fairy that doth seek

His country’s good; he’ll frame thee wise laws.

Bot. I had rather have a box or two of fine Regalias. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; for I have an exposition of Empire come upon me.

Tita. Reign thou: I’ll crouch at thine Imperial feet;

Republic, fall, inevitably fall.

So doth the negro to his wooden fétiche

Blindly bow down; the Chinese heathen so

Offers insensate homage to his Joss.

Oh, how I idolize and worship thee!

A Clerical Trio.

THE papers inform us of a wedding ceremony which was performed by the REVEREND GERALD WELLESLEY, assisted by the REVEREND F. FAITHFULL, Rector of Hatfield, and the REVEREND B. STACKEY. Three parsons to one happy couple would seem to be a little *de trop*, and the incident reminds us of the old story of a temperate trio who ordered one cup of coffee and three saucers.

Horns!

MR. TURNER, in a recent Lecture at Manchester, averred, with reference to brass bands, that “no man was ever known to blow the largest horn and live beyond a period of three years.” It is, however, otherwise with man and his own trumpet.

A MISERABLE WARM CHRISTMAS.



If this very mild weather continues, it will have a very curious effect upon Christmas—and not a pleasant effect either. One thing is certain, no fires will be wanted: the heat will be too much; and can you fancy a Christmas without a good, roaring, blazing coal-fire? The chesnuts may congratulate themselves upon escaping a good roasting; but they will be the only parties benefited by the emptiness of the grate. There will be no kettle singing on the hob, and every time more hot water is wanted for the negus, or the punch, or the bishop, the bell will have to be rung, and the servants pulled away from their amusements down in the kitchen, to bring up a niggardly pitcherful at a time. The plates will be cold, also, for dinner, instead of their being drawn out from the plate-warmer so hot that when the mince-pies are put upon them, they smoke, jump, and hiss again. And, worse than all, there will be no family circle round the fender, when the last dance is over, and the musicians have taken their supper and left, and the lanternman outside has gone home; there will be no inducement to hang over the mantelpiece, and bring your chairs as close as possible to the chimney, just to have a quiet chat before going to bed.

It will be a strange Christmas. If the mildness is drawn still milder, we shall be gradually going back to the Dog-days, and be obliged to eat our turkey and Christmas pudding with the windows wide open; and, instead of screens to the backs of the chairs, ladies will be calling out

for fans. Ices will be served round, the gentlemen will come in white trowsers, and spring muslins will supersede silks and satins, and old ladies will be obliged to discard for once their heavy velvet dresses, and to carry on their heads something lighter than a massive turban loaded with more bugles than there are in KÖNIG'S shop. And where will be the romps, the games, and the furious gallops that threaten to break down the drawing-room floor, and annihilate the cosy party of old gentlemen who are having their grog underneath? Why, the weather will be so mild, that not even one of the handsome Guards, who seem to dance more than anybody else, will be able to find a partner. The universal excuse will be, "Really it is too warm to dance!"

It will be a strange, out-of-the-way, unseasonable Christmas! One might as well be at Sierra Leone, or give a ball in the crater of Vesuvius. Decidedly, we shall watch the barometer, and put our hand out of window every morning, to feel if it is any colder; and unless there is a small touch of the frost—we do not mind how small, as small as TOM THUMB if you like—before the 22nd, we shall make up a picnic party, and go and spend Christmas Day in the heart of Iceland, or on the summit of Mont Blanc.

Persons who are anxious to join our frost-party are requested to enter their names forthwith at the *Punch* Office. None but jolly, good-humoured persons need apply.

JOKES FOR JUNIOR BARRISTERS.



IN consequence of the largeness of the demand and the smallness of the supply of Jokes in the Courts of Law, MR. BRIEFLESS has resolved on forming a class of his young friends—jolly Old Juniors of not less than ten years' standing—for the purpose of exercising them in the art of joking, an art in which he hopes they will obtain proficiency under his system, in six easy lessons.

MR. BRIEFLESS refers with pride to the following specimen of a joke made by one of his young pupils—a bald-headed Junior of fifty-five—after a short course of study. Having been called upon to examine a witness in an undefended cause, he found that the evidence was getting rather vague, and made the following happy observation:—

"Since, Sir, you can say nothing def-in-ite, I think you had better be *dumb-in-it*. You may stand down, Sir."

MR. BRIEFLESS flatters himself that the above result of his system is a very superior article to that which is usually produced in a Court of Law or Justice.

MR. BRIEFLESS contemplates carrying his method to such perfection that he will be enabled to teach the difficult art of joking in two and three parts, or in other words, harmonising a joke so that the leader and the junior, with occasionally even the opposite counsel, may have a share of it. Specimens of these comprehensive jokes are being prepared, and will shortly be submitted to the attention of the profession. Should his idea be generally approved, MR. BRIEFLESS will make arrangements with MR. HULLAH for the alternate use of his singing-hall, so that there may be ample room for the formation of classes on a scale of the utmost magnitude.

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT.—Last week a French eagle hatched an egg; when, oddly enough, the thing produced was a gosling!

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



"Oh, wasn't I glad, old *Punch*, to see that letter from the chap at Birchblossom Hall about the Christmas Holidays? And didn't we all here, at Cane Brake House, give him three cheers? Do go on, Mr. *Punch*, and put a letter in every week, 'specially 'bout us little boys who aint at all treated at home as little boys—not that we're so little, neither—ought to be. I tell you how they served me,—and a good many more chaps upon my form."

"I don't know when I've had a new jacket; not but what I'm 'old enough, and more than that, to go into tails; but I mean that the governor's always cut down for me, and one of his coats—threes into ones, you know—always makes me three jackets. And the boys know it. Same with trowsers. Same with waistcoats. There's an Orleans plum-coloured velvet that I've worn this last half year, that the governor wore himself when he first brought me to school; and a coat of pepper-and-salt; and I'm 'bliged to wear 'em both, and the boys call me sometimes pepper-castor, sometimes damson jam. Our gov'nors don't know what it is to get a name at school. I've had three fights; one black eye about the pepper, and such a nose all along of the damson. Therefore, I hope you'll put this in; and I remain (not my own name) but one that only some of us know me by, your constant reader and admirer of your pictures ('specially the Rising Generation—so nobby).

"LITTLE PINKET."

"P.S. If my mother should ask you to tell her who sent this, you won't blow upon a chap—will you?"

THE ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER is the Stamped Edition of **PUNCH'S ALMANACK**, which will be exchanged at any bookseller's for a Fourpenny-piece.

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John Bull Kicks the Old Year Out, And the Old Year reads him a Moral.

Now get you out, and join the rout
Of all bad years gone by,
And don't believe a soul will grieve
When with the past you lie.
A sadder year, a sorrier year,
I never look to know;
In blood more rife, in sack and strife,
In war, and want, and woe.

All o'er the earth, with mocking mirth,
You dashed old thrones about;
Made monarchs run from pike and gun,
Put Ministers to rout.
A desperate year, a drunken year,
With wine of madness stung—
You scattered words more sharp than swords,
And firebrands of the tongue.

In cellars damp, by stealthy lamp,
In garrets bleak and bare,
You crept and cowered, you lurked and lowered,
To plot, and plan, and snare;
You tempted fools, the traitor's tools,
To put their trust in knaves,
Urged Chartists on to Kennington,
And served out Specials' staves.

You bade the mean detest the high,
The high distrust the mean,
All steps you staid that had been made
To bridge the gulf between;
You used to alms hard, honest, palms,
And closed them up from toil,
Cursed Labour's rest with dreams unblest,
Of slaughter, strife, and spoil.

A cruel part in mill and mart,
In forge and field, you played;
Laid Riot's knife to Traffic's life,
The feet of Commerce staid.
Ships, bound for sea, at idle quay
You bade still idly stay—
Stopped the crane, unhorsed the wain
And locked the bales away.

A year of hate from man to man,
A year of threatened war,
Of hopes undone, and gains unwon—
A bankrupt year you are.
And as you lie, in act to die,
No pious hand I lay
On eyes that cast a blight and blast,
Since first they saw the day.
So get you gone—for dreariest one
Of years yet passed away.

The Year answers.

The breath apace ebbs to my face,
Shadows about me throng—
Then hear a rede may challenge heed,
In answer to thy wrong;
We years are things that move on wings
Guided by higher Powers;
What shade we throw o'er worlds below
Is at their will, not ours.

Small gift have I—hast thou—to spy
Into that hidden will;
But this believe—that we have leave
From Good, and not from Ill.
The shadows black that mark my track,
Have light within their breast;
My sorest hour hath healing power,
My curses even are blest.

Fierce is the fire through whose red ire
Nations must pass—nor quail;
But Truth's a gem doth fire condemn—
'Tis counterfeits that fail.
What toil secures, that most endures—
Worthless, what's a easy gained;
'Tis mighty shocks that rive the rocks,
With gems and treasure veined.

Old Order's dead—but in its stead
New Order see begun—
The ruddy night where sinks my light
Bespeaks to-morrow's sun;
Then ease my head upon my bed,
And close my glazing eye;
My evil day will pass away,
My good will never die.

SWEEP! SWEEP!

We thought the cry of "Sweep!" was put down by Act of Parliament, but it has lately come up in another form. You cannot pass a shop without a big Sweep calling out from the window. Sometimes it asks you to "STOP!" sometimes it invites you to "LOOK HERE!" These Sweeps seem to have the management of all the retail London business. Nothing is too high or too low for them to lay their dirty fingers upon. In one street it is a piano, in another it is a plum-pudding, which is not exactly the article we should like to take from the hand of a Sweep. They are general dealers in everything.

The Sweeps have been swept from our chimneys by the Ramoneurs; but they have fallen down upon Trade, and you will find a Sweep now on almost every counter. They have taken to sweeping the pockets of customers clean, instead of their flues. They have introduced themselves into every channel of Commerce. We should not be astonished to see advertised, "A handsome young lady, worth £300 a-year," to be disposed of in so many shares by a Sweep. Members of Parliament will be returned by their agency, and we shall be having our Legislature a more perfect system of Lottery than ever.

In the meantime, nothing goes off unless it has a Sweep to back it. Our race-horses are ridden by Sweeps,—our grocers, publicans, and little haberdashers are all under the thumb of a Sweep—and you will see the Pavilion at Brighton taken off the hands of the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests by means of a good powerful Sweep, of the strength of £1,000,000 in shares of £1 each. These Sweeps are getting quite a crying nuisance, and we hope a sweeping measure will soon be devised to brush them indiscriminately from all the large, and especially the small shops of the metropolis where they have got a footing. They are universal gay deceivers. They make the finest promises, get your money, and then laugh in your face. They carry off all the booty they can, and leave nothing but a dreary "blank" behind. The poor people who trust their shillings to them, should be warned against their winning practices. The old law should be enforced, and every shopkeeper who cries "Sweep!" should be immediately taken up.

THE HOUSE-KEEPING CLUB.



LUBS! Clubs! This is the age of Clubs; and one Club, in these days, knocks another Club on the head, until it is a wonder how so many contrive to prolong their existences. The latest new scheme is a House-Keeping Club, the members of which are to have access to a common larder, and club together for the provisions of all the members and their families. This might answer very well if the families were all of a size, and the appetites of the members about upon a par; but it will certainly never pay for the very small eaters to contribute the same sum

of money as those who are given to gormandise. It will be awkward, too, if the tastes of the members should agree to such an extent that all should be eager for the same joint at the same time, and there should one day be such a run upon legs of mutton, and another day such a cut into chops, that there should be a quarrelling amongst the members for the tit-bits of the establishment. We fear the House-Keeping Club will end in that *monstrum horrendum*, "a house divided;" for the proverb concerning a multiplicity of cooks, must equally apply to a multiplicity of housekeepers.

WHIST.—In the game at present going on in France, will LOUIS NAPOLEON lead up to the King or play the Deuce? An answer will oblige.

A SIMPLE QUESTION ANSWERED.



Boy. PAPA, What's an In-ter-ro-g-a-to-ry?"

Father. "My dear, an Interrogatory is a very explicit method, used principally in Chancery proceedings, for obtaining a correct answer to a simple written question. Thus:—Whether JOHN JONES, on such a day, and at such a place, did, should, could, would, might, or ought; or whether he didn't, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't, oughtn't; or if he didn't, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't, or oughtn't, why didn't he, shouldn't he, couldn't he, wouldn't he, mightn't he, or oughtn't he; and if not on such a day, and at such a place, then whether at some other, and what, day and place he did, should, could, would, might, or ought; or whether he didn't, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't, or oughtn't; or under some other, and what peculiar, or if not peculiar, under some other and what circumstances; and if not, why not, or how otherwise, do it."

PITY THE POOR INDEX-WRITER!

ONLY consider the everlasting industry, the indomitable patience, the curious talent it requires to constitute a great Index-writer. Oblivion is his fate—silent contempt his only reward. His work is referred to probably more than any other in the book; he is always a friend in need when you are in search of a good article; he is ready at a moment's notice to point out some particular subject you long to cry or laugh over, and still his work is uncared for, his serried columns of interesting figures are looked over with dry indifference, and not one person in a hundred thousand who takes a valuable volume, such as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or *Punch*, is actually aware there is such a person employed upon it as the Index-writer.

It is too bad. Talents like his deserve a higher recognition. Think of the coolness of head, the firmness of hand, which his work requires! Consider the mischief he might cause if he inadvertently put a 9 instead of a 6! The Index-writer gets blamed, and many are the bitter denunciations vented sometimes upon his anonymous head—but he never gets praised. He is thought nothing of when he is right—and yet when, by the strangest accident, he happens to be wrong, Gracious! what an outcry there is, and nothing is too bad for him.

Man is allowed to err at times, and is forgiven; but an Index-writer must be without a fault—he must be perfection itself. He is the virtual President of the Republic of Letters, and universal suffrage is the only return he gets.

But "Wait a little longer." The position of the Index-writer must one day be appreciated; the contempt has lasted too long. The brilliant merits of the Index-Writer must shine through the fog that for ages has enveloped them, and the World will, with its future adoration, repair its past neglect. Mankind is not naturally ungrateful.

We are proud to announce that the first step will immediately be taken towards this mighty vindication. A young man of great talent, who has long distinguished himself in the difficult walks of Index-writing, is about to republish a large collection of them! They will comprise 163 Indexes, selected from all styles of literature, including both the light and the heavy; and the

mass of learning they will exhibit will literally astonish the most contemptuous. This work cannot fail to be incalculably valuable to our collection of *belles lettres*. The Index in the present Number may be taken as a fair specimen.

WHAT CUPID SAW IN THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

YOUNG Love has a fancy inclined to vagaries,
Which could we with form and with colour endow,
The show might resemble a mask of the Fairies
Which CUPID beheld in the Mistletoe Bough.

All under the leaves tiny couples were wooing;
What beating of bosoms, what heaving of sighs!
What kneeling and suing—what billing and cooing!
What breathing of vows, and what making of eyes!

With bride-cakes each spray thick as berries was cover'd,
And studded with rings, shedding flashes and sparks;
And legions of elves in the foliage there hover'd,
That bore a resemblance to parsons and clerks.

And jewels were gleaming, and satins were glistening,
And orange-flowers blooming the branches between;
And many a marriage, and many a christening,
Appear'd going on in the Mistletoe green.

There shone a bright planet, beatitudes raining,
To gladden the union of husbands and wives;
The honey-moon there, at the full, never waning,
Transported each pair for their natural lives.

And Forty and Fifty, reclined in the gloaming,
Were gazing aloft on Love's beautiful star;
And Sixty and Seventy by streamlets were roaming,
And Eighty to Ninety-five t'wang'd the guitar.

A matron of three-score and upwards was shopping:
Her elderly spouse held her shawl by her side;
An octogenarian the polka was hopping,
As brisk as a bee, with his agile old bride.

And husbands, unlike egotistical gluttons,
Were helping their wives to the prime of the joint;
And wives were attentively sewing on buttons—
Of conjugal duty a capital point.

In short, the whole scene was supremely Elysian;
And haply, if wedlock were true to its vow,
There might be a shadow of truth in the vision
Which CUPID beheld in the Mistletoe Bough.

THE GALLIC (WEATHER) COCK.

A PARIS correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the Council-General of the Gironde is urging the National Assembly to retire, and that the Departmental press concurs in the request. The *République de Tarbes* says, that "if the 900 members of the Assembly represented the opinion of France in April, they nowise represent that of France in December." To paint the picture of the chameleon, or the dying dolphin, or to take a daguerriotype of PROTEUS or LORD BROUGHAM, would be an easy task in comparison with that of representing French public opinion. France, for the faithful expression of her sentiments, requires a fresh Parliament at least every five minutes. The emblem of France is said to be the Cock; but the French Cock never crows. There is no such bird in the poultry-yard. The Gallic Cock exists nowhere but on the house-top or summit of the steeple. It is a weather-cock.

Time's Up.

WHY should the good time that's coming be only for the "boys?" Why should the "girls" be excluded? Or why should men and women not be allowed to have a share in the good time that is so long in coming? By the bye, there was no particular date fixed for the coming of this good time; but unless it makes a little more haste, very few of the Boys will live to see it. The portrait of the rare old Boy who sees the "Good Time" (when it does come) will be a fine antique a hundred years hence. He will be the Oldest Waiter on record.

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—The Tax-Gatherer calling for a Christmas-box.

NEW CHRISTMAS GAME FOR MINISTERS—FUN AND FIGURES.



UNCH's attention has been directed to an invention of a MR. RYFFEL, called Calculating Cubes. These cubes, says the *Times*, are intended

"To teach children the rudiments of arithmetic, and to avoid, whilst they are in progress of being taught, the creation of that distaste for the science of figures which so frequently prevents the proficiency of the pupil, and makes so many adults incapable of comprehending the combinations and the results of the combinations of numbers."

During the present vacation, these Calculating Cubes may afford agreeable amusement, blended with useful instruction, to the Ministers, now home for the holidays. They would furnish LORD

JOHN RUSSELL and his colleagues with a good game, with which to play the old year out and the new year in. This pastime would be an excellent preliminary to the preparation of the Budget. Let the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER take a hand in it.

The Calculating Cubes would perhaps enable Government to apply Addition to the rewards of literary and scientific men, Subtraction to sinecures and to the excessive salaries of ex-Chancellors and other over-paid officials, Simple Division to ecclesiastical property, and Reduction to the Estimates generally. They might also teach it to adjust taxation, and especially the Income-tax, according to the rule of Proportion. They would thus remove that ignorance of the science of figures which incapacitates so many adult statesmen from making calculations which present no difficulty to any schoolboy who is a tolerable accountant. Assuredly, the Calculating Cubes would afford the Cabinet a much more reasonable recreation just now than the old-fashioned sport of Blind-man's Buff, by which they are pleased to amuse themselves and the nation.

THE GRAVITY OF A JUDGE.

DURING the late Liverpool Assizes, on the trial of the prisoners charged with riot at Manchester, one of the witnesses, an approver, having been hissed, MR. BARON ALDERSON is reported to have made the following speech:—

"Where is the man that hissed? Let me see any one who defies the law! I sit here alone, and with the whole majesty of the kingdom of England upon me; and let me see the man who dares to face it!"

We do believe that the worthy Baron is an upright judge; but how he can remain so with the tremendous weight of the whole majesty of the kingdom of England upon him is wonderful. Perhaps a sporting contemporary can tell us what is the weight of JUDGE ALDERSON? It would be worth while to convert the seat of Justice into a weighing-machine, to ascertain, when the learned judge sits in it, how many stone the index marks off on the register. From the above statement, it is evident that the gravity of his Lordship is inconceivable—by any one who never saw LISTON.

The Garden of Eden.

THE *Daily News* contains the following announcement:—

"Within the last five years the REV. J. P. EDEN has been presented to four benefices in succession, by the BISHOP OF DURHAM. The last is Bishop Wearmouth, value £2000 a year!"

All doubts as to the exact locality of the Garden of Eden are now, of course, set at rest. It blooms in the County of Durham!

Too Bad to be True.

THE poet tells us that "Bright things can never die;" but the worst of it is, that the brightest thing, *par excellence*, of the present day—the Electric Light—is found to die with most annoying rapidity. You are one moment in a blaze of sunshine, and the next minute in the dark, which causes some over-critical people to declare that the merits of STAITE's patent have been a little over-stated.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

THE following paragraph furnishes a curious illustration of the amusements and occupations of Royalty at a fashionable watering-place. The extract is from the *Brighton Herald* of Saturday, Dec. 2, 1848:—

"THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE and the PRINCESS MARY, in the course of their promenade on the Pier on Monday last, visited PENNY's Royal Bazaar for the purpose of being weighed. The result was most satisfactory, especially as regards his Royal Highness, who weighed exactly 16 stone. At a later period of the week, being again on the Pier, the thought struck the Royal visitors to try what effect the air of Brighton had had upon them; again they seated themselves in the machine, and our readers may smile, but it is a fact, that their Royal Highnesses had all increased in weight since their first experiment. PRINCE METTERNICH was also weighed on the first occasion; he was little more than 10 stone, and we do not know if the like increase has taken place in his frame."

We do not quite see what there was so very "satisfactory" in a "result" which showed that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE weighed 16 stone, unless we are to look at a Prize Royal Duke, as we should upon a Prize Ox at the Smithfield Cattle Show. His Royal Highness is a warm admirer of living suet on the sides of over-fatted cattle, and has frequently honoured a wheezing brute at Baker Street, as *Iago* would have honoured old *Brabantio*, by "yanking him under the ribs;" but we were not aware that the Duke's devotion to fat had induced him to force himself and family into a state of pinguity.

The rate at which the royal party are gaining flesh, and their anxiety to add to their bulk, may be judged by their having rushed to the pier, and plumped themselves down in the weighing-machine a second time within the same week, when they found they had been "taking on so," that they all weighed more than they had done a few days previous.

We do not know whether the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE imagines that he derives additional weight in the social scale from the extra ponderosity he is encouraging; but if this is really the case, we sincerely pity poor PRINCE METTERNICH, who weighs six stone less than his Royal Highness, and whose increase of frame remains a matter of painful uncertainty. Considering that the Austrians have so recently weighed PRINCE METTERNICH, and found him wanting, we are surprised at his venturing so soon into the scale, where his deficiency would be easily ascertainable.

It must be very gratifying to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to find that, notwithstanding the cessation of the Public Dinner Season, he still keeps up his substance, and has even been increasing it, though he has occupied no other public chair than the weighing-chair on the Brighton Pier for the last four months. As his visits are frequent to PENNY's Bazaar, we think it would be a graceful compliment to elect his Royal Highness to the post of perpetual chairman of the weighing-chair, which, we should think, there is no one in Brighton could fill more efficiently.

THE OPERA TELAKOUPHANON.

OUR attention has been directed to an article made of Gutta Percha, called the Telakouphanon, or Speaking Trumpet, a contrivance by which it is stated, that a clergyman having three livings might preach the same sermon in three different churches at the same time. Thus also it would be in the power of MR. LUMLEY, during the approaching holiday time, to bring home the Opera to every lady's drawing-room in London. Let him cause to be constructed, at the back of Her Majesty's Theatre, an apparatus on the principle of the Ear of DIONYSIUS, care having been taken to render it a good ear for music.

Next, having obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose, let him lay down, after the manner of pipes, a number of Telakouphanas, connected—the reader will excuse the apparent vulgarity—with this Ear, and extended to the dwellings of all such as may be willing to pay for the accommodation. In this way our domestic establishments might be served with the liquid notes of JENNY LIND as easily as they are with soft water, and could be supplied with music as readily as they can with gas. Then, at a *soirée* or evening party, if a desire were expressed for a little music, we should only have to turn on the *Sonnambula* or the *Puritani*, as the case might be; an arrangement which would provide us with a delightful substitute for a deal of execrable singing, besides being in general highly conducive to the harmony of private families.

The Owl against the Railway.

THE *Kelso Mail* says that the train on the Newcastle and Berwick Railway was attacked, the other night, by a party of horned owls, one of which severely pecked the fireman in the face, and displaced one of his teeth. "Such an assault," observes our contemporary, "at such a place, and during the dark, was rather alarming." Yes, indeed. To a believer in the transmigration of souls, an owl attacking a railway would suggest a serious apprehension that something had happened to the hon. and gallant Member for Lincoln.

THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE,



A DELIGHTFUL RECREATION FOR YOUTH,
WHICH COMBINES HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITH THE LUXURY OF WINDOW-BREAKING, WITHOUT
DANGER OR EXPENSE.

WE ALL HAVE OUR HOBBIES.

If anybody were to set himself up for anything, there would be sure to be somebody who would think nobody could be fitter than this anybody for the position he might aspire to. The late election for the office of President in France, proves our position at once; for VIDOCQ, who is remarkable for his aptitude at catching, and ABD-EL-KADER, renowned for being caught, had each an adherent, who wished to see his favourite elected to the post now occupied by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

We should like to have seen the individual who desired to see ABD-EL-KADER at the head of the Republic, and the other individual who was anxious to make VIDOCQ the chief of the Executive. These two objects of a literally singular choice may congratulate themselves upon enjoying the confidence of one Frenchman each, as the celebrated HENRY HUNT fell in tears upon the neck of JEROME the sweep, for having plumped alone, in the orator's favour, when he started for Westminster.

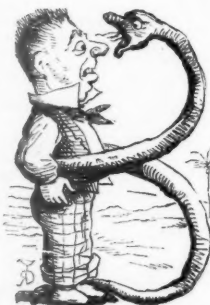
The Christmas Waits.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, HENRI-CINQ, GUIZOT, LOUIS-BLANC, LEDRU-ROLLIN, RASPAIL, all waiting for an opportunity in France.

Smithfield Market waiting to be removed, and the City of London waiting for another Member.

The Spanish Bondholders waiting for a dividend; the Pedestal in Trafalgar Square waiting for a statue; the Vernon Gallery waiting in the dark for a light; the Protectionists waiting for a leader; and all parties, Tories, Whigs, Radicals, and Nothingarians, waiting for the Coming Man.

A CASE FOR COUNSEL.



FIFTEENS has had the following case for his opinion dropped into our letter-box. The learned gentleman is not in the habit of looking at papers coming before him in this shape in the light of anything better than waste-papers; and he generally converts them weekly into a small pat of real Dorset, by a contract with his butlerman. There was, however, something so extremely inviting to his ingenuity in the accompanying case—something so tempting to his legal acumen—that he could not forbear from writing upon it. The following is the

CASE:—

If A. B. is swallowed by the Great Sea Serpent, would A. B. become a tenant in tail after the possibility of issue extinct?

The following is the

OPINION:—

The question submitted in the above case is rather nice, though the position of A. B. is rather otherwise. Much depends upon the fact whether A. B. is regularly in, or is merely in *de son tort*, or whether he has suffered an entry in the usual manner. It is true that if he is tenant in tail and the tail remains by way of jointure, there will be so far a joint tenancy. As, however, my opinion is required on the entire case, I feel disposed to say conditionally, "No," if the premises hold; but if otherwise, positively "Yes."

J. BRIEFLESS.

THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

THE *Times* quotations of the West India markets contain the following startling announcement:—

"TONGUES.—Irish are wanted!!! there being none of this description in the market."

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

THE House of Coburg held, last week, a meeting at Saxe-Weimar, where the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

"That the House of Coburg hails with the liveliest satisfaction the election of PRINCE LOUIS BUONAPARTE as President of France, inasmuch as he is single:

"That it is highly probable the Prince will and must, at some future period, marry:

"That it is a most important fact, that the Royal House of Coburg has been in the habit, from time immemorial, of providing, at the shortest notice, all the Courts of Europe with suitable spouses and brides—kings and queens—and that references of the said important fact can easily be given:

"That the Royal House of Coburg has not yet provided any Court with a Presidentess, but it would feel the most ineffable pleasure in so doing:

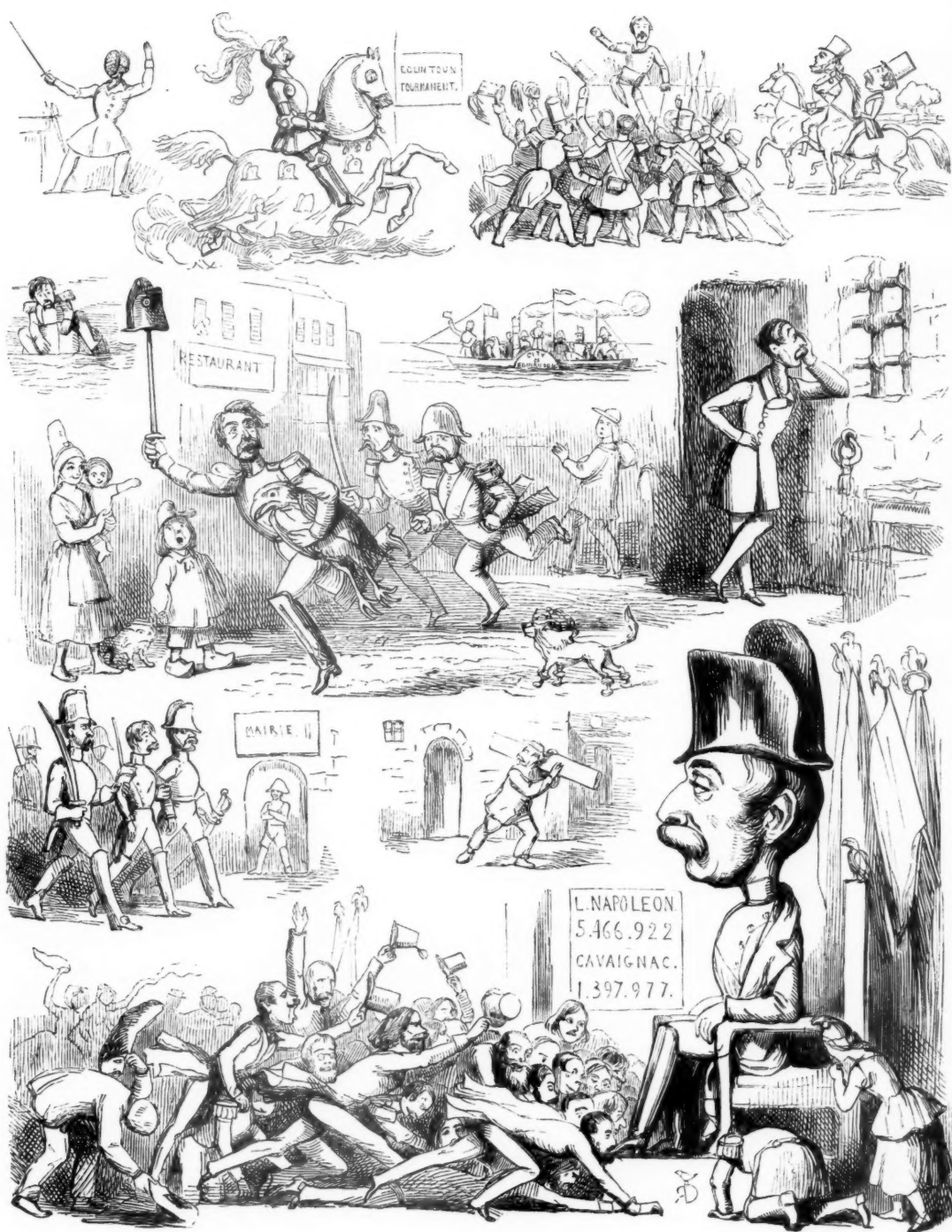
"That the earliest measures be taken to assure HIS REPUBLICAN HIGHNESS PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON of the above resolutions, and that the utmost readiness be displayed by the House of Coburg in assisting him in his matrimonial views."

Portraits, testimonials, pedigrees, valentines, and numerous verses have already been despatched to the Elysée Bourbon. The most sumptuous wedding-dress is in a forward state of readiness.

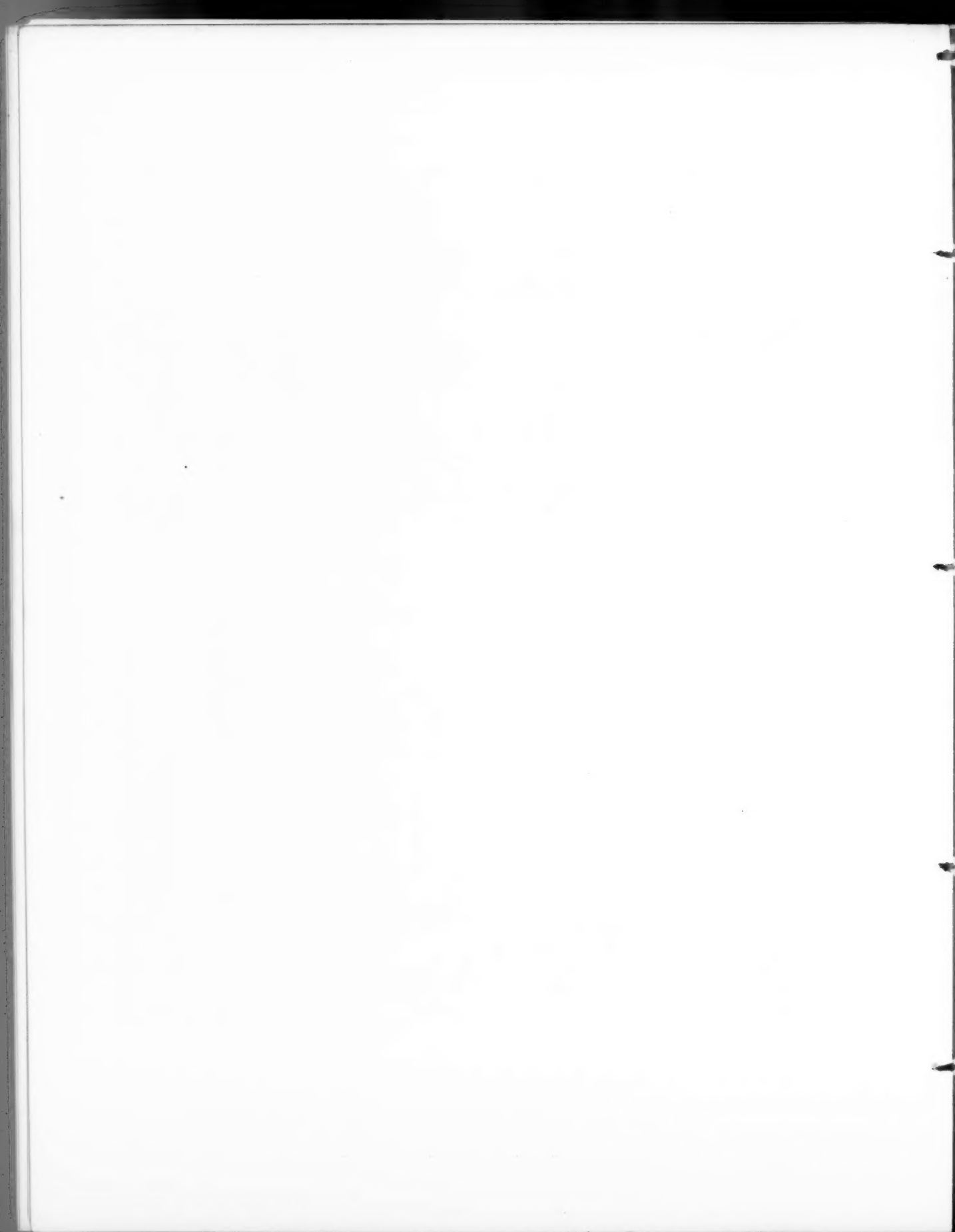
As Broad as it is Long.

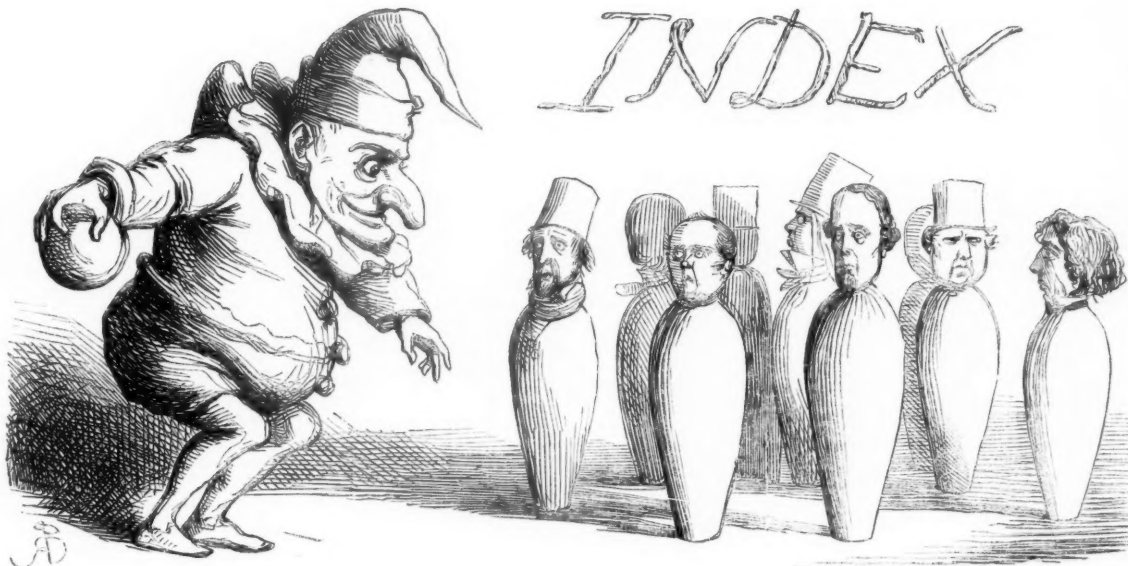
The late constituents of MR. ROEBUCK are going to present him with a large piece of broad-cloth as a token of respect. It seems rather absurd to give him the Saxony after having given him the Sack. MR. ROEBUCK did more honour to Bath, than Bath—remarkable for its bricks, its buns, and its chaps—can ever do to him; and we regret the degradation of the city in having turned out ROEBUCK, who, having a due contempt for those who have turned their coats, will scarcely thank them for their cloth.

THE LAST ABDICATION.—His Majesty, the Sovereign People of France, has just abdicated in favour of PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE.



THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS;
Or, the Life and Adventures of Prince Louis-Napoleon.





ADMIRAL Van Trump, 189
Advertisement, 187, 191, 210, &c.
Advice Gratis, 207
Alarming Prospects, 166
Albert the Great, 44
Alderman and the Apothecary, 172
All Stuff, 256
Anonymous Scribblers, 192
Another Cry from Another Blue Coat Boy, 56
Anticipated Speech, 19
Anticipations of Christmas, 242
Areades Ambo, 136
Arms for the Irish Agitation, 54
Arms Found Here, 86
Arson Extraordinary, 86
As Broad as it is Long, 276
As Good as a Play, 84
Audacious Boy (An), 108
Austrian Automaton (The), 36
Awful Destitution in Leicester Square, 259
Bad Job for Baden, 153
Baiting the Candidate, 245
Balance of Power (The), 275
Balmoral Gazette, 119
Barbarous Treatment of the Bar, 42
Baron Nathan on the Bench, 156
Battle of the Oysters, 81
Battle of Bills (A), 52
Bear and the Bee-Hive (The), 167
Beauties and Beasts, 106, 115
Beauty of Forgiveness (The), 179
Better Late than Never, 57
Blackening Bath (The), 23
Blackguard Grenadier (The), 199
Bless his Old Head, 239
Boring for Water, 42
Bottled Climates, 168
Bow Street Ballads (A), 229, 231
Break Down on the Ballo, 81
British Archaeological Association, 83
British Labourer at Andover, 241
Brummagem French Emperor, 3
Buckles and Ties, 46
Buonapartist Press, 9
CAREER of the "Coming Man," 241
Case for Counsel (A), 276
Catching Grey Hairs, 178
Catechisms for the Hastings, 254
Catering for the Million, 61
Cavaignac's File for Newspapers, 117
Cease Rude Bore (A), 241
Chartist Heroes (The), 86
Cheap Army Clothier, 108
Cheap Noise for the Navy, 84
Cheap Shirt Market, 72
Cheap Tours, 45
Child's Play, 255
Christmas Game Cock (A), 268

Christmas Waits (The), 275
City of London in Danger, 187
Clothes without a Tailor, 62
Coining like Blazes, 146
Coining through Thick and Thin, 169
Cold Earth Cure, 45
Commerce Run Mad, 10
Commons Alphabet (The), 125
Conscience Money, 81
Consolation for the Loyal, 67
Constitution Française, 233
Continued Success! St. Paul's, 222
Contract for Glass, 54
Council of One (The), 156
Court at Drury Lane Theatre, 32
Court Martial, 82
Crowning Evil (The), 143
Cruel Attack upon Attorneys, 264
Cruel Hoax, 14
Cruel Imposition, 94
Cry from a Blue Coat Boy, 34
Curate on Sunday Shaving, 261
Curious Discovery, 35
Curiosities of Advertising Literature, 228
Curling on the Ice, 210
"DANIEL! yea, a Daniel" (A), 61
Dear Neptune, 133
Death of the Earl of Robinson, 231
Deputation Mania, 77
Descent of an Eagle, 153
Designs for Shop Fronts, 168
Diet of the United Kingdom, 228
Donkey Driver's Dinner (The), 177
Dragon's Blood Orange Club (The), 217
Dramatic Defamation, 39
Dramatic Life Insurance Office, 71
Dreadful Assault, 126
Duality of the Critical Mind, 105
Dying for a Medal, 35
Early Twanky Movement (The), 157
Elbow Room, 42
Educated France, 261
Education in the Army, 232
Elliptical Advertisements, 215
Emigration for the Upper Classes, 73
English Painted by the French (The), 123, 165
English Without a Master, 244
"Excuse for the Glass" (An), 146
Fall and Decline of Regent Street, 156
Family Quarrels, 77
Farewell to the Mountain, 252
Fashionable Translations, 264
"Feast of Reason" (The), 182
Female Politronery, 86
Few Knocks on Knockers (A), 15
Fighting for a Song, 155
Fine Arts, 259
Fine Summer Cabbages, 109

Flowers "Out of Place," 110
Flunkeiana, 6, 16, 36, 58, 68, 97, 126, 136, 140, 159
Force of Statistics, 92
Foreign Gems, 189
Fortified Policemen, 64
Found, Two Conundrums, 53
French and English Constitutional Cookery, 256
French Female Socialists, 283
Frenchmen who Stick up for Everything, and Stick at Nothing, 135
Friend Indeed (A), 133
GALLIC (Weather) Cock (The), 274
Garden of Eden (The), 275
Gems of the "Hue and Cry," 201
Ghost of Good Intent (The), 22
"Glass;" a Companion to the Bottle (The), 176
Golden Opportunity (A), 167
Goosey, Goosey, Gander, 77
Governesses—Sisters of Misery, 24
Grand Launch at Hungerford, 26
Gratitude and Grouse, 192
Gravity of a Judge (The), 275
Great Mob-Dispenser (A), 56
Great Sea Serpent (The), 177
Great Shakes, 197
Great Squattleborough Soirée, 253
HAMPSHIRE Road, 30
Handsome Offer to Lord John, 53
Handy Phrenology, 105
Hard Names, 198
Haunted Pillow of Parliament, 118
Head of the Army, 77
Hecatombs of Portraits, 175
Heinous Humbugs (The), 16
Hemigration made Heavy, 143
Heraldry for the Billion, 252
Here's an Honour, 104
Here's to You, 165
Hero of a Hundred Statues (The), 146
Hero Desecration, 223
Hint for Holloway, 53
Home for the Holidays, 255
Honour to Joinville, 110
Hopes for Herne Bay, 163
Horns, 271
Horns of a Dilemma (The), 219
Horse Guards Clock, 256
Houses Carefully Removed in Town or Country, 76
Housekeeping Club (The), 273
"How Happy the Soldier," 68
How to Treat the Female Chartists, 3
Humble Petition and Remonstrance of the Vernon Gallery, 170
JONES Louis-Napoleoniennes, 189
Ill-fated Revolution (An), 49

Illustrated Duel (An), 23
Imperial Style, 251
Impromptu Immortality, 83
Improve your Wines, 64
Index-Writer (The), 274
Indignant Irishman (The), 68
Indignant Policeman (The), 14
Innocent Irishman (An), 172
Instinct in Grouse, 75
Interesting Correspondence, 263
Invasion of Folkestone, 139
Investment for Humbug, 55
Irish Abd-el-Kader, 72
Irish Emigration Society, 76
Irish Military Tactics, 68
Irish News for Yankee Readers, 120
Irish Quaker (An), 88
Irish Rebel Melody, 55
Irish Unanimity, 97
"Is there Anything in the Paper?" 144
JENKINS at the Cattle Show, 258
John Bull's "Ateliers Nationaux," 46
John Bull Kicks the Old Year Out, and the Old Year Reads him a Moral, 273
John Bull's Last Bargain, Price £1,100,000, 128
Jokes for Junior Barristers, 272
KIDNAPPING in Leicester Square, 149
Kindly Caution to Trespassers (A), 217
Kitchen Stuff, 249
LA Presse est Morte; Vive la Presse, 178
Labours of the British Museum, 175
Lady Coronets of Westminster, 82
Land for the Lasses (The), 260
Lass of Wax (A), 19
Last New Pathy, 190
Last of the Claptraps (The), 21
Latest from the Continent, 87
Lend us a Bark, 9
Les "Sweets" d'une Révolution, 135
Letter from a Sleepy Member (A), 82
Letters to a Nobleman Visiting Ireland, 9, 107
Liberty's Vision of Louis-Napoleon's Entry into Paris, 149, 150
"Lies like Truth," 58
Lights! Lights! I say, 239
Little Dinner at Timmins's (A), 5, 13, 33, &c.
Little Lesson for Stammerers, 228
Logic of Debt and Credit, 42
Looking into the Middle of Next Week, 35
Lord Brougham's Pamphlet, 171
Lord Morpeth to his Love, 65
Lost, a Planet, 145
Loves of the Poets (The), 222
Mac-BULL and the Railway Witches, 214
Man of the Sword (The), 82
Manager and the Players (The), 160
March of Morality, 153

- Margate without Flattery, 113
 Matrimonial Market (The), 276
 Medical Advice for Aldermen, 170
 Medical Journey Work, 251
 Mes Impressions de Voyage, 193
 Midwinter Night's Dream (A), 271
 Military Changes, 65
 Military Correspondence, 62
 Milking the Bull, 97
 Milkop Heroes, 123
 Miserable Warm Christmas (A), 272
 Miseries of an Omnibus Conductor, 185
 Misrepresented City, 214
 Missing—the Great Sea Serpent, 249
 Model Clerks, 71, 77
 Model Debtor (The), 6
 Model Fast Lady (The), 128
 Model Fast Man (The), 19
 Model Lodging House Keeper (The), 55
 Model Mother (The), 81
 Model Mother-in-Law (The), 29
 Model Tailor (The), 41
 Model Waiter (The), 103
 Modest Merit, 167
 Modest Wish of a Worn Out M.P., 125
 Monkey that went up in a Balloon (The), 14
 Mons Julien in a Dilemma (The), 220
 Monster Cab-age (The), 189
 Monster Session (The), 76
 Monstrum Horrendum, 269
 More Archæology, 72
 More Monstrosities, 31
 More Republics, 32
 More Treason, 149
 Morpheus among the Members, 96
 Mortality for the Million, 41
 Moving Extravaganza, 170
 Mr. Ansley's Remorse, 107
 Mr. Dunsop's Affairs, 200
 Mr. Houdin's Bottle, 23
 Mural Contrast, 93
 "Murder most foul, most," &c., 67
 Music for the Nursery, 277
 My Uncle, 188
 NABBY-PAMBY Titles, 191
 Names of Ships—H. M. S. "National Debt," 243
 National Anthem Out of Tune, 129
 National Cellar-lus (The), 208
 Natural Mistake (A), 203
 Ne Puff Ultra (The), 84
 New American Liner, 241
 New Architectural Works, 177
 New Christmas Game for Ministers, 275
 New Floating Railway, 264
 New School of Smuggling (The), 72
 New Turn in Mendicancy (A), 241
 New Sign of the Times, 98
 News for the Excursionists, 65
 Nice Young Man for a Small Party (The), 116
 No Light Matter, 57
 No Sketching allowed, 264
 North Woolwich, 158
 Not Worth an Old Song, 39
 Nursery for Nurses, 40
 OBITUARY, 119
 Ode on the Thames, 136
 Officer's Tear (The), 68
 "Oh dear! What can the Matter be?" 53
 Old and New Cantab (The), 223
 Old Favourites Returned, 160
 Old Iron for Sale, 3
 Omnisciology, 35
 On the Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors, 190, 191, 268
 One Shower's Enough at a Time, 26
 Opera Telakouphanon (The), 275
 Our Committee on the Public Business, 132
 Our Gallant Tailors, 104
 Our Indian Arrivals, 67
 Our Own Electric Telegraph, 58
 Our Own Little Railway once more, 135
 Our Railways and our Respectability, 107
 Our Relations with Rome, 104
 Our Prorogation Speech, 85
 Out for a Day and in for a Night, 96
 Overdoing it at Boulogne, 136
 Overworked Doorkeeper (The), 56
 Owl Against the Railway (The), 275
 Oxford Mixture, 213
 PAINFUL Prophecy, 204
 Paris Clubs in London, 74
 Paris more Frightened than Hurt, 519
 Paris Road to Glory, 265
 Parliamentary Cold Water Cure (The), 16
 Passenger Catching in the Park, 30
 Pattern Catechism for Youthful Candidates, 211
 Peep at London through a Telescope, 160
 Persons who want no Reform, 30
 Phœbus at Hide and Seek, 56
 Pickford, a Myth, 231
 Pick up the Pieces, 165
 Pictorial Acts of Parliament, 199
 Pilgrim of Change (The), 153
 Pilot that does not Weather the Storm (The), 130
 Playhouse Prospects, 93
 "Please, Turn Over," 114
 Pledges for Sale, 254
 Plunge into the Thames (A), 53
 Poetry of Price Cattle, 36
 Poetical Remembrancer for Christmas, 269
 Poisoning Made Difficult, 188, 189
 Polite Inquiry, 72
 Polite Speaker for Parliament (A), 169
 Political Siamese Twins, 54
 Pons Asinorum (The), 106
 Poor Boy! 234
 Post Office Robberies, 200
 Postman's Benefit, 15
 Potted Definitions, 244
 Pretty License Indeed, 165
 Prize Conundrum, 64
 Prolix Orator (The), 123
 Prospects of the Harvest, 74
 Public Physician's Vade Mecum, 9
 Publisher's Fine Arts, 270
 Punch among the Celestials, 12
 Punch in the East, 75
 Punch on Solitude, 213
 Punch on the Constitution, 137, 147, 187, 169, &c., &c.
 Punch to the Rev. Earl of Guildford, 219
 Punch's Birthday Ode, 1
 Punch's Conundrum, 98
 Punch's Little Bird, 61, 105
 Punch's Poems of Parliament, 4
 Punch's Popular Phrases, 86
 Punch's Prizes for the Session, 116
 QUEEN in Scotland, 130
 Queer Quadrilles, 26
 Query, 91
 Question of Conscience (A), 23
 RADETSKY Decorated, 118
 Railway Don John (The), 246
 Railway Invasion, 193
 Railway Picnics, 39
 Ramsgate, 91
 Rather Showery, 230
 Rather Unsatisfactory, 55
 Ray of Sunshine at last (A), 214
 Remonstrance from Cuffey (A) 230
 Reports of our Financial Reform Association, 239
 Republic of Letters (The), 243
 Republican Myth (A), 130
 Respectable Cruelty, 139
 "Right About" St. Stephen's, 98
 Rival to the Sea Serpent (A), 181
 Regues and Revolutions, 245
 Royal Complete Letter Writer (The), 198
 Royal Etchings, 212
 Rubbish, 207
 Run for Change (A), 64
 Rural Grumbler, 55
 SABBATH Lollipops, 167
 Sale of the Season, 95
 Sanitarianism and Insanitarianism, 177
 Sanitary Police (A), 207
 Satisfactory Taxation, 65
 Scene from Othello (A), 41
 Scenery and Costume of the Stage, 134
 Schoolmaster very much Abroad (The), 187
 Science at Cambridge, 201
 Sea Serpent in the Thames, 210
 Second Class Company, 269
 Self-Government, 78
 Semptress at Home (The), 140
 Serpentine Report (The), 148
 Seven Ages of the Republic (The), 224
 Shakespeare Birchd, 84
 Short Pipes to Smoke, 200
 Shroud as well as a Shirt (A), 76
 Sibthorp Serious, 76
 Sibthorp's Speeches, 103
 Simple Question Answered (A), 274
 Singular Occurrence, 83
 Sink and the Deuce, 172
 Sisters of Misery, 74
 Sketches in Salt and Fresh Water, 66, 91, 113, 158
 Slandered Army Tailors (The), 67
 Smith O'Brien's War Song, 67
 Snake in the Sewers (A), 260
 Southend, 66
 Soyer Rewarded, 106
 Special's Banquet, 3
 Special Constable Testimonial, 20
 Spellbound Enthusiasts, 250
 St. Stephen's Martyrdom, 22
 State of France, 169
 Statesman's "Last Resource," 138
 Subjects for the Esel, 120
 Suffering Foxes, 52
 Sunday Bill (The), 40
 Sweep! Sweep! 273
 TALKING by Telegraph, 94
 Theatre Royal Newgate, 159
 Theatre Royal, Old Bailey, 84
 There's a Bad Time going, Boys, 270
 "Three Cheers"—for What? 167
 Three Christmas Waits (The), 265
 Three Groans from an Old Guy, 210
 Throwing Stones Through Ice, 276
 Time's Up, 274
 Times were never so Bad (The), 221
 To Cuffey in Misfortune, 154
 To Jenny Lind, 103
 To the Editor of the Times, 84
 Traitors to the British Government, 218
 Trifle from Brighton, 219
 Trifle from Soyer, 252
 Turf in Ireland, 249
 Turf Pressure, 54
 Two Louis (The), 126
 UNANSWERABLE Correspondent (An), 15
 University Intelligence, 29
 Useful but decidedly not Ornamental, 174
 VACANCY in the Public Amusements, 168
 Value of Ridicule, 85
 Vauxhall in Chancery, 44
 Vegetables and their Virtuals, 259
 Vegetarian Movement (The), 182
 Vegetarians (The), 140
 Vernon Gallery, 138
 Vernon Gallery—Artistic Sympathies, 221
 Very Bad Ambassador (A), 11
 (Very) Rum Duties (The), 52
 Visit to Kew Gardens (A), 181
 Voice from "Brompton" (A), 175
 Voices of a Nation (The), 57
 WANT Places, 9
 Wanted, a Judge, 116
 Wanted, a Librarian, 134
 War to the (Paper) Knife, 250
 We all Have our Hobbies, 276
 We are none of us Safe, 181
 We twa ha' done a Little Bill, 160
 We want no Reform, 25
 Weaker Sex, and the Weakest Police, 170
 Weakness of Human Nature, 67
 Wellington Weddings (The), 52
 West Riding Squibs, 245
 What an Idea, 182
 What Cupid Saw in the Mistletoe Bough, 274
 What is a Pound? 230
 What is the Matter with the Earl of Cardigan? 229
 What may be Bought for Five Pounds, 143
 What is the Sea Serpent? 246
 Whatever is the Matter with Leicester Square? 220
 What's to be done with the Serpentine? 221
 "Where shall we go for the Summer?" 75
 Whig Phenomenon, 39
 Why not write Children's Books for Children? 117
 Windsor Park Exclusion Bill, 21
 Wonderful Transformation, 11
 Work first, Play afterwards, 32
 "Wrid taken by Storm (The), 242
 Worstest of the Worstest, 153
 Wreck of the Royal George, 175
 Write and Wrong, 145
 Yr LORD MAYOR, his Show, 202, 203
 You and I, 204



